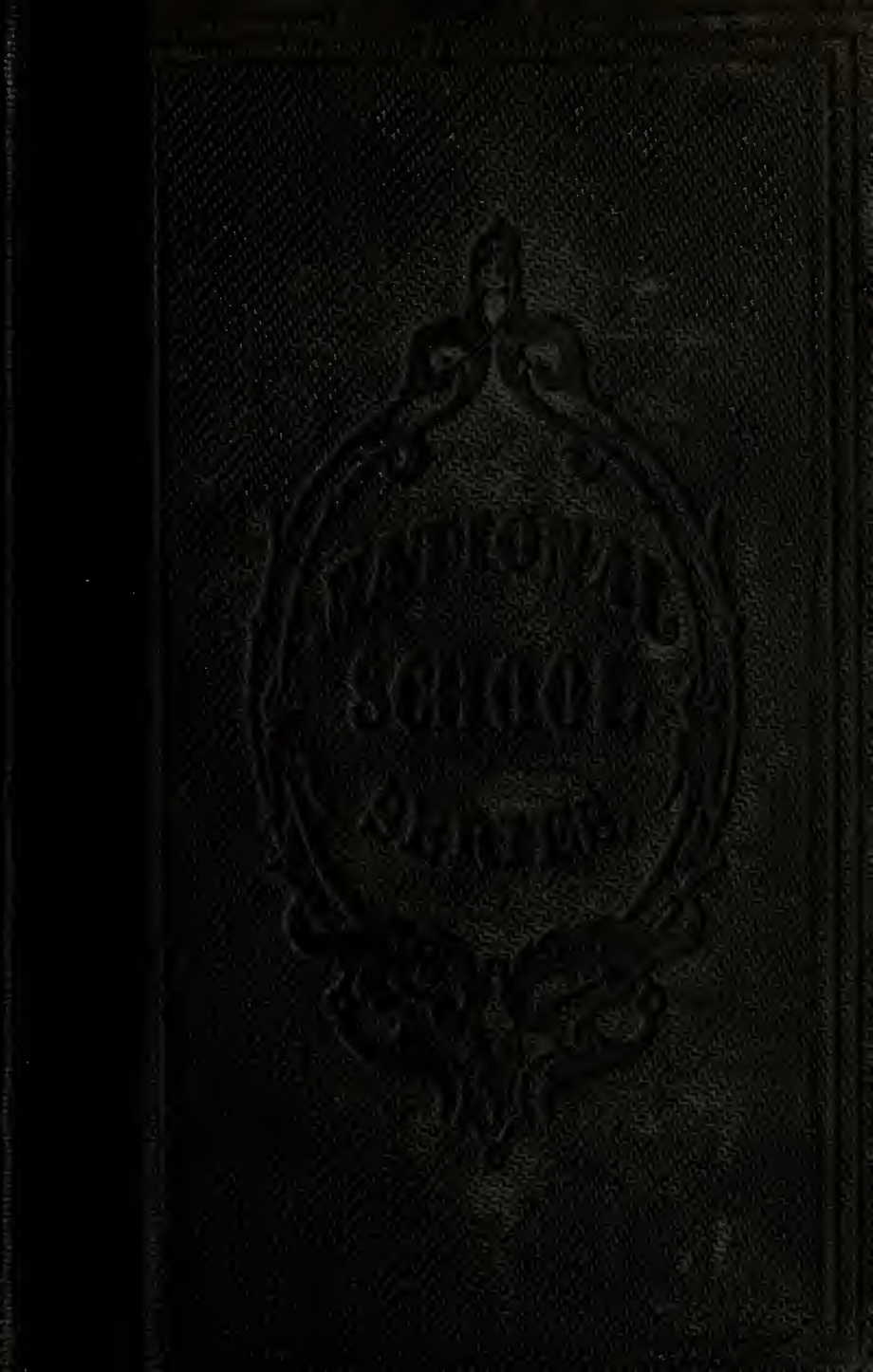

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NATIONAL SERIES.—No. V.

THE

NATIONAL FIFTH READER:

CONTAINING

A TREATISE ON ELOCUTION;

EXERCISES IN

READING AND DECLAMATION;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND COPIOUS NOTES.

ADAPTED TO THE USE OF STUDENTS IN

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY

RICHARD G. PARKER, A. M.,

AND

J. MADISON WATSON.

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PREFACE.

IN the preparation of this volume, we have aimed to make it a complete and sufficient work for advanced classes in Reading, Elocution, and English and American Literature; to furnish, in an available form, such an amount of biographical, historical, classical, orthoëpical, and miscellaneous matter, as to render it highly valuable as a book of reference; and to present a collection of pieces so rich, varied, perspicuous, and attractive, as to suit all classes of minds, all times, and all occasions.

Part First, in two chapters, embraces a simple, complete, and eminently practical Treatise on Elocution. The principles and rules are stated in a succinct and lucid manner, and followed by examples and exercises of sufficient number and extent to enable the student thoroughly to master *each* point as presented, as well as to acquire a distinct comprehension of the parts as a *whole*.

In Part Second, the Selections for Reading and Declamation contain what are regarded as the choicest gems of English literature. The works of many authors, ancient and modern, have been consulted, and more than a hundred standard writers of the English language, on both sides of the Atlantic, have been laid under contribution to enable the authors to present a collection, rich in all that can inform the understanding, improve the taste, and cultivate the heart, and which, at the same time, shall furnish every variety of style and subject to exemplify the principles of Rhetorical delivery, and form a finished reader and elocutionist. These selections have been arranged in a regularly graded course, and strictly classified with regard to the nature of the subjects. Although we have not been studious of novelty, presenting only what we regarded as suitable, intrinsically excellent, and most truly indicating the mode and range of thought of the writer, it will be seen that a large proportion of this collection is composed of pieces to be found in no similar work.

Much care and labor have been devoted to the orthoëpical department. The pronunciation of all words liable to be mispronounced is indicated once in each paragraph, or at the bottom of the page where they occur. With respect to the words about the pronunciation of which orthoëpists differ, we have adopted the most recent and reliable authority.

Classical and historical allusions, so common among the best writers, have in all cases been explained; and if the authors have not been deceived, every aid has been given in the notes, that the reader may readily comprehend the meaning of the writer. This has been done in a manner more full and satisfactory than they have seen in any other collection, and in every instance at the bottom of the page where the difficulty occurs, so that the reader may not be subjected to the trouble of turning to an index, or consulting a dictionary,—a work which, in general, if done at all, is done with extreme reluctance, even by advanced pupils.

In order that the student may still more thoroughly understand what he reads, and for the convenience of that large class of readers who have not leisure to peruse voluminous memoirs of distinguished men, and yet would be unwilling to forego all knowledge of them, we have introduced concise Biographical Sketches of authors from whose works extracts have been selected, and of persons whose names occur in the Reading Exercises. These sketches, presenting a clear and distinct outline of the life, and producing a clear and distinct impression of the character, furnish an amount of useful and available information rarely surpassed by memoirs of greater extent and pretension. Lists of the names of authors, both alphabetical and chronological, have also been introduced, thus rendering this a convenient text-book for students in English and American Literature.

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OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

THE

NATIONAL FIFTH READER.

PART I.

ELOCUTION.

Elocution is the delivery of extemporaneous or written composition. It embraces Orthoepy and Expression.

We say of *elocution*, it is good or bad; clear, fluent, or melodious; though it is often used as nearly synonymous with *eloquence*, the act of expressing thoughts with elegance and beauty.

CHAPTER I.

ORTHOEPY.

Orthoepy is the art of correct pronunciation. It embraces Articulation, Syllabication, and Accent.

Section I.—Articulation.

Definitions.

1. Articulation is the *distinct* utterance of the Oral Elements, in syllables and words.

2. Oral Elements are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

3. Elements are produced by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. The principal Organs of Speech are the lips, teeth, tongue, and palate.

5. Voice is produced by the action of the breath upon the larynx.[1]

6. Elements are divided into three classes: *eighteen Tonics*, *fifteen Subtonics*, and *ten Atonics*.

7. Tonics are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. Subtonics are tones produced by the voice, *modified* by the organs of speech.

9. Atonics are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. Vowels are the letters that usually represent the Tonic elements, and form syllables by themselves. They are *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and sometimes *y*.

11. A Diphthong is the union of two vowels in one syllable; as, *oi* in *oil*, *ou* in *our*.

12. A Digraph, or improper diphthong, is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent; as, *oa* in *loaf*.

13. A Triphthong is the union of three vowels in one syllable; as, *eau* in *beau*, *ieu* in *adieu*.

14. Consonants are the letters that usually represent either Subtonic or Atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, viz.: b, c, d, f, g, h j, k, l, m, n, p, q, r, s, t. v, w, x, y, z; th Subtonic, th Atonic, ch, sh, wh, ng.

The term Consonant, literally meaning *sounding with*, is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rarely used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *elements* may be uttered separately, and without the aid of a vowel.

15. Cognates are letters whose *elements* are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner; thus, *f* is a cognate of *v*; *k* of *g*, &c.

[1] The larynx is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe.

16. ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds; thus, *i* is an *equivalent* of *e*, in *p*ique.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

1. In sounding the tonics, the organs should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the throat should be thrown, as much as possible, directly upward against the roof of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* force, and then diminish gradually and equably to the end.

2. In producing the subtonic and atonic elements, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great firmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with force; and to prolong the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

3. In addition to the observance of the above directions, pupils should be required to assume an erect posture, either *standing* or seated, and to keep a full supply of air in the lungs, while uttering the elemental sounds, as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.[1]

1. TONICS.	
ā or à, as in āge, āte.	å, as in årt, årm.
ă or å, " åt, lånd.	å, " åll, båll.
	å,[2] " båre, cåre.

[1] First require the pupils to utter an element by itself, then to pronounce distinctly the words that follow, uttering the element after each word—thus: āge, à; āte, à: åt, å; lånd, å, &c. Exercise the class upon the above table, till each pupil can utter *consecutively* all the Oral elements. The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line. After each pupil can utter *correctly* all the elements as arranged in the table, numerous class exercises may be formed by prefixing or affixing Subtonics or Atonics to the Tonics, in the following order: Bā, bà, bå, bâ, bă, bȧ; bē, bè, bê; bī, bĭ; bō, bŏ, bȯ; būu, bûu, bůu; bou: āb, åb, ăb, åb, &c. These exercises will be found of great value, to improve the organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the pupil with different combinations of sounds.

[2] The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by *a*, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*.

å,[1] as in åsk, glåss.
ē or è, " hē, thēse.
ĕ or ĕ, " ĕlk, ĕnd.
ĕ,[2] " hĕr, vĕrse.
ī or ì, " ìce, chìld.
ĭ or ĭ, " ĭnk, ĭnch.
ō or ò, " òld, hòme.
ŏ or ŏ, " ŏn, bŏnd.
ŏ, " dŏ, prŏve.
ū or ù, " cùbe, cùre.
ŭ or ŭ, " bŭd, hŭsh.
ů, " fůll, půsh.
ou, " *our*, ho*u*se.

2. Subtonics.

b, as in *b*abe, or*b*.
d, " *d*id, *d*im.
g, " *g*ag, *g*ig.
j, " *j*oin, *j*oint.
l, " *l*ake, *l*ane.
m, " *m*ild, *m*ind.
n, as in *n*ame, *n*ine.
ng, " ga*ng*, sa*ng*.
r,[3] " *r*ake, ba*r*.
th, " *th*is, wi*th*.
v, " *v*ine, *v*ice.
w, " *w*ake, *w*ise.
y, " *y*ard, *y*es.
z, " *z*est, ga*z*e.
z, " azure, glazier.

3. Atonics.

f, as in *f*ame, *f*ife.
h, " *h*ark, *h*arm.
k, " *k*ind, *k*iss.
p, " *p*ipe, pum*p*.
s, " *s*ame, sen*s*e.
t, " *t*art, toa*st*.
th, " *th*ank, you*th*.
ch, " *ch*ase, mar*ch*.
sh, " *sh*ade, *sh*ake.
wh, " *wh*ale, *wh*ite.

Cognates.

First require the pupil to pronounce distinctly the word containing the Atonic element, then the Subtonic Cognate, uttering the element after each word—thus: li*p*, *p*; or*b*, *b*, &c. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that Cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and only differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

Atonics.		Subtonics.	
li*p*,	*p*.	or*b*,	*b*.
*f*ife,	*f*.	vase,	*v*.

[1] The *sixth* element represented by *a*, is a sound intermediate between *a*. as heard in *at*, *ash*, and *a*, as in *arm*, *art*.

[2] The third element represented by *e*, is *e* as heard in end, modified or softened by *r*. It is also represented by *i*, *o*, *u*, and *y*; as in bird, word, burn, myrrh.

[3] *R* may be trilled before a vowel. In that case, the tip of the tongue is made rapidly to vibrate.

*wh*ite, *wh*. . . . . wise, *w*.
*s*ave, *s*. . . . . *z*eal, *z*.
*sh*ade, *sh*. . . . . azure, *z*.
*ch*arm, *ch*. . . . . *j*oin, *j*.
*t*art, *t*. . . . . *d*id, *d*.
*th*ing *th*. . . . . this, th.
*k*in*k*, *k*. . . . . *g*ig, *g*.

Alphabetic Equivalents.

1. Tonic Elements.

For à, *aa*, *ai*, *au*, *ay*, *e*, *ee*, *ea*, *ei*, *ey*; as in *A*aron, g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, melee′, gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

For å, *ai*, *ua*; as in pl*ai*d, g*ua*ranty.

For å, *au*, *e*, *ea*, *ua*; as in h*au*nt, s*e*rgeant, h*ea*rt, g*ua*rd.

For â, *au*, *aw*, *eo*, *o*, *oa*, *ou*; as in f*au*lt, h*aw*k, G*eo*rge, c*o*rk, br*oa*d, b*ou*ght.

For å, *ai*, *e*, *ea*, *ei*; as in ch*ai*r, th*e*re, sw*ea*r, h*ei*r.

For è, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *eo*, *ey*, *i*, *ie*; as in r*ea*d, d*ee*p, c*ei*l, p*eo*ple, k*ey*, val*i*se, f*ie*ld.

For ĕ, *a*, *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue*; as in *a*ny, s*ai*d, s*ay*s, h*ea*d, h*ei*fer, l*eo*pard, fr*ie*nd, b*u*ry, g*ue*ss.

For ẽ, *ea*, *i*, *o*, *ou*, *u*, *ue*, *y*; as in *ea*rth, g*i*rl, w*o*rd, sc*ou*rge, b*u*rn, g*ue*rdon, m*y*rrh.

For ì, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, *y*, *ye*; as in *ai*sle, sl*ei*ght, *eye*, d*ie*, ch*oi*r, g*ui*de, b*uy*, m*y*, r*ye*.

For ĭ, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, *y*; as in capt*ai*n, pr*e*tty, b*ee*n, s*ie*ve, w*o*men, tort*oi*se, b*u*sy, b*ui*ld, h*y*mn.

For ò, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow*; as in h*au*t-boy, b*eau*, y*eo*man, s*ew*, c*oa*l, f*oe*, d*oo*r, s*ou*l, bl*ow*.

For ŏ, *a*, *ou*, *ow*; as in wh*a*t, h*ou*gh, kn*ow*ledge.

For ô, *ew*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *u*, *ui*; as in gr*ew*, sh*oe*, sp*oo*n, s*ou*p, r*u*de, fr*ui*t.

For û, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui*; as in b*eau*ty, f*eu*d, n*ew*, ad*ieu*, v*iew*, h*ue*, j*ui*ce.

For ŭ, *o*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*; as in l*o*ve, d*oe*s, bl*oo*d, y*ou*ng.

For ů, *o*, *oo*, *ou;* wolf, b*oo*k, c*ou*ld.
For ou, *ow;* as in n*ow*.
For oi (åi), *oy;* as in b*oy*.

2. Subtonic and Atonic Elements.

For f, *gh*, *ph;* as in cou*gh*, nym*ph*.
For j, *g;* as in *g*em, *g*in.
For k, *c*, *ch*, *gh*, *q;* as in *c*ole, con*ch*, lou*gh*, eti*q*uette
For s, *c;* as in *c*ell.
For t, *d*, *th*, *phth;* as in danced, *Th*ames, *phth*isic.
For v, *f*, *ph;* as in *of*, Ste*ph*en.
For y, *i;* as in pin*i*on.
For z, *c*, *s*, *x;* as in suffi*c*e, ro*s*e, *x*ebec.
For z, *g*, *s;* as in rou*g*e, o*s*ier.
For ng, *n;* as in a*n*ger, ba*n*k.
For ch, *t;* as in fus*t*ian.
For sh, *c*, *ch*, *s*, *ss*, *t;* as in o*c*ean, *ch*aise, *s*ure, a*ss*ure, mar*t*ial.

Spelling by Sounds.

The following words are arranged for an exercise in Spelling, by sounds. The names of the letters are not to be given; but the elements are to be produced separately, and then pronounced in connection, thus: v å s t, pronounced vast; å r m—arm; h ŏ s t—host; m ŏ v—move, &c. The attention of the pupil should be especially directed to *silent letters*, or those that are not sounded in words where they occur. In the following exercise they appear in *italics*. We would impress it *especially* upon the teacher, that the best way to secure a distinct and forcible articulation is to give the pupil a daily exercise of this kind.

såv*e*,	wåv*e*,	fåt,	mån,	årm,	pårt.
hål*l*,	wårm,	pår*e*,	tår*e*,	grås*s*,	våst.
scèn*e*,	glèb*e*,	tĕst,	dĕb*t*,	hẽr,	fẽrn.
pĭn*e*,	bĭd*e*,	lĭm*b*,	rĭng,	gŏld,	hŏst.
grōt,	bŏnd,	mŏv*e*,	prŏv*e*,	mūt*e*,	pūr*e*.
dŭm*b*,	hŭnt,	fŭl*l*,	pŭsh,	loud,	hous*e*.
blàz*e*,	blånd,	glid*e*,	glĭmps*e*,	brås*s*,	brånch.
drouth,	grånd,	grånt,	skŭlk,	spårk,	spĕnd.
stårt,	står*e*,	flăsh,	flĕsh,	plŭm,	slid*e*.

fråme,	print,	trămp,	smăsh,	strănd,	swårm.
vein,	cork,	*h*eir,	said,	girl,	word.
been,	beau,	what,	blood,	wolf,	prow.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION arise chiefly,

1. From the omission of one or more *elements* in a word; as,

an'	for	an*d*.	w'irl	for	w*h*irl.
frien's	"	frien*d*s.	w'is per	"	w*h*is per.
fiel's	"	fiel*d*s.	be in'	"	be in*g*.
wil's	"	wil*d*s.	sing in'	"	sing in*g*.
còl' ly	"	còl*d* ly.	chick'n	"	chick *e*n.
kin' ly	"	kin*d* ly.	kitch'n	"	kitch *e*n.
blin' ness	"	blin*d* ness.	trav'l	"	trav *e*l.
fac's	"	fac*t*s.	nov'l	"	nov *e*l.
raf's	"	raf*t*s.	learn'd	"	learn *e*d.
sof' ly	"	sof*t* ly.	wing'd	"	wing *e*d.
bòl's	"	bòl*t*s.	his t'ry	"	his t*o* ry.
cen's	"	cen*t*s.	cor p'ral	"	cor p*o* ral.
ac cep's	"	ac cep*t*s.	lib' ral	"	lib *e*r al.
at temp's	"	at temp*t*s.	won d'ring	"	won d*e*r ing.
pòs's	"	pòs*t*s.	of' ring	"	of *fe*r ing.
sto'm	"	sto*r*m.	av' rice	"	av *a* rice.
swå'm	"	swå*r*m.	dàng' rous	"	dàn g*e*r ous.
wå'm	"	wå*r*m.	min' ral	"	min *e*r al.
s'rewd	"	s*h*rewd.	mem' ry	"	mem *o* ry.
s'rill	"	s*h*rill.	bois t'rous	"	bois t*e*r ous.

2. From uttering one or more *elements* that should not be sounded; as,

driv *e*n	for	driv'n.	bròk *e*n	for	brok'n.
èv *e*n	"	èv'n.	sev *e*n	"	sev'n.
heav *e*n	"	heav'n.	sof*t* en	"	sof'n.
tàk *e*n	"	tàk'n.	tòk *e*n	"	tòk'n.
sick *e*n	"	sick'n.	shàk *e*n	"	shàk'n.

driv *el*	for	driv'l.	shov *el*	for	shov'l.
grov *el*	"	grov'l.	shriv *el*	"	shr'v'l.
rav *el*	"	rav'l.	sniv *el*	"	sniv'l.

3. From substituting one *element* for another; as,

sĕt	for	sĭt.	cårse	for	course (cȯrs)
sĕnce	"	sĭnce	re pårt	"	re pȯrt.
shĕt	"	shŭt.	trŏf fy	"	trō phy.
gĭt	"	gĕt.	på rent	"	pâr ent.
for gĭt	"	for gĕt.	bŭn net	"	bŏn net.
hĕrth	"	hearth (hårth).	chil drun	"	chil dren.
bĕn	"	been (bĭn).	sŭl lar	"	cĕl lar.
a gàn	"	a gain (a gĕn).	mel ler	"	mel lȯw.
a gànst	"	a gainst (agĕnst).	pil ler	"	pil lȯw.
cåre	"	cåre.	wil ler	"	wil lȯw.
dånce	"	dånce.	yel ler	"	yel lȯw.
påst	"	påst.	mo munt	"	mo ment.
åsk	"	åsk.	treat munt	"	treat ment.
låst	"	låst.	harm liss	"	harm less.
gråss	"	gråss.	home liss	"	home less.
dråft	"	dråft.	kind niss	"	kind ness.
ståff	"	ståff.	harsh niss	"	harsh ness.

Exercises in Articulation.

For a further exercise in Articulation, let the pupils, separately and in concert, read each of the following sentences several times, uttering the Elements in *italics* with *force* and *distinctness*.

1. He accep*ts* the ŏffice, an*d* attemp*ts* by his ac*ts* to conceal his faul*ts*.

2. The bo*ld*, *bl*ustering boys *brok*e bo*lts* an*d* bar*s*.

3. He tro*d* bo*ld*ly the ha*lls* of his ance*s*tors.

4. These *acts* of gover*nment* will result in a gene*r*al an*d* grea*t* increase of *cr*ime.

5. There are ra*gs*, fi*gs*, an*d* dru*gs* in these ba*gs*.

6. He was *att*acke*d* with spas*ms* an*d* *die*d miserab*ly* by the roa*d* si*de*.

7. He lŏn*gs* to sli*ng* the tŏn*gs* with all his stre*ng*th.

8. Reg*ard*less of trou*bl's* and wr*ŏngs*, he cu*rb'd* the a*n*ger of that distu*rb'd* ra*bble*.

9. He rea*ds* the ac*ts* of the gover*n*ment, and expec*ts* to learn the fac*ts* in the case.

10. If he reflec*t*, he will ta*k*e *prŏmpt* mea*n*s to secure their clu*bs* and save his ri*bs*.

11. Dea*th* ravaged for mon*ths* *th*roughou*t* the whōle le*ngth* and brea*dth* of the la*nd*.

12. For the hundred*th* time, he spo*k*e of le*ngths*, brea*dths*, wi*dths*, and de*pths*.

13. *Wh*ispers of revenge passed silently around among the troops.

14. He lau*ghs*, and qua*ffs* his ale, knowing that the ra*fts* and ski*ffs* are on the ree*fs* near the cli*ffs*.

15. What thou would*st highly* that thou would*st holily*.

16. Your fa*l*se frien*ds* aim, by stea*lth*, to secure the wea*lth* for *wh*ich you de*lv'd*, and lŏst your hea*lth*.

17. As the water gu*sh'd* fŏr*th*, he wi*sh'd* he had pu*sh'd* the dŏg from the pa*th*, and hu*sh'd* the child.

18. Her fau*lts* were aggravated, and held up to universal scorn and reproach.

19. The ra*gg*ed *m*adman, in his ram*bl*e, did *m*adly ransack every *p*antry in the pari*sh*.

20. Directly after these accidents, numerous attempts were made to emigrate.

21 The peevish, feeble freeman feebly fought for freedom.

22. It will pain nobody, if the sad dangler regain neither rope.

23. Fame, fortune, and friends favor the fair.

24. *Th*eodore *Th*ick*th*ŏng *th*rust *th*ree *th*ousand *th*istles *th*rough the *th*ick of his *th*umb.

25. Beneath the booth, I found baths, laths, cloths, moths, paths, sheaths, and wreaths.

26. Prithee, blīthe youth, do not mouth your words when you wreathe your face with smiles.

27. The best defenders of liberty do not commonly vociferate most loudly in its praise.

28. That fellōw shot a spărrōw on a willōw, in the nărrōw meadōw, near the yĕllōw house.

29. The *r*iva*l* *r*obber*s* *r*od*e* *r*oun*d* an*d* *r*oun*d* the *r*ough and *r*ugged *r*ock*s* that *r*ear their *h*oary *h*ead*s* *h*igh in the air.

30. Amid*st* the mist*s* an*d* col*dest* frŏst*s*, with bare*st* wrist*s* an*d* stoute*st* boast*s*, he *th*rust*s* his fist*s* against (agĕnst) the post*s*, an*d* still insist*s* he sees the ghost*s*.

31. The *th*oughtless, helpless, homeless girl did not resen*t* his rudeness and harshness.

32. That blessèd and learnèd man says that that wingèd thi*ng* is stripèd or streakèd.

33. For thee are the *ch*aplet*s* of *ch*ainless *ch*arity an*d* the *ch*alice of *ch*ild*l*ike *ch*eerfulness. *Ch*ange can not *ch*ange thee: from *ch*ild*h*ood to the *ch*ar*n*el-house, from our firs*t* *ch*ildi*sh* *ch*irpi*ng*s to the *ch*ills of the *ch*ur*ch*-yard, thou art our *ch*ēery, *ch*angeless *ch*ieftaïness.

34. *Wh*at *wh*im led *Wh*ite *Wh*itney to *wh*ittle, *wh*istle, *wh*isper, and *wh*imper near the *wh*arf, *wh*ere a flounderi*ng* *wh*ale migh*t* *wh*eel and *wh*irl?

35. With *h*ŏrri*d* *h*owl*s*, *h*e *h*eave*d* the *h*eaven*s* above.

36. He has print*s* of a*n* ice-house, a*n* ocean, an*d* wast*es* and desert*s*.

37. A*t* *th*at *t*ime, the la*m*e *m*an, who bega*n* *n*obly, havi*ng* made a ba*d* *p*oint, wept *b*itterly.

38. *Wh*en loud *s*urges la*sh* the soundi*ng* *sh*ōre, the hōarse, *r*ough verse *sh*ould *l*ike the tŏrrent *r*oar.

39. The corporations of the Midd*l*e Ages were inten*d*e*d* to resi*st* the e*n*croachmen*t*s of ki*ng*s and no*bl*es.

40. He had respec*tabl*e talen*t*s, but was formi*dabl*e to the pe*o*ple from his wa*n*t of princi*pl*e, and his readiness to *tr*uc*k*le to men in power.

41. Thou lai*d*'*st* down and slep*t*'*st*.

42. As thou found'*st*, so thou kee*p*'*st* me.

43. He said ceaseth, approa*ch*eth, rejoiceth; fal*l*'*n*, hur*l*'*st*, cur*v*'*st*; half'*st*, hin*t*'*st*, attempt'*st*; bar*b*'*d*st, swerv'*d*st, muzz*l*'*d*st; hard'*n*'*d*st, black'*n*'*d*st, mang*l*'*d*st.

44. She au*th*oritatively *l*ed us, and *d*isintere*st*edly *l*abored for us, and we unhe*s*itati*ng*ly admitted her reasona*bl*eness.

45. A storm arise*th* on the sea. A model vessel is *str*uggli*ng* amids*t* the war of elements, quiveri*ng* and *sh*iveri*ng*, *sh*rinki*ng* and batt*l*i*ng* like a thin*k*i*ng* bei*ng*. The merciless, racki*ng* *wh*irl-

wind*s*, like *fr*ight*f*ul fiend*s*, how*l* and moan, and se*n*d *sh*arp, *sh*rill *sh*rie*k*s *th*rough the creaki*n*g corda*g*e, snappi*n*g the *sh*ee*t*s and ma*s*t*s*. The *st*urdy sailors *st*and to their ta*sk*s, and weathe*r* the severe*st* *st*orm of the season.

SECTION II.—SYLLABICATION.

1. A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. A MONOSYLLABLE is a word of *one* syllable; as, *home.*

3. A DISSYLLABLE is a word of *two* syllables; as, *home-less.*

4. A TRISYLLABLE is a word of *three* syllables; as, *con-fine-ment.*

5. A POLYSYLLABLE is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *in-no-cen-cy, un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty.*

6. THE ULTIMATE is the *last* syllable of a word; as *ful*, in peace-*ful.*

7. THE PENULT, or penultimate, is the last syllable but *one* of a word; as *māk*, in peace-*mak*-er.

8. THE ANTEPENULT, or antepenultimate, is the last syllable but *two* of a word; as *peace*, in *peace*-mak-er.

9. THE PREANTEPENULT, or preantepenultimate, is the last syllable but *three* of a word; as *mat*, in *mat*-ri-mo-ny

FORMATION OF SYLLABLES.

1. A single impulse of the voice can produce but one radical or opening and vanishing or gradually diminishing movement. Since a syllable is produced by a single impulse of the voice, it follows that only such an oral element, or order of oral elements, as gives but one radical and vanish movement, can enter into its formation. As the tonics can not be uttered separately without producing this movement, but one of them can enter into a single syllable; and, as this movement is all that is essential, each of the tonics may, by itself, form a syllable. Consistently with this, we find, whenever two tonics adjoin, they always be-

long to separate syllables in pronunciation, as in *a-e*-ri-al, *i-o*-ta, *o-a*-sis.

2. Though elements can not be combined with a view to lengthen a syllable, by the addition of one tonic to another, as this would produce a new and separate impulse, yet a syllable may be lengthened by prefixing and affixing any number of subtonics and atonics to a tonic, that do not destroy its singleness of impulse; as, *a*, *an*, *and*, *land*, *gland*, *glands*.

3. A tonic is usually regarded as indispensable in the formation of a syllable. A few syllables, however, are formed exclusively by subtonics. In the words bidde-*n*, rive-*n*, rhyth-*m*, schis-*m* fic-*kle*, i-*dle*, lit-*tle*, and words of like construction, the last syllable is either pure subtonic, or a combination of subtonic and atonic. These final syllables go through the radical and vanish movement, though they are far inferior in quality, euphony, and force, to the full display of these properties on the tonics.

In combining the oral elements into syllables, students should carefully observe the following

Rules for the Formation of Syllables.

1. The elements of consonants that commence words should be uttered distinctly, but should not be much prolonged.[1]

2. Elements that are represented by final consonants should be dwelt upon, and uttered with great distinctness; as,

He accep*ts* the ŏffice, an*d* attemp*ts* by his ac*ts* to conceal his fault*s*.

3. When one word of a sentence ends and the next begins with the same consonant, or another that is hard to produce after it, a difficulty in utterance arises that should be obviated by *dwelling* on the final conso-

[1] On this point, Dr. Rush mentions the error of a distinguished actor, who, in order to give force to his articulation, dwelt on the initial letters, as marked in the following lines:

"Canst thou not *m*-inister to a *m*ind diseased,
Pl-uck from the *m*-emory a *r*-ooted sorrow?"

Such mouthing defeats its object.

nant, and then taking up the one at the beginning of the next word, in a second impulse of the voice, without pausing between them; as,

It will pain *n*obody, if the sad *d*angler regain *n*either *r*ope. After erecting a field *t*ent, on that bright *d*ay, he wept *b*itterly.

4. In uttering the elements that are represented by the final consonants *b*, *p*, *d*, *t*, *g*, and *k*, the organs of speech should not remain closed at the several *pauses* of discourse, but should be smartly separated by a kind of *echo;* as,

I took down my hat-*t*, and put it upon my head-*d*.

5. Unaccented syllables should be pronounced as distinctly as those which are accented: they should merely have less force of voice and less prolongation; as,

The thought*less*, help*less*, home*less* girl did not resent his rude*ness* and harsh*ness*. Every one says, that av*a*rice did not det*e*r him from paying a lib*e*ral price for that rare min*e*ral.

Very many of the prevailing faults of articulation result from a neglect of these rules, especially the second, the third, and the last. He who gives a full and definite sound to final consonants and to unaccented vowels, if he does it without stiffness or formality, can hardly fail to articulate well.

Let students give the number and names of the syllables, in words of more than one syllable, and tell what rule for the formation of syllables each letter that appears in italics is designed to illustrate, in the following

EXERCISE.

1. THIRTY years ago, Marseilles lay *b*urn*i*ng in the *s*un, one day. A *bl*az*i*ng sun, upon a fierce August *d*ay, was no greater *r*arity in Southern France then, than at any other time, before or since. Every thi*ng* in Marseilles, and about Marseilles, had *st*ared at the fervid sky, and been *st*ared at in return, until a star*i*ng habit had become universal there.

2. *Str*angers were *st*ared out of countenance by *st*ar*i*ng white houses, star*i*ng white walls, star*i*ng white stree*ts*, star*i*ng tra*cts* of arid *r*oad, star*i*ng hills from wh*i*ch verdure was burnt away. The only thi*ng*s to be see*n* not firedly star*i*ng and glar*i*ng were the vines droop*i*ng under their load of grapes. These did occa

sionally wink a little, as the hot air barely moved their faint leaves.

3. There was no wind to make a ripple on the foul water within the harbor, or on the beautiful sea without. The line of demarkation between the two colors, black and blue, showed the point which the pure sea would not pass; but it lay as quiet as the abominable pool, with which it never mixed. Boats without awnings were too hot to touch; ships blistered at their moorings; the stones of the quays had not cooled, night or day, for months.

4. The universal stare made the eyes ache. Toward the distant line of Italian coast, indeed, it was a little relieved by light clouds of mist, slowly rising from the evaporation of the sea; but it sŏftened nowhere else. Far away the staring roads, deep in dust, stared from the hillside, stared from the hollow, stared from the interminable plain.

5. Far away the dusty vines overhanging wayside cottages, and the monotonous wayside avenues of parched trees without shade, drooped beneath the stare of earth and sky. So did the horses with drowsy bells, in lŏng files of carts, creeping slowly toward the interior; so did their recumbent drivers, when they were awake, which rarely happened; so did the exhausted laborers in the fields.

6. Every thing that lived or grew was oppressed by the glare; except the lizard, passing swiftly over rough stone walls, and the cicada, chirping his dry hot chirp, like a rattle. The very dust was scorched brown, and something quivered in the atmosphere as if the air itself were panting. Blinds, shutters, curtains, awnings, were all closed and drawn to keep out the stare. Grant it but a chink or keyhole, and it shot in like a white-hot ărrōw.

7. The churches were freëst from it. To come out of the twilight of pillars and arches—dreamily dotted with winking lamps, dreamily peopled with ugly old shadows piously dozing, spitting, and begging—was to plunge into a fiery river, and swim for life to the nearest strip of shade. So, with people lounging and lying wherever shade was, with but little hum of tongues or barking of dogs, with occasional jangling of discordant church bells, and rattling of vicious drums, Marseilles, a fact to be strŏngly smelt and tasted, lay broiling in the sun one day.

Section III.—Accent.

1. Accent is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. A mark like this ′ is often used to show which syllable is accented; as, read′ing, eat′ing, re ward′, com pel′, mis′ chiev ous, vi o lin′, fire′-eat′ er, in′ cense-breath′ ing.

3. In many trisyllables and polysyllables, of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, *secondary*.

4. A mark like this ‵ is sometimes used to indicate secondary accent; as, ed‵ u ca′ tion, ed′ u cate‵, mul‵ ti pli ca′ tion.

In words of more than one syllable, let the pupils tell on what syllables primary and secondary accents fall, in the following

Examples.

1. When the weary seaman, on the dreary deep, sees a beacon gleaming on the seashore, he is eager for the seaside.

2. If the marine force besiege the fort, we will march to its relief, when your friends can make a sortie and retrieve their lŏss.

3. The brigadier, cavalier, chevalier, grenadier, and volunteer were armed cap-a-pie.

4. On that momentous occasion, the majestic polemic made a pathetic speech for the prevention of oppression.

5. If you make an amicable arrangement with your adversary, he will be an admirable ac′cessary to the felony.

6. The aristocratic ecclesiastic addressed the people of that municipality in enthusiastic strains.

7. Impenetrability and indestructibility are two essential properties of matter.

8. The incommunicability and incomprehensibility of the ways of Providence are no obstacles to the eye of faith.

Words Distinguished by Accent.

Many words, or parts of speech, having the same form, are distinguished by accent alone. Nouns and adjectives are often thus distinguished from verbs.

Examples.

1. Why does your *ab'sent* friend *absent'* himself?
2. Did he *abstract'* an *ab'stract* of your speech from the desk?
3. Note the mark of *ac'cent*, and *accent'* the right syllable.
4. Buy some *cem'ent* and *cement'* the glass.
5. *Desert'* us not in the *des'ert*.
6. If that *proj'ect* fail, he will *project'* another.
7. My *in'crease* is taken to *increase'* your wealth.
8. *Perfume'* the room with rich *per'fume*.
9. If they *reprimand'* that officer, he will not regard their *rep'rimand*.
10. If they *rebel'*, and *overthrow'* the government, even the *reb'els* can not justify the *o'verthrow*.

A few dissyllables, which are at once nouns and adjectives, are distinguished by accenting the nouns on the *first* syllable and the adjectives on the *last*.

Examples.

1. In *Au'gust*, the *august'* writer entered into a *com'pact* to prepare a *compact'* discourse.
2. *In'stinct*, not reason, rendered the herd *instinct'* with spirit.
3. Within a *min'ute* from this time, I will find a *minute'* piece of gold.

Accent Changed by Contrast.

The ordinary accent of words is sometimes changed by a contrast in sense, or to express opposition of thought.

Examples.

1. He must *in'*crease, but I must *de'*crease.
2. He did not say a new *ad'*dition, but a new *e'*dition.
3. Consider well what you have done, and what you have left *un'*done.
4. I said that she will *sus'*pect the truth of the story, not that she will *ex'*pect it.
5. He that *de'*scended is also the same that *as'*cended.
6. This corruptible must put on *in'*corruption; and this mortal must put on *im'*mortality.

CHAPTER II.

EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION OF SPEECH is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or force. Its general divisions are EMPHASIS, SLUR, INFLECTION, MODULATION, MONOTONE, PERSONATION, and PAUSES.

Orthoëpy is the mechanical part of Elocution, consisting in the discipline and use of the organs of voice for the production of the alphabetic elements and their combination into separate words. It is the basis—the subsoil, which, by the mere force of will and patient practice, may be broken and turned up to the sun, and from which spring the flowers of expression.

Expression is the *soul* of elocution. By its ever-varying and delicate combinations, and its magic and irresistible power, it wills—and the listless ear stoops with expectation; the vacant eye burns with unwonted fire; the dormant passions are aroused, and all the tender and powerful sympathies of the soul are called into vigorous exercise.

SECTION I.—EMPHASIS.

1. EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence.

2. To give a word emphasis, means to pronounce it in a loud or *forcible* manner. No peculiar tone, however, is necessary, as a word or phrase may be rendered emphatic or peculiarly significant by prolonging the vowel sounds, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

3. Emphatic words are ŏften printed in *italics;* those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

4. By the proper use of emphasis, we are enabled to impart animation and interest to conversation and reading. Its importance can not be over-estimated, as the meaning of a sentence ŏften depends upon the proper placing of the emphasis. If readers have a desire to produce an impression on hearers, and

read what they *understand* and FEEL, they will generally place emphasis on the right words. Pupils, however, should be required to observe carefully the following

RULES FOR THE USE OF EMPHASIS.

1. Words and phrases peculiarly significant, or important in meaning, are emphatic; as,

Whence and *what* art thou, execrable shape! *But see!* the enemy retire. My first reason for the adoption of this measure is, *the people demand it;* my second reason is, THE PEOPLE DEMAND IT.

2. Words and phrases that contrast, or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder*. *Take courage!* let your motto be, "*Ever onward*," not, "*Never constant.*"

3. The repetition of an emphatic word or phrase usually requires an *increased* force of utterance; as,

You injured my child—YOU, sir!

Charge home—brave men, at Freedom's call;
CHARGE HOME—your bleeding cŏmrādes fall;
CHARGE HOME—avenge them one and all;
Gŏd will protect the right!

4. A *succession* of important words or phrases usually requires a gradual increase of emphatic force, though emphasis sometimes falls on the last word of a series only; as,

His *disappointment*, his ANGUISH, his DEATH, were caused by your carelessness. These misfortunes are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the *weak*, as to the rich, the wise, and the *powerful*.

Require pupils to tell which of the preceding rules is illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES.

1. Speak *little* and *well*, if you wish to be considered as possessing mĕrit.

2. *Boisterous* in speech, in action *prŏmpt* and *bold*.

3. He buys, he *sells*,—he STEALS, he KILLS for gold.

4. But here I stand for *right*, for ROMAN right.

5. I shall know but *one* country. I was *born* an Ămĕrican; I *live* an Ămĕrican; I shall *die* an Ămĕrican.

6. He that trusts *you*, where he should find you *lions* finds you HARES; where *foxes*, GEESE.

7. A good man loves HIMSELF too well to *lose* an estate by gaming, and his NEIGHBOR too well to *win* one.

8. The GOOD man is *honored*, but the EVIL man is *despised*.

9. The *young* are slaves to *novelty:* the *old*, to *custom:* the *middle-aged*, to *bōth:* the *dead*, to *nēither*.

10. The *wicked* flee when no man *pursueth;* but the *righteous* are bold as a lion.

11. *They come! to arms!* TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

12. None but the *brave*, none but the BRAVE, none but the BRAVE deserve the fair.

13. A *day*, an HOUR, of *virtuous liberty*, is worth a whōle ETERNITY in *bondage*.

14. It is my *living* sentiment, and, by the blessing of Gŏd, it shall be my *dying* sentiment—Independence NOW, and independence FOREVER.

15. *Strike*—till the last arm'd foe *expires;*
STRIKE—for your altars and your fires;
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires;
GŎD—and your *native land!*

16. See how *beauty* is excelled by *manly grace*, and *wisdom*, which alone is truly fair.

17. The *thunders of heaven* are sometimes heard *to roll* in the *voice of a united people*.

18. Let us fight for *our country*, OUR WHŌLE COUNTRY, and NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY.

19. What STRŎNGER breastplate than a heart *untainted!* THRICE is he armed that hath his quarrel JUST; and he but *naked*, though locked up in STEEL, whose *conscience* with INJUSTICE is corrupted.

20. Son of night, RETIRE; call thy winds, and *fly*. WHY dost thou come to my presence with thy shadowy arms? Do I FEAR thy *gloomy form*, dismal spirit of Loda? WEAK is thy shield of clouds; FEEBLE is that meteor, thy *sword*.

21. What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a DŎG *money? is it possible,*
A CUR *can lend three thousand dŭc'ats?*

22. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I *pronounce* it to you—trippingly on the tongue; but if you *mouth* it, as *many* of our players do, I had as lief the town-*crier* spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand *thus*, but use all *gently;* for in the very tŏrrent, *tempest*, and (as I may say) WHIRLWIND of your passion, you must acquire and begĕt a *temperance* that will give it *smoothness.*

23. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar's*, to *him* I say, that *Brutus'* love to Cæsar was no less than *his.* If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose *against* Cæsar, this is my *answer: not* that I loved *Cæsar* LESS, but that I loved *Rome* MORE. Had you rather Cæsar were *living*, and die all SLAVES, than that Cæsar were *dead*, to live all FREEMEN?

24. As Cæsar *loved* me, I *weep* for him; as he was *fortunate*, I *rejoice* at it; as he was *valiant*, I *honor* him; but as he was AMBITIOUS, I *slew him.* There is *tears* for his love, *joy* for his fortune, *honor* for his valor, and DEATH for his *ambition.*

25. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this *mantle:* I remember the first time ever Cæsar put it on: ('twas on a summer's evening in his tent: that day he overcame the Nervii:)—LOOK! In *this* place ran CASSIUS' dagger through: see what a rent the envious CASCA made. Through THIS, the well-belovèd BRUTUS stabbed; and, as he plucked his cursèd *steel* away, mark how the *blood* of Cæsar *followed* it! THIS was the most *unkindest* cut of all! for, when the noble Cæsar saw HIM stab, INGRATITUDE, more strŏng than *traitors' arms*, quite vanquished him! Then burst his mighty *heart;* and, in his mantle muffling up his face, even at the base of Pompey's statue, which all the while ran blood, GREAT CÆSAR FELL. O WHAT a fall was THERE, my countrymen! Then *I*, and YOU, and ALL of us, fell down; whilst bloody TREASON flourished over us.

26. O, now you *weep;* and I perceive you feel the dint of PITY: these are *gracious* drops. *Kind souls! What*, weep you when you but behold our Cæsar's VESTURE wounded? Look ye here! Here is HIMSELF, MARRED, as you see, by TRAITORS

SECTION II.—SLUR.

1. SLUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in strŏnger relief.

2. When a word or part of a sentence is *emphasized*, it is usually pronounced with a louder and more forcible effort of the voice, and is frequently prolŏnged. But when a sentence or part of a sentence is *slurred*, it must generally be read in a lower and less forcible tone of voice, more rapidly, and with all the words pronounced nearly alike.

3. In order to communicate clearly and forcibly the whōle signification of a passage, it must be subjected to a *rigid analysis*. It will then be found, that one paramount idea always pervades the sentence, although it may be associated with incidental statements, and qualified in every possible manner. Hence, on the proper management of slur, much of the beauty and propriety of enunciation depends, as thus the reader is enabled to bring forward the primary idea, or more important parts, into a strŏng light, and throw other portions into shade; thereby entirely changing the character of the sentence, and making it appear lucid, strong, and expressive.

4. Slur must be employed in cases of *parenthesis*, *contrast*, *repetition*, or *explanation*, where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance; and ŏften when *qualification* of *time*, *place*, or *manner* is made.

EXERCISES.

The parts which are to be *slurred* in these exercises are printed in *italic letters*, the prominent ideas appear in Roman, and the more emphatic words in CAPITALS.

1. The stomach (*cramm'd from every dish, a tomb of boiled and roast, and flesh and fish, where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar, and all the man is one intestine war*) remembers ŏft the school-boy's simple fare, the temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

2. Ingenious boys, *who are idle*, think, *with the hare in the fable*, that, *running with* SNAILS (*so they count the rest of their school-fellows*), they shall come soon enough to the post; *though sleeping a good while before their starting.*

3. The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks*, seems *with continuous laughter* to rejoice in its own being.

4. The devout heart, *penetrated with large and affecting views of the immensity of the works of God, the harmony of his laws, and the extent of his beneficence*, bursts into loud and vocal expressions of praise and adoration; and *from a full and overflowing sensibility*, seeks to expand itself to the utmost limits of creation.

5. If there's a Power above us (*and that there is, all nature cries aloud through all her works*), He must delight in virtue.

6. CAN HE, who, *not satisfied with the wide range of animated existence*, calls for the sympathy of the inanimate creation, REFUSE TO WORSHIP with his fellow-men?

7. But let me ask, By WHAT RIGHT *do you involve yourself in this multiplicity of cares?* WHY *do you weave around you this web of occupation, and then complain that you can not break it?*

8. The massy rocks themselves, the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees, *that lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude, or bridge the sunken brook*, and their dark roots *with all their earth upon them*, TWISTING HIGH, breathe FIXED TRANQUILLITY.

9. When therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John *though Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples*, he left Judea, and departed again into Galilee.

10. The calm shade shall bring a KINDRED calm, and the sweet breeze, *that makes the green leaves dance*, shall waft a balm to thy sick heart.

11. A few hours more, and she will move in stately grandeur on, *cleaving her path majestic through the flood*, as if she were a GODDESS of the DEEP.

12. Falsely luxurious, will not MAN awake, and *springing from the bed of slōth*, enjoy the cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour, to meditation due, and sacred sŏng?

13. STRANGER, if thou hast learnt a truth which needs expe

rience more than reason, *that the world is full of guilt and misery*, and hast known enough of al' its sŏrrōws, crimes, and cares, to tire thee of it,—ENTER THIS WILD WOOD, and view the haunts of nature.

14. The smoothness of flattery can not NOW avail—can not SAVE us *in this rugged and awful crisis.*

15. IN THEE, FIRST LIGHT, the bounding ocean smiles, when the quick winds uprear it in a swell, *that rolls in glittering green around the isles, where ever-springing fruits and blossoms dwell.*

16. No! DEAR as FREEDOM is, *and in my heart's just estimation prized above all price*, I would much rather be MYSELF the SLAVE, and WEAR the BONDS, than fasten them on HIM.

17. May the LIKE SERENITY, *in such dreadful circumstances*, and a DEATH EQUALLY GLORIOUS, be the lot of ALL whom TYRANNY, *of whatever denomination or description*, SHALL, *in any age or in any country*, CALL to expiate their virtues on the scaffold.

18. YE STARS! *which are the poetry of heaven, if in your bright leaves we would read the fate of men and empires*,—'tis to be forgiven, that, *in our aspirations to be great*, our destinies o'erleap their mortal state, and claim a kindred with you; for ye are a BEAUTY and a MYSTERY, and create in us such love and reverence from afar, that FORTUNE, FAME, POWER, LIFE, have named themselves a STAR.

19. But yŏnder comes the powerful KING OF DAY, rejoicing in the east. *The lessening cloud, the kindling azure, and the mountain's brow illumed with fluid gold, his near approach betoken glad.* LO, NOW, APPARENT ALL, *aslant the dew-bright earth and colored air*, he looks in BOUNDLESS MAJESTY abroad, and sheds the shining day, *that burnished plays on rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams*, HIGH GLEAMING from afar.

20. And thus, *in silent waiting*, stood the piles of stone and piles of wood; TILL DEATH, *who, in his vast affairs, ne'er puts things ŏff—as men in theirs—and thus, if I the truth must tell*, *does his work* FINALLY *and* WELL, WINKED at our hero as he passed, "Your house is FINISHED, sir, at last; a NARROWER house —a house of CLAY—your palace for another day."

21. And when the prodigal son came to himself, he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise, and GO to

my father; and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son:—make me as one of thy hired servants.'" And he arose, and was coming to his father;—but while he was yĕt a great way ŏff, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son SAID unto him, "*Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.*"

22. THOU GLORIOUS MIRROR, *where the Almighty's form glasses itself in tempests;* in ALL time (*calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm, icing the pole, or in the tŏrrid clime dark heaving*), BOUNDLESS, ENDLESS, and SUBLIME—THE IMAGE OF ETERNITY—THE THRONE OF THE INVISIBLE; *even from out thy slime the monsters of the deep are made;* each zone obeys thee—thou goest fōrth, DREAD, FATHOMLESS, ALONE.

23. O WINTER! RULER OF THE INVERTED YEAR! *thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled, thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks fringed with a bēard made white with other snows than those of age, thy fōrehead wrapped in clouds, a leafless branch thy scepter, and thy throne a sliding car, indebted to no* WHEELS, *but urged by* STORMS *alōng its slippery way,* I LOVE THEE, ALL UNLOVELY as thou seem'st, and DREADED as thou ART.

24. Lo! the UNLETTERED HIND, *who never knew to raise his mind excursive to the heights of abstract contemplation,* as he sits on the green hillock by the hedge-row side, *what time the insect swarms are murmuring,* and marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds, *that fringe with loveliest hues the evening sky,* FEELS in his soul the hand of nature rouse the thrill of GRATITUDE to Him who FORMED the goodly prospect; he beholds the GOD THRONED in the WEST; and his reposing ear hears sounds ANGELIC *in the fitful breeze, that floats through neighboring copse or fairy brake, or lingers, playful, on the haunted stream.*

25. They shall hear of my VENGEANCE, that would scorn to LISTEN to the story of my WRŎNGS. The MISERABLE HIGHLAND DROVER, *bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonored, and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay,* shall BURST on them in an AWFUL CHANGE.

Section III.—Inflections.

1. Inflections are the bends or slides of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

There are three inflections or slides of the voice: the Rising Inflection, the Falling Inflection, and the Circumflex. A mark inclining to the right ′ is sometimes used to indicate the Rising Inflection; a mark inclining to the left, ‵ the Falling Inflection. When the Circumflex commences with a *rising* and ends with a *falling* slide of the voice, it is indicated thus, ^; but when it commences with a *falling* and ends with a *rising* slide, it is indicated thus, ˅, which the pupil will perceive is the same mark inverted.

Though each of the above marks always indicates an inflection of the same *kind*, yet the slides differ greatly in the *degree*, or *extent of their rise or fall.* In some, the voice has a very slight, and in others, a very marked upward or downward movement, depending on the *nature* of what is expressed. We do not give *definite* rules touching these shades of difference in the *degree* of inflection, as they would rather perplex than aid the learner. In a few examples, however, this difference is indicated by the use of *italics* and CAPITAL LETTERS.

2. The Rising Inflection is the upward bend or slide of the voice; as, Do you love your *home′?*

3. The Falling Inflection is the downward bend or slide of the voice; as, When will you go *home‵?*

The *rising* inflection carries the voice upward *from the general pitch*, and suspends it on the highest tone required; while the *falling* inflection commences *above* the *general pitch*, and falls down to it; as, Did you say *ball* or *fall?* At the end, or final close, of a declarative sentence, when the falling slide commences on the *general pitch*, and falls below the key, it is sometimes called the *Cadence*, or falling slide of termination; as, God is *Love.*

4. The Circumflex is the union of the two inflections

of the voice on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight wave of the voice; as, Mother, *yôu* have *mў* father much offended.

Inflection, or the slide, is one of the most important divisions of elocution, because all speech is made up of slides, and because the right or wrŏng formation of these gives a pervading character to the whōle delivery. It is to the graceful formation of the slides that we are chiefly indebted for that easy and refined utterance which prevails in polished society; while the coarse and rustic tones of the vulgar are commonly owing to some early and erroneous habit in this respect. Most of the schoolboy faults in delivery, such as drawling, whining, and a monotonous singing sound, result from a wrŏng formation of the slide, and may be anticipated or corrected by a proper course of practice on this element of speech.

A slide consists of two parts, viz.: the *radical*, or opening sound, and the *vanish*, or gradual diminution of force, until the sound is lŏst in silence. Three things are necessary to the perfect formation of a slide.

1st. The opening sound must be struck with a *full* and *lively* impulse of voice.

2d. The diminution of force must be regular and ēquable—not more rapid in one part than another, but naturally and gracefully declining to the last.

3d. The final *vanish* must be delicately formed, without being abrupt on the one hand, or too much prolonged on the other.

Thus, a *full opening*, a *gradual decrease*, and a *delicate termination* are requisite to the perfect formation of a slide.

Let the pupils pronounce the following words with contrasted inflections, using great pains to form the slides in the manner just indicated

1. Call′, call‵; far′, far‵; fame′, fame‵; shame′, shame‵; air′, air‵; scene′, scene‵; mile′, mile‵; pile′, pile‵.

2. Roam′, roam‵; tool′, tool‵; school′, school‵; pure′, pure‵; mule′, mule‵; join′, join‵; our′, our‵.

3. Land′, land‵; barb′, barb‵; made′, made‵; tribe′, tribe‵; road′, road‵; mood′, mood‵; tube′, tube‵; loud′, loud‵.

4. Will′, will‘; right′, right‘; hope′, hope‘; love′, love‘; prosper′, prosper‘; higher′, higher‘; safety′, safety‘; power′, power‘; talents′, talents‘; wisdom′, wisdom‘; virtue′, virtue‘.

Rules for the Use of Inflections.

1. Direct questions, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *rising* inflection; but their answers, the *falling*.

Examples.

1. Do you love that laughing child′? I do‘.
2. Are those purple plums and red-cheeked peaches ripe′? Yes‘.
3. May I eat some of the sweet grapes that hang in clusters by the wall′? Yes‘.
4. Has any one sailed around the earth′? Yes‘, Captain Cook‘.
5. Will you forsake us′? and will you favor us no more′?
6. Is not this the carpenter's son′? and is not his mother called Mary′? and his brethren, James′, and Joses,′ and Simon′, and Judas′? and his sisters, are they not all with us′?

Exceptions.—The *falling* inflection is required when the direct question becomes an earnest appeal, and the answer is anticipated; and when a direct question, not at first understood, is repeated with marked emphasis.

Examples.

1. *Are‘* you, my dear sir, willing to forgive‘?
2. James, *can‘* you ever forget the kindness of your mother‘?
3. *Was‘* the lady that first visited us as beautiful as the one that just left the house‘?
4. *Will‘* her love survive your neglect‘? and *may‘* not you expect the sneers, both of your wife‘, and of her parents‘?
5. Do you reside in the city′? What did you say, sir′? Do you reside in the *city‘?*
6. Do you think peace and honor sweet words′? I beg your pardon, sir. Do you think peace and honor sweet *words‘?*

2. Indirect questions, or those that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *falling* inflection, and their answers the same.

EXAMPLES.

1. Who can reward you for your kindness‵?
2. Who will pay for those beautiful flowers‵? My mother‵.
3. Where can you see such rivers and lakes‵? In America‵.
4. Whose watch is this‵? and what do you suppose it might be bought for‵?
5. Whither have you led me‵? and to whom do these beautiful creatures belŏng‵?
6. Who said, "A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone‵?" Swift‵.

EXCEPTIONS.—The *rising* inflection is required when an indirect question is used to ask a repetition of what was not at first understood; and when the *answers* to questions, whether direct or indirect, are given in an indifferent or careless manner.

EXAMPLES.

1. *What* bird did you say that is′?
2. *Whither* did you say you would lead me′?
3. Where did you find those young birds‵? In the meadow‵. *Where* did you say′?
4. Shall I send James and Henry to visit you′? As you please′.
5. Will you be displeased if your friends desert you′? Not much′.
6. How many scholars did you see in the yard‵? Some fifteen or twenty′.

3. Questions, words, and clauses, connected by the disjunctive *or*, usually require the *rising* inflection before, and the *falling* after it; though, when *or* is used *conjunctively*, it takes the rising inflection *after*, as well as *before* it.

EXAMPLES.

1. Did you do that kind act on the Sabbath day′, or on Monday‵?

2. Does that beautiful lady deserve praise′, or blame‵?

3. It was large′ or small‵, ripe′ or unripe‵, sweet′ or sour‵.

4. You saw an old′ man or a young‵ man, a tall′ man or a short‵ man.

5. Can youth′, or health′, or strength′, or honor′, or pleasure′, satisfy the soul′?

6. Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea′? or hast thou walked in search of the depths′? Hast thou an arm like God′? or canst thou thunder like him′?

4. When words or clauses are contrasted or compared, the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*, and the other *denied*, generally the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur.

EXAMPLES.

1. I have seen the effects of love′ and hatred‵, joy′ and grief‵, hope′ and despair‵.

2. A wise′ son maketh a glad father′; but a foolish‵ son is the heaviness of his mother‵.

3. Men's words′ are like leaves‵, and their deeds′ like fruits‵.

4. We should judge of others, not by our′ light, but by their own‵.

5. The first object of a true zeal is that we may do right‵, not that we may prosper′.

6. The supreme law of a State is not its safety′, its power′, its prosperity′: there is a *higher* law, even Virtue‵, Rectitude‵, the Will of God‵.

5. Familiar address, and the pause of suspension, denoting condition, supposition, or incompleteness, usually require the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Officers′, soldiers′, friends′, Americans′, our country must be free.

2. If thine enemy hunger′, give him bread to eat; if he thirst′, give him water to drink.

3. To sit up late at night′, to use intoxicating drinks′, and to indulge evil passions′, are things not permitted in this school.

4. Consider (and may the consideration sink deep into your heart′!) the fatal consequences of a wicked life.

5. The sun being risen′, and the discourse being ended′, we resumed our march.

6. His adventures′, his toils′, his privations′, his sufferings′, his hair-breadth escapes′, and his struggles for victory and liberty′, are all remembered.

6. The language of concession, politeness, admiration, entreaty, and tender emotions, usually requires the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Your remark is true′: the manners of this country have not all the desirable ease and freedom′. We are improving, however, in this respect.

2. My dear sir′, we ought not to be discouraged at the fickleness of fortune′.

3. O noble friend′! Thy self-denial is wonderful′! thy deeds of charity are innumerable′! Never will I forget thee′!

4. Then Judah came near unto him, and said′, O my lord′, let thy servant′, I pray thee′, speak a word in my lord's ears′, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant′, for thou art even as Pharaoh.

5. O my son Absalom′! my son′, my son Absalom′! Would God I had died for thee′, Absalom′, my son′, my son′!

7. The end of a sentence that expresses completeness, conclusion, or result, usually requires the falling slide of termination, which commences on the general pitch and falls below it; as, The rose is beautiful.

EXAMPLES.

1. That industrious scholar has finished his task.

2. The great end of society is to give free scope to the exertions of all.

3. The idea of right can never be effaced from the human mind.

8. At each complete termination of thought, before the close of a sentence, the *falling* inflection is usually required; though, when several pauses occur, the last but one generally has the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Every human being has the idea of duty\; and to unfold this idea, is the end for which life was given him.

2. The rocks crumble\; the trees fall\; the leaves fade′, and the grass withers.

3. The tears of the sufferers are already dried\, their rage is hushed\, their complaints are silenced′, and they no lŏnger claim our pity.

9. The language of command, rebuke, contempt, exclamation, and terror, usually requires the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Go to the *ant*\, thou sluggard, consider *her* ways, and be wise\.

2. *Awake**!* ye sons of Spain. *Awake**!* *Advance**!*

3. If ye are *men*, follow me\! Strike down yŏn guard\,—gain the mountain passes\,—and then do bloody work\.

4. Thou slave\, thou wretch\, thou coward\! Away\ from my sight\!

5. Mercy\ on me! breathe it not aloud\, the wild winds must not hear\ it,—'tis a foul murder\.

6. What a piece of work is man\! what a subject of contradiction\! how noble\! how mean\! the glory and the scandal of the universe\.

10. The last member of a *commencing* series, and the last but one of a *concluding* series, usually require the rising inflection; and all others the *falling*.

EXAMPLES.

1. In eloquence we see sublimity\, beauty\, genius\, and power′, in their noblest exercise\.

2. It is this depth', this weight', this elevation of principle this purity of motive', which makes them the admiration of the world'.

3. But the fruit of the Spirit is love', joy', peace', lŏng-suffering', gentleness', goodness', faith', meekness', temperance'.

4. In most armies, the ranks are filled with the depraved', the desperate', the cruel', the bloody', and the rapācious'.

5. The youth lŏngs to be at age', then to be a man of business', then to make up an estate', then to arrive at honors', and then to retire'.

11. Emphatic *repetition*, and the pointed enumeration of *particulars*, require the *falling* inflection.

The stress of voice should be gradually increased on each repetition, or succession of particulars. The preceding rule with regard to a commencing and a concluding series, should be duly observed.

EXAMPLES.

1. If I were an American, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, *I never would lay down my arms—never'!* NEVER'! NEVER'!

2. His first cry was, *Gŏd and liberty'*. His second cry was, GOD AND LIBERTY'. His third cry was, GOD AND LIBERTY'.

3. He aspired to be the highest'; above the people', above the laws', above his country', above surrounding nations'.

4. They, through faith, subdued kingdoms', wrought righteousness', obtained promises', stopped the mouth of lions', quenched the violence of fire', escaped the edge of the sword', out of weakness were made strong', waxed valiant in fight', turned to flight the armies of the aliens'.

12. THE CIRCUMFLEX is used in language of irony, sarcasm, derision, condition, and contrast.

EXAMPLES.

1. He is a râre pattern of humanity.
2. That lûlled them as the north wind does the sea.
3. One may be wĭse, though he be poôr.
4. No doubt yĕ are the pêople, and wisdom will die with yoû

5. They tell ûs to be moderate; but thêy, thêy are t· ·evel in profusion.

6. Is thy servant a dŏg, that he should do this great thing?

7. Thĕy will give us pêace! Yes; such pêace as the wŏlf gives to the lâmb—the kĭte to the dôve.

8. Talk to me of dănger? Death and shame! Is not mŷ race as high, as ancient, and as proud as thĭne?

9. Thĕy follow an adventurer whom they fĕar, and obey a power which they hâte; wê serve a monarch whom we lŏve,—a God whom we adôre.

10. "'Tis green, 'tis grẹen, sir, I assure ye!"
"Grĕen!" cries the other, in a fury;
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eŷes?"

Section IV.—Modulation.

Modulation is the act of varying the voice in reading and speaking. Its general divisions are, Pitch, Force, Quality, and Rate.

The four general divisions, or modes of vocal sound, presented in this section, are properly the *elements* of Expression; as, by the combination of the different forms and varieties of these modes, Emphasis, Slur, Monotone, and other divisions of Expression are produced.

Pitch.

Pitch refers to the *key-note* of the voice—its general degree of elevation or depression, in reading and speaking. We mark three general distinctions of Pitch: High, Moderate, and Low.

1. High Pitch is that which is heard in calling to a person at a distance. It is used in expressing elevated and joyous feelings and strong emotion; as,

1. Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;

Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.

2. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O, sacred forms, how proud ye look
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty!
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you!

3. First came renownèd Warwick,
Who cried aloud, "*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd. Then came wandering by
A shadōw like an āngel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out, aloud,—
"CLARENCE *is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence;*
SEIZE *on him, ye furies, take him to your torments.*"

2. MODERATE PITCH is that which is heard in common conversation. It is used in expressing ordinary thought and moderate emotion; as,

1. The morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day that comes alŏng after a cup of cŏffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast.

2. The way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, in'dustry and fru-

gality: that is, waste nēither time nor money, but make the best use of bōth. Without industry and frugality, nothing will do, and with them, every thing. He that gĕts all he can honestly, and saves all he gets, will certainly become rich—if that Being, who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavors, doth not, in his wise providence, otherwise determine.

3 Low Pitch is that which is heard when the voice falls below the common speaking key. It is used in expressing reverence, awe, sublimity, and tender emotions; as,

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bells' deep tones are swelling;—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past, yĕt, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirr'd
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yŏn cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand.

2. Sŏftly woo away her breath,
Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring Life!
She hath seen her happy day:
She hath had her bud and blossom:
Now she pales and sinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

Exercise on Pitch.

Select a sentence, and deliver it on as low a key as possible; then repeat it, gradually elevating the pitch, until the top of the voice shall have been reached; when the exercise may be reversed. So valuable is this exercise, that it should be repeated as ŏften as possible.

Force.

Force is the volume or loudness of voice, used on the same key or pitch, when reading or speaking.

Though the degrees of force are numerous, varying from a sŏft whisper to a shout, yet they may be considered as three: Loud, Moderate, and Gentle.

1. Loud Force is used in strŏng, but suppressed passions, and in emotions of sŏrrōw, grief, respect, veneration, dignity, apathy, and contrition; as,

1. How like a *fawning publican* he looks!
I *hate* him, for that he is a *Christian.*
If I but cătch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ăncient grudge I bear him.

2. Slōwly and sadly we lāid him down,
From the field of his fāme fresh and gōry;
We carved not a line, and we rāised not a stōne,
But we left him alōne in his glōry!

3. O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.

2. Moderate Force, or a medium degree of loudness, is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; as,

1. Remember this saying, "The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." He that is known to pay punctually, and exactly at the time he promises, may, at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After in'dustry and frugality, nothing

contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world, than punctuality and justice in all his dealings; therefore, never keep borrowed money an hour beyŏnd the time you promised, lĕst a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever.

2. If the Bible should perish out of our language, it could almost be gāthered up again, in substance, from out of our hymns—that take flight from the vĕry period of creation, and fold their wings only when they touch the crystal battlements. When the birds begin to look from the north southward, in autumnal weather, a few, springing from the reeds and shrubs of Labrador, begin the aërial car'avan, and, as they wind southward, out of every tree and every cŏpse, from orchard and garden, come fōrth new singers, increasing in numbers at every furlŏng, until at length, coming down from their high pathways in innumerable flocks, they cover provinces and fill fōrests, and are heard triumphing through unfrŏsted orchards, amidst the vines, the olives, and the ŏranges, with such wondrous bursts of sŏng, that, as one lies between sleep and waking, he might think the Advent renewed, and Gŏd's āngels to be in the air. And so it has pleased us ŏften, in thought, to liken the rise, and spread, and flight, and multitude of hymns that have come down from the beginnings of time into God's pleasant gardens and vineyards, in our days, increasing as they flew. Only, there is no bird that can sing like a hymn. There are no meanings in all the mingled sounds of all the singers of the grove, or hedge, or lawn, like the voices of hymns that utter all the mysteries of Christ's love in the human soul.

3. Gentle Force, or a slight degree of loudness, is used to express caution, fear, secrecy, and tender emotions; as,

1. Heard ye the whisper of the breeze,
As sŏftly it murmur'd by,
Amid the shadowy fōrest trees?
It tells, with meaning sigh,
Of the bowers of bliss on that viewless shore,
Where the weary spirit shall sin no more.

2. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment—sŏftly tread;

Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by the sleeper's bed!
Other hopes have all forsaken:
One remains—that slumber deep:
Speak not, lest the slumberer waken
From that sweet, that saving sleep.

Exercise on Force.

Select a sentence, and deliver it on a given key, with voice just sufficient to be heard: then gradually increase the quantity, until the whŏle power of the voice is brought into play. Reverse the prŏcess, without change of key, ending with a whisper. This exercise is so valuable that it can not be too frequently repeated.

Quality.

Quality has reference to the kinds of tone used in reading and speaking. They are the Pure Tone, the Orotund, the Aspirated, the Guttural, and the Trembling.

1. The Pure Tone is a clear, smooth, round, flowing sound, accompanied with moderate pitch; and is used to express peace, cheerfulness, joy, and love; as,

1. Methinks I love all common things;
The common air, the common flower;
The dear, kind, common thought, that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

2. It is the hour, when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet.

And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So sŏftly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

2. The Orotund is the pure tone deepened, enlarged, and intensified. It is used in all energetic and vehement forms of expression, and in giving utterance to grand and sublime emotions; as,

1. *Strike*—till the last arm'd foe *expires;*
Strike—for your *altars* and your fires;
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your *native land!*

2. The sky is changed! and such a change! O Night,
And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strŏng,
Yĕt lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far alŏng,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

3. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
Oh, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews—summon up the blood—
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Ay, set the teeth and stretch the nostrils wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height!—On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof!
Cry, Heaven for Harry, England, and St. George!

3. The Aspirated Tone is an expulsion of the breath

more or less strong, the words being spoken in a whisper. It is used to express amazement, fear, terror, horror, revenge, and remorse; as,

1. How ill this taper burns!
Ha! who comes here?
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh,
My blood grows *chilly*, and I *freeze with horror!*

2. The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper, in an under-tone,
"*Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.*"

4. The Guttural is a deep under-tone, used to express hatred, contempt, and loathing. It usually occurs on the emphatic words; as,

1. Thou *slave*, thou *wretch*, thou *coward!*
Thou cold-blooded *slave!*
Thou wear a lion's hide?
Doff it, for *shame*, and hang
A *calf-skin* on those recreant limbs.

2. Thou stand'st at length before me undisguised,
Of all earth's grŏveling crew the most accursed.
Thou worm! thou viper!—to thy native earth
Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon. Thou scum! thou reptile!

5. The Tremulous Tone, or tremor, consists of a tremulous iteration, or a number of impulses of sound of the least assignable duration. It is used in excessive grief, pity, plaintiveness, and tenderness; in an intense degree of suppressed excitement, or satisfaction; and when the voice is enfeebled by age.

The tremulous tone should not be applied throughout the whōle of an extended passage, but only on selected emphatic words, as otherwise the effect would be monotonous. In the second of the following examples, where the tremor of age is supposed to be joined with that of supplicating distress, the tremulous tone may be applied to every emphatic syllable capa-

ble of prolongation, which is the case with all except those of *pity* and *shortest;* but even these may receive it in a limited degree. The third example, which is taken from PARADISE LOST, in the tenth book, calls for a marked tremulous movement on emphatic words; as speech attended with tears always exhibits more or less tremor, and Eve is said, in the lines that follow, to have "ended weeping," and her supplication to have been accompanied "with tears that ceased not flowing." Some of the syllables, however, embracing the deepest feeling of contrition, have not sufficient quantity to allow the eminent intonation of the tremor. The word *beg* and the accented syllable of *uttermost* are of this nature. The tremulous tone may be effectually placed on be*reave*, *on*ly, for*lorn*, *thee*, *more*, and other words, which, through their indefinite quantity, give ample measure to intonation.

EXAMPLES.

1. *O love*, re*main!* It is not yet *near day!*
   It was the nightin*gale*, and not the *lark*,
   That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
   Nightly she sings in yon pomegranate-tree.
   Be*lieve* me, love, it was the nightingale.
2. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
   Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
   Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
   O give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
3. Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness, Heaven,
   What love sincere and reverence in my heart
   I bear thee, and unwitting have offended,
   Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant,
   I beg, and clasp thy knees: bereave me not,
   Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
   Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
   My only strength and stay. Forlorn of thee,
   Whither should I betake me, where subsist?
   While yĕt we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
   Between us two let there be peace; bōth joining,
   As join'd in injuries, one enmity
   Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,

That cruel serpent. On me exercise not
Thy hate for this misery befallen;
On me already lŏst, me than thyself
More miserable! Bōth have sinn'd; but thou
Against Gŏd only; I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence, from thy head removed, may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe;
Me, me only, just object of his ire!

Rate.

Rate refers to movement, and is Quick, Moderate, or Slow.

1. Quick Rate is used to express joy, mirth, confusion, violent anger, and sudden fear; as,

1. Away! away! our fires stream bright
Alŏng the frozen river,
And their ărrōwy sparkles of brilliant light
On the fŏrest branches quiver.

2. Away! away to the rocky glen,
Where the deer are wildly bounding!
And the hills shall echo in gladness again,
To the hunter's bugle sounding.

3. The lake has burst! The lake has burst!
Down through the chasms the wild waves flee:
They gallop alŏng, with a roaring song,
Away to the eager awaiting sea!

4. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

2. Moderate Rate is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; in cheerfulness, and the gentler forms of the emotions; as,

1. When the sun walks upon the blue sea-waters,
Smiling the shadōws from yŏn purple hills.

We pace this shōre,—I and my brother here,
Good Gerald. We arise with the shrill lark,
And bōth unbind our brows from sullen dreams;
And then doth my dear brother, who hath worn
His cheek all pallid with perpetual thought,
Enrich me with sweet words; and ŏft a smile
Will stray amidst his lessons, as he marks
New wonder paint my cheek, or fondly reads,
Upon the burning page of my black eyes,
The truth reflected which he casts on me:—
For he is like the sun,—giving me light;
Pouring into the caves of my young brain
Knowledge from his bright fountains! Thus it is
I drink in the starry truth. Science and Art,
And Learning pale, all crown my thoughts with flowers;
And Music waiteth on me, sad and sweet;
And great Imagination, for *my* sake,
Lets loose her dreams, and bids her wonders flow
By me,—until I talk in poetry!

2. Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do, or suffer, men record;
But the lŏng sacrifice of *woman's* days
Passes without a thought, without a word;
And many a lŏfty struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfill'd—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strŏng feelings of the heart be still'd—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wĭnd,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind!
Yet it may be, more lŏfty courage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells
Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate.
The soldier dies surrounded: could he *live*,
Alone to suffer, and *alone* to strive?

3. Slow Rate is used to express grandeur, vastness, pathos, solemnity, adoration, horror, and consternation; as,

1. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
   All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
   Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
   Thou only Gŏd! There is no God beside!
2. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
   The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
   The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
   And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
3. Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!
   Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:
   Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
   Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
   The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
   A shadōw of man's ravage, save his own,
   When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
   He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
   Without a grave, unknell'd, uncŏffin'd, and unknown.

Exercise on Rate.

Select a sentence, and deliver it as slow as may be possible without drawling. Repeat the sentence with a slight increase of rate, until you shall have reached a rapidity of utterance at which distinct articulation ceases. Having done this, reverse the prŏcess, repeating slower and slower. This exercise will enable pupils to acquire the ability to increase and diminish rate at plĕasure, which is one of the most important elements of good reading and speaking.

Section V.—Monotone.

Monotone consists of a degree of *sameness of sound*, or tone, in a number of successive words or syllables.

It is very seldom the case that a *perfect* sameness is to be observed in reading any passage or sentence. But very little variety of tone, or in other words, the monotone, is to be used in reading either prose or verse which contains elevated descriptions, or emotions of solemnity, sublimity, or reverence. The

monotone usually requires a low tone of the voice, loud or prolŏnged force, and a slow rate of utterance.

Exercises.

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought fŏrth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to ever lasting, Thou art God.

2. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations, also, of the hills moved, and were shaken, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured. He bowed the heavens, also, and came down, and darkness was under his feet; and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.

3. Man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down, and riseth not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

4. High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshŏne the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat!

5. How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ăncient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear alŏft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight: the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

6. Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye,
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful: the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knell
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.

But where, of ye, O tempests! is the gōal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

7. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,—
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er:
Being whom we call God—and know no more.

8. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes: there was silence, and I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

Section VI.—Personation.

Personation consists of those modulations or changes of the voice necessary to represent two or more persons as speaking.

This principle of expression, upon the correct application of which much of the beauty and efficiency of delivery depends, is employed in reading dialogues and other pieces of a conversational nature. The student should exercise his discrimination and ingenuity in studying the characters of persons to be represented,—fully informing himself with regard to their temperament, condition, and feelings,—and so modulate his voice as best to personate them.

Exercise.

He. Dost thou love wandering? Whither wouldst thou go?
Dream'st thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair?

Dost thou not love these aye-blue streams that flow?
These spicy fŏrests? and this golden air?

She. Oh, yes, I love the woods, and streams, so gay;
And more than all, O father, I love *thee;*
Yet would I fain be wandering—far away,
Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.

He. Speak, mine own daughter with the sun-bright locks!
To what pale, banish'd region wouldst thou roam?

She. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!
Let's seek that country of all countries—Home!

He. Seest thou these ŏrange flowers? this palm that rears
Its head up toward heaven's blue and cloudless dome?

She. I dream, I dream; mine eyes are hid in tears;
My heart is wandering round our ăncient home.

He. Why, then, we'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies,
Who shelter'd us, when we were forced to roam!

She. On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!
Farewell, kind land! Now, father, *now*—for Home!

SECTION VII.—PAUSES.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give effect to expression. They are often more eloquent than words.

Pauses differ greatly in their frequency and their length, according to the nature of the subject. In lively conversation, and rapid argument, they are comparatively few and short. In serious, dignified, and pathetic speaking, they are far more numerous and more prolonged.

The pause is marked thus ⌣, in the following illustrations and exercises.

RULES FOR THE USE OF PAUSES.

1. A pause is required after a *compound nominative*, in all cases; and after a nominative consisting of a single

word, when it is either *emphatic*, or is the leading subject of discourse; as,

Joy and sŏrrōw ⌙| move him not. No people ⌙| can claim him. No country ⌙| can appropriate him.

2. A pause is required after words which are in *apposition with*, or *opposition to*, each other; as,

Solomon ⌙| the son of David ⌙| was king of Israel. False delicacy is affectation ⌙| not politeness.

3. A pause is required after *but*, *hence*, and other words denoting a marked transition, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence; as,

But ⌙| it was reserved for Arnold ⌙| to blend all these bad qualities into one. Hence ⌙| Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ⌙| the beginning of wisdom.

4. A pause is required before *that*, when a conjunction or relative, and the relatives *who*, *which*, *what;* together with *when*, *whence*, and other adverbs of time and place, which involve the idea of a relative; as,

He went to school ⌙| that he might become wise. This is the man ⌙| that loves me. We were present ⌙| when La Fayette embarked at Havre for New York.

5. A pause is required before the *infinitive mood*, when governed by another verb, or when separated by an intervening clause from the word which governs it; as,

He has gŏne ⌙| to convey the news. He smote me with a rod ⌙| to please my enemy.

6. In cases of *ellipsis*, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted; as,

So goes the world; if ⌙| wealthy, you may call this ⌙| friend, that ⌙| brother.—A poor fellow ⌙| witty and wise, entered the room. He walked on this side ⌙| and then on that ⌙| he tried to introduce a social chat; but some ⌙| formally and freezingly replied ⌙| and some ⌙| said by their silence, ⌙| better stay at home.

7. Pauses are used to set off *qualifying clauses* by themselves; to separate *qualifying terms* from each other, when a number of them refer to the same word; and when an adjective follows its noun; as,

The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and ⌙ *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks* ⌙ seems ⌙ *with continuous laughter* ⌙ to rejoice in its own being. He had a mind ⌙ deep ⌙ active ⌙ well stored with knowledge.

These rules, though important, if properly applied, are by no means complete; nor can any be invented which shall meet all the cases that arise in the complicated relations of thought. A good reader or speaker pauses, on an average, at every fifth or sixth word, and in many cases much more frequently. His only guide, in many instances, is a discriminating taste in grouping ideas, and separating by pauses those which are less intimately allied. In doing this, he will often use what may be called

Suspensive Quantity.

Suspensive Quantity means prolonging the end of a word, without actually pausing after it; and thus suspending, without wholly interrupting the progress of sound.

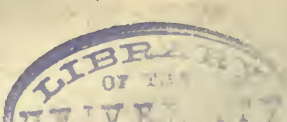
The prolongation on the last syllable of a word, or Suspensive Quantity, is indicated thus ¯, in the following examples. It is used chiefly for three purposes:

1st. To prevent too frequent a recurrence of pauses; as,

Her lover sink¯s—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain¯—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee¯—she checks their base career;
The foe retire¯s—she heads the rallying host.

2d. To produce a slighter disjunction than would be made by a pause; and thus at once to separate and unite; as,

Would you kill your friend and benefactor? Would you practice hypocrisy and smile¯ in his face, while your conspiracy is ripening?



3d. To break up the current of sound into small portions, which can be easily managed by the speaker, without the abruptness which would result from pausing wherever this relief was needed; and to give ease in speaking; as,

1. Warms¯in the sun, refreshes¯in the breeze,
Glows¯in the stars, and blossoms¯in the trees;
Lives¯through all life, extends¯through all extent,
Spreads¯undivided, operates¯unspent.

2. That lame¯man, by the field¯tent, is untainted¯with the crime of blood, and free¯from any stain of treason.

General Rule.

Whenever a preposition is followed by as many as three or four words which depend upon it, the word preceding the preposition will either have suspensive quantity, or else a pause; as,

He is the pride¯of the whole country.

Require students to tell which of the preceding rules or principles is illustrated, wherever a mark, representing the pause or suspensive quantity, is introduced in the following

Exercise.

1. It matters very little ⏑⏓ what immediate¯spot ⏑⏓ may have been the birth-place¯of such a man as Washington. *No* people ⏑⏓ can claim ⏑⏓⏑⏓ no country ⏑⏓ can appropriate him. The boon¯of Providence to the human race ⏑⏓ his fame ⏑⏓ is eternity ⏑⏑⏓ and his dwelling-place ⏑⏓ creation.

2. Though it was the defeat ⏑⏓ of our arms ⏑⏓ and the disgrace ⏑⏓ of our policy ⏑⏓⏑⏓ I almost bless¯the convulsion ⏑⏓ in which he had his ŏrigin. If the heavens thundered ⏑⏓ and the earth¯rocked ⏑⏓⏑⏓ yet, ⏑⏓ when the storm passed, ⏑⏓ how pure¯was the climate ⏑⏓ that it cleared ⏑⏓⏑⏓ how bright ⏑⏓ in the brow of the firmament ⏑⏓ was the planet ⏑⏓ which it revealed to us!

3. In the production of Washington ⏑⏓ it does really appear ⏑⏓

as if nature ⌣| was endeavoring to improve¯upon herself ⌣⌣| and that all the virtues¯of the ancient world ⌣| were but so many *studies* ⌣| preparatory¯to the pātriot of the new. Individual¯instances ⌣| no doubt there were ⌣| splendid exemplifications ⌣| of some single qualification. Cæsar ⌣| was merciful ⌣⌣| Scipio ⌣| was continent ⌣⌣| Hannibal ⌣| was patient. But ⌣| it was reserved for Washington ⌣| to blend¯them all in one ⌣⌣| and like the lovely master-piece¯of the Grecian artist ⌣| to exhibit ⌣| in one glow¯of associated beauty ⌣| the pride¯of every model ⌣| and the perfection¯of every master.

4. As a general ⌣⌣| he marshaled the peasant ⌣| into a veteran ⌣⌣| and supplied by discipline ⌣| the absence of experience. As a statesman ⌣⌣| he enlarged the policy¯of the cabinet ⌣| into the most comprehensive system¯of general advantage. And such ⌣| was the wisdom¯of his views ⌣| and the philosophy¯of his counsels ⌣⌣| that to the soldier ⌣| and the statesmen ⌣| he almost added ⌣| the character of the sage.

5. A conqueror ⌣| he was untainted¯with the crime of blood ⌣⌣| a revolutionist ⌣| he was free¯from any stain of treason ⌣ for aggression¯commenced the contest ⌣| and his country¯called him to the field. Liberty ⌣| unsheafhed his sword ⌣⌣| necessity ⌣| stained ⌣⌣| victory ⌣| returned it.

6. If he had paused *here* ⌣| history might have doubted ⌣ what station¯to assign him ⌣⌣| whether at the head of her citizens ⌣| or her soldiers ⌣⌣| her heroes ⌣| or her pātriots. But the last¯glorious¯act ⌣| *crowns*¯his career ⌣| and banishes¯all hesitation. Who ⌣| like Washington ⌣| after having emancipated¯a hemisphere ⌣| resigned¯its crown ⌣⌣| and preferred the retirement of domestic life ⌣| to the adoration of a land ⌣| he might almost be said to have created?

7. How¯shall we rank thee ⌣| upon glory's¯page,
Thou *more*¯than *soldier* ⌣| and just *less* than *sage!*
All thou *hast*¯been ⌣| reflects less¯praise ⌣| on thee,
Far¯less ⌣| than all thou hast forborne¯to be.

OBSERVATION TO TEACHERS.

In order to form finished readers, it will be necessary, after students have thoroughly mastered Part First, for them frequently to review the more important elements of elocution. In Part Second, they should be required to study each reading lesson, and learn the definitions and pronunciation of the words given at the bottom of the pages, and the important facts embraced in the biographical sketches, before attempting to read. The judgment and taste of students should constantly be called into exercise, by requiring them to determine what principle, or principles, of elocution, each reading lesson is best adapted to illustrate.

KEY

TO THE SOUNDS OF MARKED LETTERS.

åge or āge, åt or ăt, årt, åll, bâre, åsk; wè or wē, ènd or ĕnd, hĕr; îce or īce, în or ĭn; òld or ōld, ŏn or ŏn, dŏ; mùte or mūte, ŭp or ŭp, fûll; this; azure; reäl; agèd.

THE

NATIONAL FIFTH READER.

PART II.

EXERCISES IN READING.

1. The Months.

JANUARY! Darkness and light reign alike. Snow is on the ground. Cold is in the air.[1] The winter is blossoming in frŏst-flowers. Why is the ground hidden? Why is the earth[2] white? So hath Gŏd wiped out the past;[3] so hath he spread the earth like an unwritten page, for a new year! Old sounds are silent in the fŏrest and in the air. Insects are dead, birds[4] are gŏne, leaves have perished, and all the foundations of soil remain. Upon this lies, white and tranquil, the emblem of newness and purity, the virgin[5] robes of the yĕt unstained year!

2. February! The day gains upon the night. The strife of heat and cold is scarce[6] begun. The winds that come from the desolate north wander through fŏrests of frŏst-cracking boughs, and shout in the air the wēird[7] cries of the northern bergs[8] and ice-resounding oceans. Yĕt, as the month wears on, the silent work begins, though storms rage. The earth is hidden yet, but not dead. The sun is drawing near. The storms cry out. But the sun is not heard in all the heavens. Yet he whispers words of deliverance into the ears of every sleeping seed and root[9] that lies beneath the snow. The day opens, but the night shuts the earth with its frŏst-lock. They strive togĕther, but the Dark-

[1] Air (år).—[2] Earth (ẽrth).—[3] Pȧst.—[4] Birds (bẽrdz).—[5] Virgin (vẽr'jin).—[6] Scȧrce.—[7] Wēird, like witches; skilled in witchcraft.—[8] Bẽrgs, hills; an iceberg is a hill or mountain of ice, or a vast body of ice floating on the ocean.—[9] Rȯot.

ness and the Cold are growing weaker. On some nights they forgĕt to work.

3. March! The conflict is more turbulent,[1] but the victory is gained. The world awakes. There come voices from lŏng-hidden birds. The smell of the soil is in the air. The sullen ice retreating from open field, and all sunny places, has slunk to the north of every fence and rock. The knolls and banks that face the east or south sigh for release, and begin to lift up a thousand tĭny palms.

4. April! The singing month. Many voices of many birds call for resurrection over the graves of flowers, and they come fŏrth. Go, see what they have lŏst. What have ice, and snow, and storm, done unto them? How did they fall into the earth, stripped and bare?[2] How do they come forth opening and glorified? Is it, then, so fearful a thing to lie in the grave? In its wild career, shaking and scourged of storms through its orbit, the earth has scattered away no trĕasures. The Hand that governs in April governed in Jănuary. You have not lŏst what God has only hidden. You lose nothing in struggle, in trial, in bitter distress. If called to shed thy joys as trees their leaves; if the affections be driven back into the heart, as the life of flowers to their roots, yet be patient. Thou shalt lift up thy leaf-covered boughs again. Thou shalt shoot forth from thy roots new flowers. Be patient. Wait. When it is February, April is not far ŏff. Secretly the plants love each other.

5. May! O Flower-Month, perfect' the harvests of flowers! Be not niggardly. Search[3] out the cold and resentful nooks[4] that refused the sun, casting[5] back its rays from disdainful ice, and plant flowers even there. There is goodness in the worst.[6] There is warmth in the coldness. The silent, hopeful, unbreathing sun, that will not fret or despond, but carries a plăcid brow through the unwrinkled heavens, at length conquers the vĕry rocks, and lichens grow and inconspicuously blossom. What shall not Time do, that carries in its bosom Love?

6. June! Rest! This is the year's bower. Sit down within it. Wipe from thy brow the toil. The elements are thy ser-

[1] Turbulent (tĕr' bu lent), raising agitation; violent.—[2] Bāre.—[3] Sēarch.—[4] Nŏok.—[5] Cāst' ing.—[6] Worst (wĕrst).

vants. The dews bring thee jewels. The winds bring per'fume. The earth shows thee all her trĕasure. The fŏrests sing to thee. The air is all sweetness, as if all the ăngels of Gŏd had gŏne through it, bearing spices homeward. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds that spread their wings and sing in the high heaven! Speak to God, now, and say, "O Father, where art thou?" And out of every flower, and tree, and silver pool, and twined thicket, a voice will come, "God is in me." The earth cries to the heavens, "God is here." And the heavens cry to the earth, "God is here." The sea claims Him. The land hath Him. His footsteps are upon the deep! He sĭtteth upon the Circle of the Earth! O sunny joys of the sunny month, yĕt sŏft and temperate, how soon will the eager months that come burning from the equator, scorch you!

7. JULY! Rouse up! The temperate heats that filled the air are raging forward to glow and overfill the earth with hotness. Must it be thus in every thing, that June shall rush toward August? Or, is it not that there are deep and unreached places for whose sake the probing[1] sun pierces down its glowing hands? There is a deeper work than June can perform. The earth shall drink of the heat before she knows her nature or her strength. Then shall she bring fŏrth to the uttermost the trĕasures of her bosom. For, there are things hidden far down, and the deep things of life are not known till the fire reveals them.

8. AUGUST! Reign, thou Fire-Month! What canst thou do? Nēither shalt *thou* destroy the earth, whom frŏsts and ice could not destroy. The vines droop, the trees stagger, the broad-palmed leaves give thee their moisture, and hang down. But every night the dew pities them. Yĕt, there are flowers that look thee in the eye, fierce Sun, all day lŏng, and wink not. This is the rejoicing month for joyful insects. If our unselfish eye would behold it, it is the most populous and the happiest month. The herds plash in the sedge; fish seek the deeper pools; fŏrest fowl lead out their young; the air is resonant[2] of insect orchestras,[3] each one carrying his part in Nature's grand

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[1] Prŏb' ing, scrutinizing; searching to the bottom.— Resonant (rĕz'-o nănt), resounding; returning sound.—[3] Orchestra (ăr' kes tra), a band of musicians; a place prepared for the performers in a concert.

harmony. August, thou art the ripeness of the year! Thou art the glowing center of the circle!

9. SEPTEMBER! There are thoughts in thy heart of death. Thou art doing a secret work, and heaping up trĕasures for another year. The unborn infant-buds which thou art tending are more than all the living leaves. Thy robes are luxuriant, but worn with sŏftened pride. More dear, less beautiful than June, thou art the heart's month. Not till the heats of summer are gŏne, while all its growths remain, do we know the fullness of life. Thy hands are stretched out, and clasp[1] the glowing palm of August, and the fruit-smelling hand of October. Thou dividest them asunder, and art thyself molded of them bōth.

10. OCTOBER! Orchard of the year! Bend thy boughs to the earth, redolent[2] of glowing fruit! Ripened seeds shake in their pods. Apples drop in the stillest hours. Leaves begin to let go when no wind is out, and swing in lŏng waverings to the earth, which they touch without sound, and lie looking up, till winds rake them, and heap them in fence corners. When the gales come through the trees, the yĕllōw leaveš trail, like sparks at night behind the flying ĕngĭne. The woods are thinner, so that we can see the heavens plainer, as we lie dreaming on the yĕt warm mŏss by the singing spring. The days are calm. The nights are tranquil. The year's work is done. She walks in gorgeous appărel, looking upon her lŏng labor, and her serene eye saith, "It is good."

11. NOVEMBER! Patient watcher, thou art asking[3] to lay down thy tasks.[4] Life, to thee, now, is only a task accomplished. In the night-time thou liest down, and the messengers of winter deck thee with hoar-frosts for thy burial. The morning looks upon thy jewels, and they perish while it gazes. Wilt thou not come, O December?

12. DECEMBER! Silently the month advances.[5] There is nothing[6] to destroy, but much to bury. Bury, then, thou snow, that slumberously fallest through the still air, the hedge-rows of leaves! Muffle thy cold wool about the feet of shivering trees! Bury all that the year hath known, and let thy brilliant stars,

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[1] Clăsp.—[2] Rĕd' o lent, having or diffusing a rich scent or odor.—[3] Asking (ăsk' ing).—[4] Tăsks.—[5] Ad vănc' es.—[6] Nothing (nŭth' ing)

that never shine as they do in thy frŏstiest nights, behold the work! But know, O month of destruction, that in thy constellation[1] is set that Star, whose rising is the sign, for evermore, that there is life in death! Thou art the month of resurrection. In thee, the Christ came. Every star, that looks down upon thy labor and toil of burial, knows that all things shall come fŏrth again.[2] Storms shall sob themselves to sleep. Silence shall find a voice. Death shall live, Life shall rejoice, Winter shall break forth and blossom into Spring, Spring shall put on her glōrious appărel and be called Summer. It is life! it is life! through the whōle year!

H. W. BEECHER.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24th, 1813. He was graduated at Amherst College in 1834. He studied theology at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, which was under the direction of his father; and was first settled as a Presbyterian minister at Lawrenceburg, Dearborn county, Indiana, where he remained two years. From thence he removed to Indianapolis, the capital of the State, where he labored with great acceptation till he accepted the unanimous call of a new Congregational Society, in Brooklyn, New York. He was installed pastor of the church, October, 1847. His eloquent sermons, which are never common-place, attract very large and attentive audiences. He is equally favored as a lecturer on topics of the day, usually lecturing about eighty times a year, in various parts of the country. Mr. Beecher generally avoids doctrinal topics. He preaches the truth of to-day applied to the temptations, the errors, and the wants of to-day. His sympathy with nature, acute observation of men and things, remarkable analysis of character, apt illustration, mental elasticity, soul-strength, and affluence and power of diction, are equally apparent in his writings and his extemporaneous speeches.

2. HYMN TO THE SEASONS.

1. THESE, as they chānge, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied Gŏd. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Fōrth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness, and love.
Wide flush the fields; the sŏftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the fōrest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.

2. Then comes Thy glōry in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent.[3] Then Thy sun

[1] Con stel lā' tion, a cluster of fixed stars.—[2] Again (a gĕn').—[3] Re fŭl'-gent, casting a very bright light; splendid.

Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And ŏft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that live.
In Winter awful Thou, with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.

3. Mysterious round! what skill, what fŏrce divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yĕt so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence[1] combined;
Shade, unperceived, so sŏftening into shade;
And all so forming a harmonious whōle,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish[2] still.
But wandering ŏft, with brute[3] unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee; marks not the mighty Hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent sphere;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest fōrth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With trănspōrt touches all the springs of life.

4. Nature, attend! join, every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general sŏng! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe sŏft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine

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[1] Be nĕf' i cence, the practice of doing good; active goodness, kindness, or charity.—[2] Răv' ish, enrapture; transport with delight.—Brute (brōt).

UNIV CALIF.

Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.

5. His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous[1] praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints,

6. Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse[2] your mildest beams;
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.

7. The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,

[1] Stu pen' dous, *literally*, striking dumb by its greatness of size or importance; hence, astonishing; wonderful.—[2] Effuse (ef fūz'), to spill; to pour out.

Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela,[1] charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.

8. Ye chief, for whom the whōle creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The lŏng-resounding voice, ŏft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or, if you rather choose the rural[2] shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prŏmpting seraph[3], and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.

9. For me, when I forgĕt the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!—
Should fate command[4] me to the furthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to sōng,—where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles,—'tis naught to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.

10. When even at last[5] the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic[6] flight to future worlds,

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[1] Phil o mē la, from *Philomela*, daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, who was supposed to have been changed into a nightingale; hence, the nightingale.—[2] Rural (rō ral).—[3] Sēr' aph, an angel of the highest order.—[4] Com mānd'.—[5] Lāst.—[6] Mys' tic, obscure; involving some hidden meaning.

I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I can not go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yŏn orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable![1]
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, near Kelso, Roxburgh county, England, September 11th, 1700, and died August 27th, 1748. He was the author of the "Seasons," a work which alone would have perpetuated his name. Though born a poet, he seems to have advanced but slowly, and by reiterated efforts, to refinement of taste. The first edition of the "Seasons" differs materially from the second, and the second still more from the third. Every alteration was an improvement in delicacy of thought and language. That the genius of Thomson was purifying and working off its alloys up to the termination of his existence, may be seen from the superiority in style and diction of his last poem, the "Castle of Indolence," to which he brought not only the full nature, but the perfect art of a poet. As a dramatic writer he was unsuccessful. He was in poverty in early life, but through the influence of Lord Lyttleton, he obtained a pension of £100 a year, from the Prince of Wales, and an office which brought him £300 per annum. He was now in comparative opulence, and his residence at Kew-lane, near Richmond, was the scene of social enjoyment and lettered ease. He was friendly, shy, and indolent. His noted lines in favor of early rising, commencing—

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And springing from the bed of slŏth, &c.,

were written in bed.

3. ON READING.

READING is the nourishment of the mind; for, by reading, we know our Creator, his works, ourselves chiefly, and our fellŏw-creatures. But this nourishment is easily converted into poison. Salmasius[2] had read as much as Grotius,[3]—perhaps

[1] In ĕf fa ble, untold; unspeakable; that can not be expressed in words.—[2] SALMASIUS, an eminent French scholar. When only ten years of age he composed Latin and Greek verses. He was born in 1588, and died in 1653.—[3] GROTIUS, Hugh de Groot, or Hugo Grotius, an eminent scholar, born at Delft, in Holland, 1583, and died in 1645. He adopted the profession of law, but is better known as the author of an often quoted work, "On the Truth of the Christian Religion."

more; but their different modes of reading made the one an enlightened philosopher, and the other, to speak plainly, a pedant,[1] puffed up with a useless erudition.[2]

2. Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to which all our studies may point. Through neglect of this rule,[3] gross ignorance often disgraces great readers, who, by skipping hastily and irregularly from one subject to another, render themselves incapable of combining their ideas. So many detached parcels of knowledge can not form a whole.

3. But what ought we to read? Each individual must answer this question for himself, agreeably to the object of his studies. The only general precept that I would venture to give is that of Pliny,[4] "to read much, rather than many things;" to make a careful selection of the best works, and to render them familiar to us by attentive and repeated perusals.

4. Without expatiating on the authors so generally known and approved, I would simply observe, that in matters of reasoning, the best are those who have augmented the number of useful truths; who have discovered truths, of whatever nature they may be; in one word, those bold spirits, who, quitting the beaten track, prefer being in the wrong alone, to being in the right with the multitude.

5. Such authors increase the number of our ideas, and even their mistakes are useful to their successors. With all the respect due to Mr. Locke,[5] I would not, however, neglect the works of those academicians[6] who destroy errors without hoping to substitute truth in their stead.

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[1] Pĕd′ ant, one who makes a vain display of learning.—[2] Erudition (er u dĭsh′ un), learning; knowledge gained by study.—[3] Rule (rōl).—[4] Pliny, the Elder, a distinguished Roman writer on natural history and botany, was born A. D. 23, and died in 79. Pliny, the Younger, nephew of the preceding, a distinguished writer, orator, and statesman, was born A. D. 61 or 62.—[5] John Locke, one of the greatest philosophers and metaphysicians that England ever produced, was born 1632, and died 1704. His "Essay on the Human Understanding" was for a long time a text-book in our colleges. But he is perhaps entitled to greater respect for his powerful defense of civil and religious liberty.—[6] Academician (ak a de mĭsh′ an), a member of an association of scholars or artists. The term originated in Athens (ăth′ enz), from the place where Plato gave instruction to his followers. There

6. In works of fancy, invention ought to bear away the palm: chiefly that invention which creates a new kind of writing; and next, that which displays the charms of novelty in its subject, characters, situation, pictures, thoughts, and sentiments. Yĕt this invention will miss its effect, unless it be accompanied with a genius capable of adapting itself to every variety of the subject, —successively sublime, pathetic, flowery, majestic, and playful; and with a judgment which admits nothing indecō'rous,[1] and a style which expresses well whatever ought to be said.

7. As to compilations which are intended merely to trĕasure up the thoughts of others, I ask whether they are written with perspicuity[2]—whether superfluities are lopped ŏff, and dispersed observations skillfully collected; and agreeably to my answers to those questions, I estimate the merit of such performances.

EDWARD GIBBON.

EDWARD GIBBON, one of the most celebrated historians of any age or country, was born at Putney, Surrey, England, 27th of April, 1737, and died January 16th, 1794. His reputation as a writer and scholar is founded on the celebrated "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The design of this great work he conceived in 1765, published the first volume in February, 1776, and completed it on the 27th of June, 1787. They who have read it, so far from wondering at the time consumed in its preparation, a period of twenty-one years, are amazed at the indefatigable industry, which, in a lifetime, could execute a work of such vast erudition. The style of Gibbon has great merits, mixed with some not trivial defects. His diction is precise, energetic, massive—splendid where the pictorial demands of the narrative require it—and sometimes, where profound reflections are to be concisely expressed, remarkably sententious and graphic. Yet, the value of his learnèd work is much depreciated by the insidious attacks he so frequently made on every thing sacred. This is the more to be regretted, as he was one of the most strikingly eloquent writers of the English language.

4. NEVER DESPAIR.

THERE is no trait of human character so potential[3] for weal or woe as firmness. To the business man it is all-important. Before its irresistible energy the most formidable obstacles be-

were different academies in the various countries of Europe, as in France, Sweden, and Russia. They who embraced the principles of these academies were called *academicians*.—[1] In de cō'rous, indecent; contrary to good-breeding or established rules.—[2] Per spi cŭ'i ty, in writing, is writing in such a style that the meaning may easily be understood or *seen through*.—[3] Potential (po tĕn'shal), efficacious; powerful.

come as cobweb barriers in its path. Difficulties, the terror of which causes the pampered[1] sons of luxury to shrink back with dismay, provoke from the man of lŏfty determination only a smile. The whōle history of our race—all nature, indeed—teems with examples to show what wonders may be accomplished by resolute perseverance and patient toil.

2. It is related of Tamerlane,[2] the celebrated warrior, the terror of whose arms spread through all the Eastern nations, and whom victory attended at almost every step, that he once learned from an insect a lesson of perseverance, which had a striking effect on his future character and success.

3. When closely pursued by his enemies—as a contemporary tells the anecdote—he took refuge in some old ruins, where, left to his solitary musings, he espied an ant tugging and striving to carry a single grain of corn. His unavailing efforts were repeated sixty-nine times, and at each several time, so soon as he reached a certain point of projection, he fell back with his burden, unable to surmount it; but the seventieth time he bore away his spoil in triumph, and left the wondering hero reänimated and exulting in the hope of future victory.

4. How pregnant the lesson this incident conveys! How many thousand instances there are in which inglorious defeat ends the career of the timid and desponding, when the same tenacity of purpose would crown it with triumphant success! Resolution is almost omnipotent. Sheridan[3] was at first timid, and obliged to sit down in the midst of a speech. Convinced of, and mortified at, the cause of his failure, he said one day to a friend, "It is in me, and it shall come out." From that

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[1] Pām′pered, highly fed.—[2] Tamerlane, called also Timour the Tartar, was born 1335. He became sovereign of Tartary, and subdued Persia, India, and Syria. With an army of 200,000 men, in a battle fought at Angora, on the 20th July, 1402, he defeated the Turkish army, composed of 300,000 men, and made their emperor, Bajazet, prisoner. He was on the point of invading China, when he was seized with a violent fever, and died soon after taking the field, 18th February, 1405.—[3] Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born at Dublin, in 1751. He was unrivaled in wit and had few equals as an orator. He was a member of the British parliament for thirty-two years. In the latter part of his life he was dissipated, involved in debt, and drank deeply of the cup of bitterness. He died in 1816.

moment he rose, and shŏne, and triumphed in a consŭmmate[1] eloquence. Here was true mŏral courage. And it was well observed by a heathen mŏralist, that it is not because things are difficult that we dare not undertake them.

5. Be, then, bold in spirit. Indulge no doubts—they are traitors.[2] In the practical pursuit of our high aim, let us never lose sight of it in the slightest instance; for it is more by a disregard of small things, than by open and flagrant offences, that men come short of excellence. There is always a right and a wrŏng; and if you ever doubt, be sure you take not the wrong. Observe this rule, and every experience will be to you a means of advancement.

5. Pennsylvania.

1. FAIR Pennsylvania! than thy midland vales,
Lying 'twixt hills of green, and bound afar
By billowy mountains rolling in the blue,
No lovelier landscape meets the traveler's eye.
There Labor sows and reaps his sure reward,
And Peace and Plenty walk amid the glow
And per'fume of full garners.

2. I have seen
In lands less free, less fair, but far more known,
The streams which flow through history and wash
The lĕgendary[3] shores—and cleave in twain
Old capitals and towns, dividing ŏft
Great empires and estates of petty kings
And princes, whose domains full many a field,
Rustling with maize alŏng our native West,
Out-mĕasures and might put to shame! and yĕt
Nor Rhine, like Bacchus[4] crown'd, and reeling through

[1] Con sŭm' mate, accomplished; perfect.—[1] Traitors: Shakspeare has most beautifully expressed this idea: "Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win, by daring to attempt."—[3] Legendary (lĕd' jen da re), connected with some legend or story.—[4] Bacchus, or rather Dionysus, the youthful, beautiful, but effeminate god of wine, in heathen mythology, represented as crowned with vine leaves.

His hills—nor Danube, marr'd with tyranny,
His dull waves moaning on Hungarian shores—
Nor rapid Po, his opaque[1] waters pouring
Athwart the fairest, fruitfulest, and worst
Enslaved of European lands—nor Seine,[2]
Winding uncertain through inconstant France—
Are half so fair as thy broad stream, whose breast
Is gemm'd with many isles, and whose proud name
Shall yĕt become among the names of rivers
A synonym[3] of beauty—Susquehanna!

3. But where, fair land, thy smaller streams invite
With music among plenteous farms, I turn,
As to a parent's[4] fond embrace, and lay,
Well pleased, my way-worn mantle by, and shed,
With grateful heart, from ŏff my weary feet
The white dust găther'd in the world's highway
Here my young muse first learn'd to love and dream
To love the simplest blossom by the road—
To dream such dreams as will not come again.
And for one hour of that unletter'd time—
One hour of that wild music in the heart,
When Fancy, like the swallow's aimless wing,
Flitted eccentric[5] through all moods of nature—
I would exchange, thrice told, this weary day.

4. Then were yŏn hills, still beautiful and blue,
Great as the Andes; and this rushy brook,
Which the light foot-board, fallen, turns aside,
A flood considerable, with noisy falls
And gulfy pools profound; and yŏnder stream,
The fisher wades with ease to throw his bait
Into the larger ripple, was a river
To mĕasure Jordan[6] by! For then my thoughts
Were full of scriptural lore, ŏft heard at morn,

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[1] Opaque (o pāk'), impervious to light; not transparent.—[2] Seine (sān).—[3] Syn' o nym, a word which has the same signification or meaning as another, is its *synonym*.—[4] Pār' ent.—[5] Eccentric (ek sĕn' trik), deviating from the center; irregular.—[6] Jor' dan, a famous river of Asiatic Turkey, forming the east boundary of Palestine.

And in the evening heard, until the place
Became a Palestine, while o'er the hills
The blue horĭ'zon compass'd all the world.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, March 9th, 1822. In 1839 he went to Cincinnati, where he was employed in the studio of CLEVENGER, the sculptor, and here his attention was first called to painting, which he chose for his profession, and soon practiced with marked skill and success. He settled in New York city in 1841. After a few months he removed to Boston, where he remained until 1846, and then went to Philadelphia, where he practiced his profession, writing occasionally for periodicals, until 1850, when he first visited Europe. In the summer of 1853 he went abroad a second time, and settled in Florence, where he now resides. In 1853 he issued an illustrated edition of his poems, comprising, with some new pieces, all he wished to preserve of volumes previously printed. In 1855 he published "The House by the Sea" and "The New Pastoral,"—the latter, in thirty-seven books, from which the above extract is taken, being the longest of his poems. Mr. Read's distinguishing characteristic is a delicate and varied play of fancy. His verse, though sometimes irregular, is always musical. He excels in homely descriptions. The flowers by the dusty wayside, the cheerful murmur of the meadow brook, the village tavern, and rustic mill, and all tender impulses and affections, are his choice sources of inspiration.

6. SABBATH MORNING.

1. HOW still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural[1] labor, hush'd
The plowboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's sŏng.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded[2] grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yĕster-morn bloom'd, waving in the breeze.
Sounds, the most faint, attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant blēating, midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yŏn unmoving cloud.

2. To him who wanders ō'er the upland lēas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles with heaven-tuned sŏng; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;

[1] Rural (rō' ral).—[2] Tĕd' ded, spread out after being mowed down.

While from yŏn lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms,—the simple song of praise.

3. With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yŏn village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful, on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-arm'd hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

4. But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the *poor* man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread lonely,—the ground
Both seat and board, screen'd from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on *this* day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves, he shares the heart-felt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimāce', but reverently,
With cover'd face, and upward, earnest eye.

5. Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While, wandering slowly up the river's side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes,—yĕt fears presumption in the hope,—
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

6. But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,

Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the thrŏng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground;
The agèd man, the bowèd down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well-pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of Gŏd—these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.

7. The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapāson[1] full:
The people rising sing, "with harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms;" harmoniously attuned,
The various voices blend; the lŏng-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolŏng.
And now the tubes a sŏften'd stop controls;
In sŏfter harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yŏn orphan band
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.

8. Again the organ-peal, loud, rolling, meets
The halleluiahs[2] of the choir. Sublime
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
As if the whŏle were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward: afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch:
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still: his heart is cheer'd;
He smiles on death; but ah! a wish will rise—
"Would I were now beneath that echoing roof!
No lukewarm accents from my lips should flow;
My heart would sing; and many a sabbath-day

[1] Diapason (dī a pā' zon), in music, the octave or interval which includes all the tones.—[2] Halleluiah (hal le lū' yā), praise ye the Lord.

My steps should thither turn; or, wandering far
In solitary paths, where wild flowers blow,
There would I bless His name who led me forth
From death's dark vale, to walk amid those sweets—
Who gives the bloom of health once more to glow
Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye."

JAMES GRAHAME.

REV. JAMES GRAHAME was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in the year 1765. He studied law and practiced at the Scottish bar several years, but afterward took orders in the Church of England, and was successively curate of Shipton, in Gloucestershire, and of Sedgefield, in the county of Durham. Ill health compelled him to abandon his curacy when his virtues and talents had attracted notice and rendered him a popular and useful preacher; and on revisiting Scotland, he died on the 14th of September, 1811. His works consist of "Mary, Queen of Scotland," a dramatic poem, published in 1801; "The Sabbath," from which the above selection is taken; "Sabbath Walks," "Biblical Pictures," "The Birds of Scotland," and "British Georgics," all in blank verse. "The Sabbath" is the best of his productions. The poet was modest and devout, though sometimes gloomy in his seriousness. His prevailing tone, however, is that of implicit trust in the goodness of God, and enjoyment in his creation.

7. MATERNAL AFFECTION.

WOMAN'S charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose just bursting into beauty has an irresistible bewitchingness; the blooming bride led triumphantly to the hymenē'al altar awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight; but the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these. Heaven has imprinted in the mother's face something beyŏnd this world, something which claims kindred with the skies,—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking, watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

2. These are objects which nēither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and on which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies this lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his eye looks round in vain for such another object on earth.

3. Maternity, ecstatic[1] sound! so twined round our hearts, that they must cease to throb ere we forget it! 'tis our first love; 'tis part of our religion. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood; we almost worship it in old age.

4. He who can enter an apartment, and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty—nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster. He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking that "of such is the kingdom of heaven!" or see the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration beyŏnd all common feeling, is to be avoided in every intercourse of life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert.

SCRAP BOOK.

8. SHAKING HANDS.

THERE are few things of more common occŭrrence than shaking hands; and yĕt I do not recollect that there has been much speculation upon the subject. I confess, when I consider to what unimportant and futile concerns the attention of writers and readers has been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to handle so important a matter as this, and attempt to give the public a răational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a theme on which I have myself theorized considerable; and I beg leave to ŏffer a few remarks on the ŏrigin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

2. I have been unable to find in the ăncient writers any distinct mention of shaking hands. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not whōlly disappeared among grown persons in Europe, and children in our own country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality. When the ancients trusted the business of salutation to the hands alone, they joined but did not shake them.

[1] Ec stăt' ic, ravishing; very delightful.

3. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry,[1] when the cumbrous iron mail, in which the knights were cased, prevented their embracing; and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch or joining of the hands would have been but cold welcome: so that a prolŏnged junction was a natural resort, to express cordiality; and, as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might have been naturally introduced.

4. How lŏng the practice may have remained in this incipient[2] stage, it is impossible, in the silence of history, to say; nor is there any thing in the Chronicles, in Philip de Comines,[3] or the Byzantine historians,[4] which enables us to trace the prŏgress of the art into the forms in which it now exists among us. Without, therefore, availing myself of the privilege of theorists to supply by conjecture the absence of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms.

5. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its nature, fŏrce, and character, this shake should be performed with a fair, steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less vivacity;[5] as the few instances in which the latter has been tried have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the pump-handle shake should be at some pains to give an ēquable,[6] tranquil[7] movement to the operation, which should on no

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[1] Chivalry (shĭv′ al ry), a military dignity, founded on the services of soldiers on horseback, called knights. *Ages of chivalry* extend from the eleventh to the fifteenth century.—[2] In cĭp′ i ent, beginning; commencing; early.—[3] Philip de Comines, lord of Argenton, born at Comines, in Flanders, in 1445, and died in 1509. He was a correct and distinguished historian of his own times.—[4] Byzantine historians, a series of Greek authors whose works relate to the history of the lower Greek empire from the fourth century to the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, and to the Turkish history until the end of the sixteenth century.—[5] Vi văc′ i ty, liveliness, or sprightliness of temper or behavior.—[6] Equable (ē′ kwa bl), even; uniform.—[7] Tranquil (trăŋk′ wĭl) ăm; undisturbed.

account be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

6. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hand horizontally toward your friend's, and, after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one side to the other, according to the plĕasure of the parties. The only caution in its use, which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane, strictly parallel to the horī'zon, when you meet with a person who has been educated to the pump-handle shake. It is well known that people cling to the forms in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them.

7 I had two acquaintances, bŏth es'timable men, one of whom had been brought up in the pump-handle shake, and the other had brought home the pendulum from a fŏreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were nēither of them feeble men. One endeavoring to pump, and the other to paddle, their faces reddened; the drops stood on their fŏreheads; and it was at last a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces[1] to see their hands slanting into an exact diagonal,[2] in which line they ever after shook. But it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it; and, as is usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

8. The *tourniquet*[3] shake is the next in importance. It takes its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood, in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend as far as you can in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose in the hand of your friend. Particular care ought to be taken, if your own hand is hard and big

[1] *Composition of Forces.* It is a principle in mechanics, that when a body is influenced by two forces in different directions, as it can not obey both, it will move in a direction *between* the two, but nearer in a line with the greater force.—[2] Di ăg'o nal, a straight line drawn from angle to angle of a square.—[3] Tourniquet (tĕr'ne ket)

as a frying-pan, and that of your friend as small and sŏft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the *tourniquet* shake to the degree that will fōrce the small bones of the wrist out of place. It is also seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons.

9. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion, gave his gouty uncle the tourniquet shake with such severity as nearly reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder; for which my friend had the plĕasure of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle's finger got well enough to hold a pen.

10. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud, cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent traveling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed. The *Peter Grievous touch* is opposed to the cordial grapple. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild subsŭl'tory[1] motion, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquī'ry after your friend's health.

11. The *prude*[2] *major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by the ladies. They can not be accurately described, but are constantly to be noticed in practice. They never extend beyŏnd the fingers, and the prude major allows you to touch even then only down to the second joint. The prude minor gives you the whōle of the fore-finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these with nice variations, such as extending the left hand instead of the right, or stretching a new glŏssy kid-glove over the finger you extend.

12. I might go through a list of the *grīpe royal*, the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake *with malice prepense'*;[3] but these are only factitious[4] combinations of the three fundamental forms already described, under the pump-handle, the pendulum, and the tourniquet; as the *loving pat*, the *touch romantic*, and the *sentimental*

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[1] Sub sŭl' to ry, twitching; moving by sudden leaps or starts.—[2] Prude (prōd).—[3] Pre pēnse', aforethought; premeditated; contrived beforehand.—[4] Factitious (fak tĭsh' us), unnatural; artificial

clasp, may be reduced, in their main movements, to various combinations and modifications of the cordial grapple, the Peter Grievous touch, and the prude major and minor. I should trouble the reader with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands, as an indication of characters; but as I see a friend coming up the avenue who is addicted to the pump-handle, I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

EDWARD EVERETT.

EDWARD EVERETT, one of the most eminent of American scholars and rhetoricians, was born in Dorchester, near Boston, in 1794. He entered Harvard College at the age of thirteen, where he graduated in 1811, with a rare reputation for acquirements and abilities. He at first turned his attention to law, but soon decided to study theology, and had been two years in the divinity school at Cambridge, when he was settled as minister of the church in Brattle-street, as the successor of the lamented Buckminster. In 1815, before he was twenty-one years of age, he was elected professor of Greek Literature in Harvard College. Before entering upon the duties of his new office, he visited Europe for the improvement of his health, which had been impaired by severe application to his pastoral duties. He passed several months at Göttingen, where he acquired the German language, visiting also, before his return, most of the countries of Europe. Here he acquired the friendship of the most eminent men of the age. He has subsequently been a member of both houses of Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, President of Harvard University, Secretary of State, and Embassador to England.

9. THE DREAM OF THE REVELER.

I.

AROUND the board the guests were met, the lights above them beaming,
And in their cups, replenish'd ŏft, the ruddy wine was streaming;
Their cheeks were flush'd, their eyes were bright, their hearts with plĕasure bounded,
The sŏng was sung, the toast was given, and loud the revel sounded.
I drain'd a goblet with the rest, and cried, "Away with sŏrrōw!
Let us be happy for to-day; what care[1] we for to-mŏrrōw?"
But as I spoke, my sight grew dim, and slumber deep came o'er me,
And, mid the whirl[2] of mingling tongues, this vision pass'd[3] before me.

[1] Cāre.—[2] Whirl (whĕrl).—[3] Passed (pāst).

II.

Methought I saw a dēmon rise: he held a mighty bicker,[1]
Whose burnish'd[2] sides ran brimming o'er with floods of burning[3] liquor;
Around him press'd a clamorous crowd, to taste this liquor greedy,
But chiefly came the poor and sad, the suffering and the needy;
All those oppress'd by grief or debt, the dissolute, the lazy,
Blear-eyed old men and reckless youths,[4] and palsied women crazy;
"Give, give!" they cried—"Give, give us drink, to drown all thought of sŏrrōw;
If we are happy for to-day, we care not for to-mŏrrōw!"

III.

The *first*[5] drop warm'd their shivering skins, and drove away their sădness;
The *second* lit their sunken eyes, and fill'd their souls with glădness;
The *third* drop made them shout and roar, and play each furious ăntic;
The *fourth* drop boil'd their very blood; and the *fifth* drop drove them frăntic.
"Drink!" said the Dēmon, "Drink your fill! drink of these waters mellōw;—
They'll make your eyeballs sēar and dull, and turn your white skins yĕllōw;
They'll fill your homes with care and grief, and clothe your backs with tatters;
They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts: but never mind!—what matters?

IV.

"Though virtue[6] sink, and reason fail, and social ties dissever,
I'll be your friend in hour of need, and find you homes forever;
For I have built three mansions high, three strŏng and goodly houses,
To lodge at last[7] each jolly soul who all his life carouses.

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[1] Bick'er, a bowl or cup.—[2] Burnished (bĕr'nisht).—[3] Burning (bĕrn ing).—[4] Y*o*uths.—[5] F'rst (fĕrst).—[6] Virtue (vĕrt'yu).—[7] Låst.

The *first*, it is a spacious house, to all but sots appalling,
Where, by the parish bounty fed, vile, in the sunshine crawling,
The worn-out drunkard ends his days, and eats the dole of others,
A plague and burden[1] to himself, an eyesore to his brothers.

V.

"The *second* is a lāzar-house,[2] rank, fētid, and unholy;
Where, smitten by diseases foul and hopeless melancholy,
The victims of potations deep pine on the couch of sădness,
Some calling Death to end their pain, and others wrought to mădness.
The *third* and last is black and high, the abode of guilt and anguish,
And full of dungeons deep and fast,[3] where death-doom'd felons languish.
So drain the cup, and drain again! One of my goodly houses
Shall lodge at last each jolly soul who to the dregs carouses!"

VI.

But well he knew—that Dēmon old—how vain was all his preaching,
The raggèd crew that round him flock'd were heedless of his teaching;
Even as they heard his fearful words, they cried, with shouts of laughter[4]—
"Out on the fool who mars to-day with thought of a hereafter!
We care not for thy houses three: we live but for the present;
And mĕrry will we make it yĕt, and quaff[5] our bumpers pleasant."
Loud laugh'd the fiend to hear them speak, and, lifting high his bicker,
"Body and soul are mine!" said he, "I'll have them *bōth* for liquor."

CHARLES MACKAY.

CHARLES MACKAY, LL. D., a British poet and journalist, was born in Perth, 1812. He was editor of the Morning Chronicle for five years, and the Glasgow Argus for three. He is an author of considerable fame, ranking among the first of the present British poets, and still writes for the Illustrated London News.

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[1] Burden (bĕr' dn).—[2] Lā' zar-house, a house for lazars, or persons affected with nauseous or pestilential disease.—[3] Fåst.—[4] Laughter (låf'-ter).—[5] Quåff.

10. Peter Pounce and Parson Adams.[1]

PETER POUNCE, being desirous of having some one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, told the parson he would convey him home in his chariot. This favor was, by Adams, with many bows and acknowledgments, accepted, though he afterward said he ascended the chariot rather that he might not offend, than from any desire of riding in it, for that in his heart he preferred the pedestrian even to the vehicular expedition.

2. The chariot had not proceeded far, before Mr. Adams observed it was a very fine day. "Ay, and a very fine country, too," answered Pounce.

3. "I should think so more," returned Adams, "if I had not lately traveled over the Downs, which I take to exceed this, and all other prospects in the universe." "A fig for prospects," answered Pounce; "one acre here is worth ten there: for my part, I have no delight in the prospect of any land but my own."

4. "Sir," said Adams, "you can indulge yourself in many fine prospects of that kind." "I thank Gŏd I have a little," replied the other, "with which I am content, and envy no man. I have a little, Mr. Adams, with which I do as much good as I can."

5. Adams answered, "that riches, without charity, were nothing worth; for that they were a blessing only to him who made them a blessing to others." "You and I," said Peter, "have different notions of charity. I own, as it is generally used, I do not like the word, nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen; it is a mean, parson-like quality; though I would not infer that many parsons have it nēither."

6. "Sir," said Adams, "my definition of charity is, a generous disposition to relieve the distressed." "There is something in that definition," answered Peter, "which I like well enough; it

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[1] In the following conversation, which is one of the most exquisite in all novel-writing, the reader experiences a delightful triumph in seeing how a vulgar upstart is led to betray his baseness while he thinks he is most exalting himself; the poor, but virtuous and manly parson, on the other hand, rising and becoming glorious out of the depths of his humble honesty. This is an admirable exercise in *Personation*—see p. 60.

is, as you say, a disposition—and does not so much consist in the act as in the disposition to do it: but, alas! Mr. Adams, who are meant by the distressed? believe me, the distresses of mankind are mostly imaginary, and it would be rather folly than goodness to relieve them."

7. "Sure, sir," replied Adams, "hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and other distresses which attend the poor, can never be said to be imaginary evils." "How can any man complain of hunger," said Pounce, "in a country where such excellent salads are to be gathered in almost every field?—or of thirst, where every stream and river produce such delicious potations?—and as for cold and nakedness, they are evils introduced by luxury and custom. A man naturally wants clothes no more than a horse or any other animal; and there are whole nations who go without them. But these are things, perhaps, which you, who do not know the world—"

8. "You will pardon me, sir," returned Adams; "I have read of the *Gymnŏs'ophists*."[1] "A plague of your Jehosaphats," cried Peter; "the greatest fault in our constitution is the provision made for the poor, except that perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate which doth not contribute almost as much again to the poor as to the land-tax; and I do assure you I expect myself to come to the parish in the end."

9. To which Adams giving a dissenting smile, Peter thus proceeded:—"I fancy, Mr. Adams, you are one of those who imagine I am a lump of money; for there are many who I fancy believe that not only my pockets, but my whole clothes are lined with bank bills; but, I assure you, you are all mistaken; I am not the man the world esteems me. If I can hold my head above water, it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing; I have been too liberal of my money. Indeed I fear my heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have reason to wish I had loved money more and land less. Pray, my good neighbor, where

[1] Gym nŏs' o phists, philosophers of India, so called because they went with bare feet and little clothing. They never drank wine, nor married. Some of them practiced medicine. They believed in the transmigration of souls, and placed the chief happiness of man in the contempt of pleasures of sense and goods of fortune.

should I have that quantity of money the world is so liberal to bestow on me? Where could I possibly, without I had stole it, acquire such a trĕasure?"

10. "Why truly," said Adams, "I have been always of your opinion; I have wondered, as well as yourself, with what confidence they could report such things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities; for you know, sir, and I have ŏften heard you say it, that your wealth is of your own acquisition; and can it be credible that in your short time you should have amassed such a heap of trĕasure as these people will have you are worth? Indeed, had you inherited an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, which had descended in your family through many generations, they might have had a color for their assertions."

11. "Why, what do they say I am worth?" cries Peter, with a malicious sneer. "Sir," answered Adams, "I have heard some aver you are not worth less than twenty thousand pounds." At which Peter frowned. "Nay, sir," said Adams, "you ask me only the opinion of others; for my own part, I have always denied it, nor did I ever believe you could possibly be worth half that sum."

12. "However, Mr. Adams," said he, squeezing him by the hand, "I would not sell them all I am worth for double that sum; and as to what you believe, or they believe, I care not a fig. I am not poor, because you think me so, nor because you attempt to undervalue me in the country. I know the envy of mankind very well; but I thank heaven I am above them. It is true, my wealth is of my own acquisition. I have not an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, that hath descended in my family through many generations; but I know heirs of such estates, who are forced to travel about the country, like some people in torn cassocks,[1] and might be glad to accept of a pitiful curacy,[2] for what I know; yes, sir, as shabby fellows as yourself, whom no man of my figure, without that vice of good-nature about him, would suffer to ride in a chariot with him."

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[1] Cås' sock, a kind of long frock-coat worn by a priest; close garment or gown.—[2] Cū' ra cy, the office of a curate, who performs the duties in the place of the vicar, parson, or incumbent.

13. "Sir," said Adams, "I value not your chariot of a rush; and if I had known you had intended to affront me, I would have walked to the world's end on foot, ere I would have accepted a place in it. However, sir, I will soon rid you of that inconvenience!" And so saying, he opened the chariot door, without calling to the coachman, and leaped out into the highway, forgĕtting to take his hat alŏng with him; which, however, Mr. Pounce threw after him with great violence.

HENRY FIELDING.

HENRY FIELDING was born at Sharpham, Somersetshire, England, April 22, 1707. He was educated at Eaton, and afterward studied law at Leyden. He was the author of "Joseph Andrews," "A Journey from this World to the Next," "Jonathan Wild," "Tom Jones," and "Amelia." He received £600 for the copyright of "Tom Jones," and such was its success, that Miller, the publisher, presented £100 more to the author. For "Amelia" he received £1000. In 1749 Fielding was appointed one of the justices of Westminster and Middlesex, and was a zealous and active magistrate. He was a kind-hearted man; but improvident, and in early life dissipated. He ranks as one of the first among English novelists. His style is marked for light humor, lively description, and keen, yet sportive satire. Endowed with little of the poetical or imaginative faculty, his study lay in real life and every-day scenes, which he depicted with a truth and freshness, a buoyancy and vigor, and such an exuberance of practical knowledge, easy raillery, and lively fancy, that in his own department he stands unrivaled. He died at Lisbon, on the 8th of October, 1754.

11. NOBLE REVENGE.

A YOUNG ŏfficer (in what army no matter) had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in all ranks), and distinguished for his courage. The inex'orable[1] laws of military discipline forbăde to the injured soldier any practical redress—he could look for no retaliation by acts. Words only were at his command, and, in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would "make him repent it." This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer's anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him toward a sentiment of remorse; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

[1] In ĕx'o ra ble, immovable; that can not be made to bend.

2. Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy's hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty.

3. A strŏng party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership; the party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke; for one half[1] hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic[2] repōrts of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

4. At length all is over; the redoubt has been recovered; that which was lŏst is found again; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glōrious gōre, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested ŏfficer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag, whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not; mystery you see none[3] in *that*. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded; "high and low" are words without a meaning, and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

5. But wherefore[4] is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition,[5] suddenly they pause? This soldier, this ŏfficer—who are they? O reader! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier that was struck, the officer that struck him. Once again[6] they are meeting; and the gaze of

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[1] Hălf.—[2] Hi e ro glyph' ic, expressive of meaning by characters, pictures, or figures.—[3] None (nŭn).—[4] Wherefore (whâr' fŏr).—[5] Recognition (rek og nĭsh' un), acknowledgment; knowledge avowed or confessed.—[6] Again (a gĕn').

armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed forever.

6. As one who recovers a brother whom he has accounted dead, the ŏfficer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glōrified by that shadōw of death from which he was returning; whilst, on his part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up forever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while for the last time alluding to it: "Sir," he said, "I told you before, that I would make you repent it."

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born at Manchester, England, on the 15th of August, 1785. He passed his childhood in rural retirement. He was matriculated at Oxford, at Christmas, 1803, being then in his nineteenth year, where he remained till 1808. He resided for twenty years, between 1808 and 1829, among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland, and occupied Wordsworth's cottage seven years of the time. De Quincey's first work, "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," which appeared in the London Magazine, in 1821, and was printed in book form in 1822, was immediately and immensely popular. It passed through several editions in Europe and this country, and at once placed its author in the front rank of vivid and powerful writers. After this period, his numerous contributions to the periodical press were paid for at a large price. He has written upon a wider and more diversified range of subjects than any other author of his time. He is noted for his original genius, stores of learning, depth of insight, and subtlety of thought. His *matter* is always good. He has acquired a style of the rarest brilliancy and richness, but his force is often diminished by his capricious use of words, and the weary length of his digressions.

12. LIFE IN THE WEST.

1. HO! brothers—come hither and list to my stŏry—
Mĕrry and brief will the narrative be:
Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glōry—
Master[1] am I, boys, of all that I see.
Where[2] once frown'd a fŏrest a garden is smiling—
The meadōw and moorland are marshes no more;
And there[3] curls[4] the smoke of my cottage, beguiling

[1] Măster.—[2] Where (whâr).—[3] There (thâr).—[4] Curls (kûrlz).

The children who cluster like grapes at the door.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
The land of the heart is the land of the West.

2. Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,
Where man like the wind roams impulsive and free;
Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,
Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea.
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;
With proud independence we season our cheer,
And those who the world are for happiness ranging,
Won't find it all, if they don't find it here.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West.

3. Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil[2] and dānger,
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;
We spread hŏspitality's bōard for the strānger,
And care[3] not a fig for the king on his throne.
We never know want,[4] for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find;
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,
And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
You know how we live, boys, and die in the West!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, the popular song-writer, was born at Philadelphia, in 1801. He commenced his literary career by contributions to the journals at the early age of fifteen. In 1823, with Mr. Woodworth, he established the "New York Mirror," a weekly miscellany, which was conducted with much taste and ability for nearly nineteen years. In conjunction with Mr. Willis, he reëstablished "The Mirror" in 1843, and he is now associated with that popular author in conducting "The Home Journal." In 1827, his play, in five acts, entitled "Brier Cliff, a tale of the American Revolution," was brought out by Mr. Wallack, and acted forty nights successively. So great was its popularity, that it was played at four theaters in New York on the same evening, to full houses, and yielded its author a profit of three thousand five hundred dollars. A complete collection of his "Poetical Works" appeared in 1852. Several of Morris's songs are nearly faultless. Their style is chaste, and their tone simple, entire, and glowing. Mr. N. P. Willis, the associate of General Morris for more than twenty years, in one of his letters gives the following estimate of his literary ability:

"MORRIS is the best known poet of the country, by acclamation, not by criti-

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[1] Prairie (prâ' rĭ).—[2] Turmoil (tûr' mâil).—[3] Câre.—[4] Want.

cism. He is just what poets would be if they sang, like birds, without criticism; and it is a peculiarity of his fame, that it seems as regardless of criticism as a bird in the air. Nothing can stop a song of his. It is very easy to say that they are easy to do. They have a momentum, somehow, that it is difficult for others to give, and that speeds them to the far goal of popularity,—the best proof consisting in the fact that he can, at any moment, get fifty dollars for a song unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for a shilling. It may, or may not, be one secret of his popularity, but it is the truth—that MORRIS's heart is at the level of most other people's, and his poetry flows out by that door. He stands breast-high in the common stream of sympathy, and the fine oil of his poetic feeling goes from him upon an element it is its nature to float upon, and which carries it safe to other bosoms, with little need of deep-diving or high-flying. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful, and familiar; his language is pure and eminently musical, and he is prodigally full of the poetry of every-day feeling. These are days when poets try experiments; and while others succeed by taking the world's breath away with flights and plunges, MORRIS uses his feet to walk quietly with nature. Ninety-nine people in a hundred, taken as they come in the census, would find more to admire in MORRIS's songs than in the writings of any other American poet; and that is a parish in the poëtical episcopate well worthy a wise man's nurture and prizing.

13. A GOLDEN COPPERSMITH.

BASIL GAVRILOFF MARINE, a Russian crown-slave, and by trade a coppersmith, was, at the beginning of March, returning to St. Petersburg from visiting his family at his native village. He arrived at Mos'cōw on the night of the eleventh, with ten of his companions; and as the railway train was already gŏne, they were obliged to pass the night there, and remain till three the next afternoon. "The villagers are curious," Marine himself relates, "and as we had never been at Moscow before, we determined to see all the curiosities of that ancient town. We entered the Cathedral of the Assumption, and kissed all its holy relics. We ascended to the top of the belfry of d'Ivan-Véliky, and then proceeded to the Bird-market. Here we heard that a terrible fire was raging—that the Great Theater was burning. As it was only noon, we determined to be spectators, and hastened to the spot."

2. They arrived just as the fire was at its height; the theater burnt from the interior, and the flames spread rapidly, bursting from the roof and the windōws in savage fury. At the time the fire broke out, three workmen were engaged at the top of the building: it gained upon them so fast, they had only time from

a window to reach the roof; when they frantically rushed about without hope of escape, surrounded by the flames, which each moment gained upon them. Two of them in wild despair threw themselves from the roof, and were killed on the pavement below.

3. The third remained; and, suffocating with the smoke, screamed for assistance in a manner that struck agony in the hearts of all who heard him. His death seemed inevitable. There was not a ladder of sufficient length to reach the roof of the building, and the miserable man had the alternative of perishing by the flames or leaping down, as his cŏmrādes had done. But even in this extremity his confidence did not forsake him, and he sought refuge on that side where the wind blew the flames away from him. Marine and his companions all this time were spectators of the scene. "I held my tongue," said Marine, "but my heart beat painfully, and I asked myself how I could save this poor soul."

4. "Companions," cried the brave fellōw, suddenly, "wait for me here, while I try and save that man." His cŏmrādes looked at him with surprise, but without dissuading him from his purpose. "Gŏd be with you," said they, "for it is a good deed you are about to do." Without losing another moment, Marine approached the authŏrities present, and solicited permission to try and rescue the man from the frightful death which menaced him. Permission obtained, he took ŏff his cap and sheepskin coat, and confided them to the care of the police. Accompanied by his brother, and provided with a stout cord, he rushed to a ladder that was placed against the wall, but which was vĕry far from reaching the roof. Marine made the sign of the Crŏss, and began to ascend. When he reached the summit, he fastened the cord around his waist, and, once more devoutly crŏssing himself, began to climb one of the pipes that led from the roof.

5. The crowd below, breathless with astonishment and fear, eagerly watched each movement. Around him the flames were playing with intense fury; and above the terrible noise of the falling timbers were heard the fearful shrieks of the unfortunate man; who, though he saw assistance coming to him, dreaded it might be too late. Nothing daunted, Marine continued his perilous ascent. "It was cold," said he, "and there was a terrible

wind, but yĕt I felt it not; for, from the moment I determined upon trying to save the fellōw, my heart was on fire, and I was like a furnace." His burning hands kept continually sticking to the frozen pipes, which somewhat retarded his prŏgress; but still he courageously continued his way. "The pipe cracked," said he; "it was no lŏnger firm—this dear pipe; but happily I arrived at the cornice, where there was foot-room."

6. His brother, who had remained all this time on the ladder, had made a hook fast to one end of the cord. Marine passed it to the man on the roof, and desired him to fasten it somehow securely; this he did by fixing it round one of the ornaments of the cornice. Marine doubled it, to make it more secure, and then made him slide down the pipe, holding the cord in his hand, and his knees firmly round the pipe—himself giving the example. At the moment Marine reached the ladder, and the man he had so nobly preserved was seen to glide down in safety, a remarkable movement was manifested by the crowd—a movement truly Russian—all heads were sīmultā'neously uncovered, and all hands made the sign of the Crŏss.

7. When Marine reached the ground, the man was already half-way down the ladder, and out of all danger. "I had hardly reached the ground," relates Marine, "when a gentleman, in a cloak and military casque, approached me, and gave me twenty-five silver rubles."[1] A great number of others surrounded him, and each gave him according to his means—some ten kopecks[2] silver, others a ruble, and some only copper. "Thanks, brave man!" was cried on all sides; "you are a courageous and good Christian; and may Gŏd lŏng grant you health, and bless you!"

8. "What became of the man I rescued," said Marine, "I do not know; but that is not my affair. Thanks to Gŏd, he is saved. A gentleman—an aid-de-camp[3]—came to me, gave me a ticket, and took me in his slĕdge to the ŏffice of the Chancellerie, where he wrote down all that had taken place." During this time Marine did not lose his presence of mind; he was only anxious about one thing—that the railway should not leave with-

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[1] Ruble (rō͞o'bl), a Russian coin about the value of seventy-five cents. —[2] Kō͞' peck, a Russian coin worth about a cent.—[3] Aid-de-camp (ād' e· kăng), an attendant on a high military officer to convey his orders.

out him. At three o'clock he was in the wagon; and, on Friday, the thirteenth, he arrived at his destination, where he was waited for by his master, Monsieur[1] Flottoff.

9. He requested permission for one day's leave, to visit his aunt,[2] who kept a small shop in the Vassili Ostroff, which was readily granted; when, leaving her to return home, he was astonished at being called to the house of the Grand Master of the Police, who accompanied him to the palace. The courage of which he had so lately given so strŏng a proof, had been brought to the knowledge of the Emperor, who desired to see him. Never had he thought, even in his wildest dreams, that such an honor would be accorded to him, a simple man of the people.

10. The Emperor received Marine in his cabinet, and, with the greatest kindness, said, "Marine, I thank thee for the good and great action thou hast performed; but I wish to hear from thy own mouth how, with God's assistance, thou didst it." Marine related the adventure to him in his own simple manner, and when he had finished, the *C*zar, who had listened to him with the greatest attention, embraced him, and said: "My son, may Gŏd bless you! and remember, if you ever stand in need of my assistance, come to me and it shall be accorded you." The Emperor then presented him with a medal and one hundred and fifty silver rubles. Marine left the Emperor's presence a happy man.

14. The Hermit of Niagara.

ABOUT fifteen years since, in the glow of early summer, a young strănger, of pleasing countenance and person, made his appearance at Nīăg'ara. It was at first conjectured that he might be an artist, as a large portfolio, with books and musical instruments, were observed among his baggage. He was deeply impressed by the majesty and sublimity of the cataract and its surrounding scenery, and expressed an intention to remain a week, that he might examine it accurately. But the fascination which all minds of sensibility feel in the presence of that glōrious

[1] Monsieur (mos sèr'), Sir; Mr.—[2] Aunt (ånt).

work of the Creator, grew strŏngly upon him, and he was heard to say, that six weeks were inadequate to become acquainted with its outlines.

2. At the end of that period, he was still unable to tear himself away, and desired to "build there a tabernacle," that he might bŏth indulge in his love of solitary musings, and of nature's sublimity. He applied for a spot upon the island of the "Three Sisters," where he might construct a cottage after his own model, which comprised, among other peculiarities, isolation,[1] by means of a drawbridge. Circumstances forbidding a compliance with his request, he took up his residence in an old house upon Iris Island, which he rendered as comfortable as the state of the case would admit. Here he continued about twenty months, until the intrusion of a family interrupted his recluse habits. He then quietly withdrew, and reared for himself a less commodious shelter, near Prospect Point. His simple and favorite fare of bread and milk was readily purchased, and whenever he required other food, he preferred to prepare it with his own hands.

3. When bleak winter came, a cheerful fire of wood blazed upon his hearth,[2] and by his evening lamp he beguiled the hours with the perusal of books in various languages, and with sweet music. It was almost surprising to hear, in such depth of solitude, the lŏng-drawn, thrilling tones of the viol, or the sŏftest melodies of the flute, gushing fōrth from that low-browed hut, or the guitar′, breathing out so lightly amid the rush and thunder of the never-slumbering tŏrrent.

4. Yĕt, though the world of letters was familiar to his mind, and the living world to his observation,—for he had traveled widely, bōth in his native Europe and the East,—he sought not association with mankind, to unfold or to increase his stores of knowledge. Those who had heard him converse, spoke with surprise and admiration of his colloquial[3] powers, his command[4] of language, and the spirit of eloquence that flowed from his lips. But he seldom, and sparingly, admitted this intercourse, studiously avoiding society, though there seemed in his nature noth-

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[1] Is o lā′ tion, situated like an island; separation from every thing.—[2] Hearth.—[3] Colloquial (kol lō′ kwe al), conversational.—[4] Com mānd′.

ing of moroseness or misanthropy. On the contrary, he showed kindness to even the humblest animal. Birds instinctively learned it, and freely entered his dwelling, to receive from his hands crumbs or seeds.

5. But the absorbing delight of his existence was communion with the mighty Niagara. Here, at every hour of the day or night, he might be seen, a fervent worshiper. At gray dawn he went to visit it in its fleecy vail; at high noon he banqueted on the full splendor of its glōry; beneath the sŏft tinting of the lunar bow, he lingered, looking for the ān̄gel's wing whose pencil had painted it; and at solemn midnight, he knelt, soul-subdued, as on the footstool of Jehovah. Nēither storms, nor the piercing cold of winter, prevented his visits to this great temple of his adoration.

6. When the frozen mists, gāthering upon the lŏfty trees, seemed to have transmuted[1] them to columns of alabaster,[2] when every branch,[3] and shrub, and spray, glittering with transparent[4] ice, waved in the sunbeam its cŏronet of diamonds, he gazed, unconscious of the keen atmosphere, charmed and chained by the rainbow-cinctured cataract. His feet had worn a beaten path from his cottage thither. There was, at that time, an extension of the Terrapin Bridge, by a single shaft[5] of timber, carried out ten feet over the fathomless abyss, where it hung tremulously, guarded only by a rude parapet. To this point he ōften[6] passed and repassed, amid the darkness of night. He even took plĕasure in grasping it with his hands, and thus suspending himself over the awful gulf; so much had his morbid enthusiasm learned to feel, and even to revel amid the terribly sublime.

7. Among his favorite daily gratifications was that of bathing. The few who in'terested themselves in his welfare supposed that he pursued it to excess, and protracted it after the severity of the weather rendered it hazardous to health. He scooped out, and arranged for himself, a secluded and romantic bath,[7] between

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[1] Trans mūte', change from one nature or substance to another.—[2] Al'a bās ter, a compact variety of sulphate of lime or gypsum, of fine texture, and usually white and semi-pellucid, but sometimes yellow, red, or gray. It is carved into vases, mantel ornaments, &c.—[3] Brănch —[4] Trans pār'ent, transmitting rays of light; clear; pervious to light —[5] Shăft.—[6] Often (ŏf'fn).—[7] Bāth

Mŏss and Iris islands. Afterward, he formed the hal it of bathing below the principal fall. One bright, but rather chill day, in the month of June, 1831, a man employed about the ferry saw him go into the water, and, a lŏng time after, observed his clothes to be still lying upon the bank.

8. Inqui'ry was made. The anxiety was but too well founded The poor hermit had indeed taken his last bath. It was supposed that cramp might have been induced by the unwonted[1] chill of the atmosphere or water. Still, the body was not found; the depth and fŏrce of the cŭrrent just below being exceedingly great. In the cŏurse of their search, they passed onward to the whirlpool. There, amid those boiling eddies, was the pallid corpse, making fearful and rapid gyrations[2] upon the face of the black waters. At some point of suction, it suddenly plunged and disappeared. Again emerging, it was fearful to see it leap half its length above the flood, and with a face so deadly pale, play among the tŏssing billōws; then float motionless, as if exhausted; and anon, returning to the encounter, spring, struggle, and contend, like a mānіac battling with mortal foes.

9. It was strangely painful to think that he was not permitted to find a grave, even beneath the waters he had loved; that all the gentleness and charity of his nature should be changed by death to the fury of a madman; and that the king of terrors, who brings repose to the despot and the man of blood, should teach warfare to him who had ever worn the meekness of the lamb. For days and nights this terrible purgatory[3] was prolŏnged. It was on the 21st of June that, after many efforts, they were enabled to bear the weary dead back to his desolate cottage.

10. There they found his faithful dŏg guarding the door. Heavily must the lŏng period have worn away, while he watched for his only friend, and wondered why he delayed his coming. He scrutinized the approaching group suspiciously, and would not willingly have given them admittance, save that a low, stifled wail at length announced his intuitive knowledge of the master, whom the work of death had effectually disguised from the eyes of men.

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[1] Unwonted (un wŭnt' ed).—[2] Gyration (jī rā' shun), a whirling, circular motion.—[3] Purgatory (pĕr' ga to rĭ), a place of temporary punishment, or purification.

11. In his chair lay the guitar′, whose melody was probably the last that his ear heard on earth. There were, also, his flute and violin, his portfolio and books, scattered and open, as if recently used. On the spread table was the untasted meal for noon, which he had prepared against his return from that bath which had proved so fatal. It was a touching sight,—the dead hermit mourned by his humble retainers, the poor animals who loved him, and ready to be laid by strānger hands in a fŏreign grave.

12. So fell this singular and accomplished being, at the early age of twenty-eight. Learnèd in the languages, in the arts and sciences, improved by extensive travel, gifted with personal beauty and a feeling heart, the motives for this estrāngement from his kind are still enveloped in mystery. It was, however, known that he was a native of England, where his father was a clergyman; that he received from thence ample remittances for his comfort; and that his name was Francis Abbot. These facts had been previously ascertained; but no written papers were found in his cell, to throw additional light upon the obscurity in which he had so effectually wrapped the history of his pilgrimage.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY was born at Norwich, Connecticut, 1791. Her maiden name was Lydia Huntley. She was married to Charles Sigourney in 1819. She is one of the most voluminous of American female writers, and equally happy in prose and verse. Her rare and highly cultivated intellect, her fine sensibilities, and her noble heart, have enabled her, in all her works, to plead successfully the cause of humanity and religion.

15. THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

1 WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,[1]
And still, with a voice of dŏl′orous[2] pitch,
She sang the "Sŏng of the Shirt!"[3]

[1] Dirt (dĕrt).—[2] Dŏl′ o rous, doleful; dismal; sorrowful.—[3] Shirt (shĕrt).

2. "Work![1] work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Alŏng with the barbarous Turk,[2]
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If THIS is Christian work!

3. "Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew[3] them on in my dream!

4. "Oh! men with sisters dear!
Oh! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A SHROUD as well as a shirt!

5. "But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fast[4] I keep:
O Gŏd! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

6. "Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,

[1] Work (wẽrk).—[2] Turk (tẽrk).—[3] Sew (sō).—[4] Fāst.

A crust of bread—and rags:
A shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair[1]—
And a wall so blank, my shadōw I thank,
For sometimes falling there![2]

7. "Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand!

8. "Work—work—work,
In the dull December light;
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright:
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

9. "Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet;
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet:
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that cŏsts a meal!

10. "Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessèd lēisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart—
But in their briny bed

[1] Chăir.—[2] There (thâr).

My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

11. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread;
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dŏl'orous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sung this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD, humorist and poet, was born at London, in 1798. The best incident of his early boyhood was his instruction by a schoolmaster who appreciated his talents, and was so interested in teaching as to render it impossible not to interest his pupil. At this period he earned his first fee—a few guineas—by revising for the press a new edition of "Paul and Virginia." In his fifteenth year, after receiving a miscellaneous education, he was placed in the counting-house of a Russian merchant; but, soon after learned the art of engraving. In 1821, having already written fugitive papers for periodicals, he became sub-editor of the "London Magazine," a position which at once introduced him to the best literary society of the time. "Odes and Addresses" soon after appeared. "Whims and Oddities," "National Tales," "Tylney Hall," *a novel*, and "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," followed. In these, the humorous faculty not only predominated, but expressed itself with a freshness, originality, and power, which the poetical element could not claim. There was, however, much true poetry in the verse, and much sound sense and keen observation in the prose of these works. After publishing several annuals, he started a magazine in his own name. Though aided by men of reputation and authority, this work, which he conducted with surprising energy, was mainly sustained by his own intellectual activity. At this time, confined to a sick-bed, from which he never rose, in his anxiety to provide for his wife and children, he composed those poems, too few in number, but immortal in the English language, such as the "Song of the Shirt," the "Bridge of Sighs," and the "Song of the Laborer" His death occurred on the 3d of May, 1845.

16. BROKEN HEARTS.

MAN is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him fŏrth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a sŏng piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for

space in the world's[1] thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whōle life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden trĕasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

2. To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs: it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts[2] some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl[3] of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of plĕasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth,[4] and be at rest."

3. But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sŏrrōw, where[5] shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

4. How many bright eyes grow dim—how many sŏft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none[6] can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp[7] its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the ărrōw that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.

5. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely[8] breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins[9] of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful cŭrrents through the veins. Her rest is

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[1] World (wĕrld).—[2] Blåsts.—[3] Whirl (whĕrl).—[4] Earth (ĕrth).—[5] Where (whâr).—[6] None (nŭn).—[7] Clåsp.—[8] Scârce' ly.—[9] Ruins (rō' inz).

broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sŏrrōw drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury.

6. Look for her, after a little while, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the rādiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition that laid her low;—but no one knows of the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

7. She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm[1] preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant.[2] We see it drooping its branches[3] to the earth[4] and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the fŏrest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

8. I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their death through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me: the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner they were related.

17. Broken Hearts—concluded.

EVERY one must recollect the tragical stōry of young Emmett,[5] the Irish pātriot: it was too touching to be soon forgotten.

[1] Worm (wêrm). — [2] Luxuriant (lug zŭ' re ant). — [3] Brânch. — [4] Earth (êrth). — [5] Robert Emmett, the Irish patriot, was born in 1780 He was executed on the 20th of September, 1803.

During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason.[1] His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lŏfty and intrepid![2] The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication[3] of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

2. But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and in'teresting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister.[4] She loved him with the disin'terested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and dānger darkened around his name, she loved him the mōre ardently for his vĕry sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whōle soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the pōrtals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

3. But then the hŏrrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing[5] for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender though melancholy circumstances that endear the parting scene —nothing to melt sŏrrōw into those blessèd tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

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[1] Treason (trē′zn), the offence of attempting to overthrow the government of the State to which the offender owes allegiance, or of betraying the State into the hands of a foreign power.—[2] In trĕp′id. undaunted: fearless; brave.—[3] Vin di cā′tion, justification against censure, objections, or accusations; defence by proof, force, or otherwise.—[4] John Philpot Curran, celebrated for his eloquence, wit, and sarcasm, born near Cork, 1750, and died 1817.—[5] Nothing (nŭth′ing).

4. To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displĕasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind ŏffices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by hŏrror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love.

5. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scăth and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast[1] it, never again to put fŏrth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts[2] of plĕasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mŏcked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the sŏng of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

6. The person[3] who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade.[4] There can be no exhibition of far-gŏne wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a specter, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begŏne, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgĕtfulness of sŏrrōw. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra,[5] and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the gairish[6] scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an ex'quisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed fŏrth such a soul of

[1] Blăst.—[2] Haunts (hăntz).—[3] Pĕr' son.—[4] Masquerade (măs ker ăd'), an evening assembly of persons wearing masks, and amusing themselves with dancing, conversation, and other diversions.—[5] Orchestra (ăr' kestra), a place appropriated to musicians, or to the performers in a concert; a band of musicians.—[6] Găir' ish, gaudy; showy; very fine.

wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

7. The stōry of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave ŏfficer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrĕv′ocably engrōssed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

8. He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a chānge of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her vĕry soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart. WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING, who has delighted the readers of the English language for more than half a century, was born in the city of New York, on the third of April, 1783. His father, a respectable merchant, originally from Scotland, died while he was quite young, and his education was superintended by his elder brothers, some of whom have gained considerable reputation for acquirements and literature. His first essays were a series of letters under the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent., published in the Morning Chronicle, of which one of his brothers was editor, in 1802. In 1806, after his return from a European tour, he joined Mr. Paulding in writing "Salmagundi," a whimsical miscellany, which captivated the town and decided the fortunes of its authors. Soon after, he produced "The History of New York, by Diedrick Knickerbocker," the most original and humorous work of the age. After the appearance of this work, he wrote but little for several years, having engaged with his brothers in foreign commerce; but, fortunately for American literature, while in England, in 1815, a reverse of fortune changed the whole tenor of his life, causing him to resort to literature, which had hitherto been his amusement, for solace and support. The first fruit of this change was "The Sketch Book," which was published in New York and London in 1819 and 1820, and which met a success never before received by a book of unconnected tales and essays. Mr. Irving subsequently published "Bracebridge Hall," the "History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus," "The Alhambra," and many other works that we have not room to enumerate. While in England, he received one of the gold medals of fifty guineas

In value, provided by George the Fourth, for eminence in historical composition. In 1832, after an absence of seventeen years, he returned to the United States His style has the ease and purity, and more than the grace and polish of Frank lin. His carefully selected words, his variously constructed periods, his remarkable elegance, sustained sweetness, and distinct and delicate painting, place him in the very front rank of the masters of our language.

18. Lines relating to Curran's Daughter.

1. SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

2. She sings the wild sŏng of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

3. He had lived for his love—for his country he died;
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor lŏng will his love stay behind him.

4. Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glōrious mŏrrōw;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sŏrrōw. Thomas Moore.

Thomas Moore, the poet, was born in 1780, in Dublin, where his father carried on business as a wine-merchant. He showed from boyhood an imaginative and musical turn; and various circumstances combined in impressing him early with that deep sense of the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland to which his poetry owes so many of its most powerful touches. He was educated at Trinity College, where he took his degree in 1798, after which he went to London to keep his terms for the bar. Poetry however had taken possession of his mind; and his gay translation of Anacreon was published in 1800. In 1804, having obtained a registarship in Bermuda, he went out to discharge the duties of the office. It proved much less lucrative than he expected; and in a few months he returned home, from which time his course of life was very uneventful. In 1811 he married Miss Dyke, an amiable, attractive, and domestic lady. He soon after established himself permanently at Sloperton, near Devizes, visiting London, however, frequently, and making other excursions. In 1835 he received from government a pension of £300 a year; and in 1850, when his health was completely broken, Mrs. Moore obtained a pension of a hundred pounds. He died in the

beginning of 1852. Of his serious poems, "Irish Melodies" and "Lalla Rookh" best support his fame. Many pieces of the former are exquisite for grace of diction, for beauty, and for a refined and ideal kind of pathos. The latter evinces great skill and care of execution, with marvelous richness of fancy, and singular correctness of costume, and establishes his claim to an important place among the great painters of romantic narrative. Moore's political satires, perhaps, show his genius in a more brilliant light than any of his other works. Of his prose writings, the most noted and worthy is the gorgeous romance of "The Epicurean," which appeared in 1827.

19. Thanatopsis.[1]

1. TO him, who, in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours,
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild,
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

2. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour, come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the nărrōw house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;
Go fōrth into the open sky, and list
To nature's teaching, while, from all around,
Comes a still voice:

3. "Yĕt a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun shall see no mōre,
In all his cōurse; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim

[1] Thăn a tŏp' sis, this Greek word means a view or contemplation of death.

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lŏst each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go,
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

4 "Yĕt not, to thy eternal resting-place,
Shalt thou retire, alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With pātriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hōary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.

5. "The hills,
Rock-ribb'd, and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadōw green; and, pour'd round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.

6. "All that tread
The globe, are but a handful, to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods,
Where rolls the Or'egon, and hears no sound,
Save its own dashings—yĕt the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead reign there alone.

7. "So shalt thou rest; and what, if thou shalt fall,
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh,
When thou art gŏne; the solemn brood of care
Plod on; and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yĕt, all these shall leave
Their mirth, and their enjoyments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee.

8. "As the lŏng train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth, in life's green spring, and he, who goes
In the full strength of years, mātron, and maid,
The bow'd with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut ŏff—
Shall, one by one, be găther'd to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

9. "So live, that when thy summons comes, to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chāmber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams!"

W. C. Bryant.

William Cullen Bryant was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, on the third day of November, 1794. He gave indications of superior genius at a very early age; and fortunately received the most careful and judicious instruction from his father, a learned and eminent physician. At ten years of age, he made very creditable translations from some of the Latin poets, which were printed in a newspaper at Northampton. At thirteen, he wrote "The Embargo," a political satire, which was never surpassed by any poet of that age. Bryant entered an advanced class of Williams College in the sixteenth year of his age, in which he soon became distinguished for his attainments generally, and especially for his proficiency in classical learning. He was admitted to the bar in 1815, and commenced the practice of his profession in the village of Great Barrington, where he was soon after married. He wrote the above noble poem—"Thanatopsis"—when but little more than eighteen years of age. In 1821 he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College his longest

poem, "The Ages," which is in the stanza of SPENSER, and in its versification is not inferior to "The Faerie Queene." "To a Waterfowl," "Inscription for an entrance to a Wood," and several other pieces of nearly equal merit were likewise written during his residence at Great Barrington. After passing ten years in successful practice in the courts, he determined to abandon the uncongenial business of a lawyer, and devote his attention more exclusively to literature. With this view, he removed to the city of New York in 1825, and, with a friend, established "The New York Review and Athenæum Magazine," in which he published several of his finest poems. In 1826 he assumed the chief direction of the "Evening Post," one of the best gazettes in this country, with which he has ever since been connected. In the summer of 1834, Mr. BRYANT visited Europe, with his family, where he remained till 1836, when the illness of his partner and associate, the late WILLIAM LEGGETT, caused his hasty return. A splendid edition of his complete poetical works was published in 1846. He is a favorite with men of every variety of tastes. He has passages of profound reflection for the philosopher, and others of such simple beauty as to please the most illiterate. He has few equals in grace and power of expression. Every line has compactness, precision, and elegance, and flows with its fellows in exquisite harmony. Mr. BRYANT is the poet of nature. He places before us, in pictures warmly colored by the hues of the imagination, the old and shadowy forests, the sea-like prairies, the lakes, rivers, and mountains of our own country. To the thoughtful critic every thing in his verse belongs to America, and is as different from what marks the poetry of England as it is from that which most distinguishes the poetry of France or Germany.

20. EUTHANASIA.[1]

1. METHINKS, when on the languid eye
Life's autumn scenes grow dim,—
When evening's shadows veil the sky,
And plĕasure's sīren[2] hymn
Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
Like echoes from another sphere,
Or dream of seraphim,[3]—
It were not sad to cast[4] away
This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

2. It were not sad to feel the heart
Grow passionless and cold;

[1] Euthanasia (yū than ā′ ze a), an easy or happy death.—[2] Sī′ ren, in *ancient mythology*, a goddess who enticed men into her power by the charms of music, and devoured them. Hence, in *modern use*, an enticing woman; a female rendered dangerous by her enticements.—[3] Sēr′ a phim, angels of the highest order.—[4] Cāst.

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To feel those lŏngings to depart
That cheer'd the good of old;
To clasp[1] the faith which looks on high,
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
And makes the curtain-fold,
That falls upon his wasting breast,
The door that leads to endless rest.

3. It were not lonely thus to lie
On that triumphant bed,
Till the pure spirit mounts on high,
By white-wing'd seraphs led:
Where glōries earth[2] may never know
O'er "many mansions" lingering glow,
In peerless[3] luster shed;
It were not lonely thus to sōar,
Where sin and grief can sting no more.

4. And, though the way to such a gōal
Lies through the clouded tomb,
If on the free, unfetter'd soul
There rest no stains of gloom,
How should its aspirations rise
Far through the blue, unpillar'd skies,
Up to its final home!
Beyŏnd the journeyings of the sun,
Where[4] streams of living waters run.

W. G. Clark.

Willis Gaylord Clark, a journalist, poet, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Otisco, an agricultural town in Central New York, in the year 1810. Stimulated by the splendid scenery outspread on every side around him, he began to feel the poetic impulse at an early age; and, in numbers most musical, painted the beauties of nature with singular fidelity. As he grew older, a solemnity and gentle sadness of thought pervaded his verse, and evinced his desire to gather from the scenes and images its reflected lessons of morality. When about twenty years of age, he repaired to Philadelphia, where he commenced a weekly miscellany, which was abandoned after a brief period. He then assumed, with the Reverend Doctor Brantley, the charge of the "Columbian Star," a religious and literary periodical, of high character, in which he printed many brief poems of considerable merit. Some years later, he took charge of

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[1] Clåsp.—[2] Earth (ĕrth).—[3] Pēer' less, matchless; having no equal.—Where (whâr).

the "Philadelphia Gazette," one of the oldest and most respectable journals in Pennsylvania, of which he ultimately became proprietor, and from that time until his death continued to conduct it. In 1836 he married ANNE POYNTELL CALDCLEUGH, the daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens of Philadelphia, and a woman of great personal beauty, rare accomplishments, and affectionate disposition, who soon after died of consumption, leaving her husband a prey to the deepest melancholy. From this time his health gradually declined, though he continued to write for his paper until the last day of his life, the twelfth of June, 1841. His metrical writings, which are pervaded by a gentle religious melancholy, are all distinguished for a graceful and elegant diction, thoughts morally and poetically beautiful, and chaste and appropriate imagery. His prose writings, on the other hand, were usually marked by passages of irresistible humor and wit. His perception of the ludicrous was acute, and his jests and "cranks and wanton wiles" evinced the fullness of his powers and the benevolence of his feelings.

21. SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

I.

SUCCESSION OF HUMAN BEINGS.

Like leaves on trees the life of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So generations in their cŏurse decay;
So flourish these, when those have pass'd away.

II.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG AND FAIR.—ANON.

She died in beauty, like a rose blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty, like a pearl dropp'd from some diadem;
She died in beauty, like a lay alŏng a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty, like the sŏng of birds amid the brake;
She died in beauty, like the snow on flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty, like a star lŏst on the brow of day;—
She *lives* in glōry, like Night's gems set round the silver moon
She lives in glory, like the sun amid the blue of June.

III.

A LADY DROWNED.—PROCTER.

Is she dead?...
Why so shall I be,—ere these autumn blasts

Have blown on the bēard of Winter. Is she dead?
Ay, she *is* dead,—quite dead! The wild Sea kiss'd her
With its cold white lips, and then—put her to sleep:
She has a sand pillōw, and a water sheet,
And never turns her head or knows 'tis morning!

IV.

THE LIFE OF MAN.—BEAUMONT.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in and paid to-night:
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

V.

CORONACH.[1]—SCOTT.

He is gŏne on the mountain, he is lōst to the fŏrest,
Like a summer-dried fountain, when our need was the sorest
The fount, reäppearing, from the rain-drops shall bŏrrōw,
But to us comes no cheering, to Duncan no mŏrrōw!
The hand of the reaper takes the ears that are hōary,
But the voice of the weeper wails manhood in glōry;
The autumn winds rushing waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing when blighting was nearest.—
Fleet foot on the correi,[2] sage counsel in cumber,[3]
Red hand in the foray,[4] how sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain, like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain, thou art gŏne, and forever!

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[1] Coronach (kor' o nak), a song of lamentation; a lament.—[2] Correi (kŏr' rā), the side of a hill where game usually lies.—[3] Cum' ber, perplexity; distress.—[4] Fŏ' rāy a sudden pillaging incursion in peace or war.

VI.

IMMORTALITY.—R. H. DANA.

"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By ān'gel fingers touch'd, when the mild stars
Of morning sang togē'ther, sound fōrth still
The sŏng of our great immortality!
Thick-clustering orbs on this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
Oh listen, ye our spirits! drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating mid day's setting glories; night,
Wrapp'd in her sablè robe, with silent step,
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears.
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic[1] instrument, are touch'd
By an unseen, living hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee:[2]
The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

22. SELECTED EXTRACTS.

THE man who carries a lantern in a dark night, can have friends all around him, walking safely by the help of its rays, and he be not defrauded. So he who has the Gŏd-given light of hope in his breast, can help on many others in this world's darkness, not to his own lŏss, but to his precious gain.

2. As a rose after a shower, bent down by tear-drops, waits for a passing breeze or a kindly hand to shake its branches,

[1] Mys' tic, obscure; involving some secret meaning.—[2] Jŭ' bi lee, a great festival among the Jews every fiftieth year, when the bondsmen were all set free and lands restored to their former owners.

that, lightened, it may stand once more upon its stem,—so one who is bowed down with affliction lŏngs for a friend to lift him out of his sŏrrōw, and bid him once more rejoice. Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected like April airs upon vīolet roots.

3. Have you ever seen a cactus growing? What a dry, ugly, spiny thing it is! But suppose your gardener takes it when just sprouting fōrth with buds, and lets it stand a week or two, and then brings it to you, and lo! it is a blaze of light, glōrious above all flowers. So the poor and lowly, when Gŏd's time comes, and they begin to stand up and blossom, how beautiful they will be!

4. The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine upon the mountain-top waves its somber boughs, and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little meadow-vīolet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun." And so Gŏd sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with child-like confidence and say, "My Father! Thou art mine."

5. I think the human heart is like an artist's studio. You can tell what the artist is doing, not so much by his completed pictures, for they are mostly scattered at once, but by the half-finished sketches and designs which are hanging on his wall. And so you can tell the cōurse of a man's life, not so much by his well-defined purposes, as by the half-formed plans—the faint day-dreams, which are hung in all the chāmbers of his heart.

6. Men are like birds that build their nests in trees that hang over rivers. And the birds sing in the tree-top, and the river sings underneath, undermining and undermining, and in the moment when the bird thinks not, it comes crashing down, and the nest is scattered, and all goes floating down the flood. If we build to ambition, we are like men who build before the track of a volcano's eruption, sure to be overtaken and burnt up by its hot lāva. If we build to wealth, we are as those who build upon the ice. The spring will melt our foundations from under us.

7. Shall we build to earthly affections? If we can not transfigure[1] those whom we love—if we can not behold the eternal world shining through the faces of father and mother, of husband and wife—if we can not behold them all irradiated with the glōry of the supernal[2] sphere, it were not best to build for love. Death erects his batteries right over against our homes, and in the hour when we think not, the missile flies and explodes, carrying destruction all around.

8. I think it is a sad sight to look at one of the receiving hulks at the Navy Yard. To think that that was the ship which once went so fearlessly acrŏss the ocean! It has come back to be anchored in the quiet bay, and to roll this way and that with the tide. Yĕt that is what many men set before them as the end of life—that they may come to that pass where they may be able to cast out an anchor this way and an anchor that way, and never move again, but rock lazily with the tide—without a sail—without a voyage—waiting simply for decay to take their timbers apart. And this is what men call, "*retiring from business*"—to become simply an empty old hulk.

9. We are beleaguered by Time, and parallel after parallel is drawn around us, and then a chānge is made, and we see the enemy's flag waving on some outpost. And as the sense of hearing, and touch, and sight fails, and a man finds all these marks of time upon him, oh woe! if he has no Hereafter, as a final citadel into which to retreat.

10. Would that I could break this Gŏspel as a bread of life to all of you! My best presentations of it to you are so incomplete! Sometimes, when I am alone, I have such sweet and rapturous visions of the love of Gŏd and the truths of His word, that I think if I could speak to you then, I should move your hearts. I am like a child, who, walking fŏrth some sunny summer's morning, sees grass and flowers all shining with drops of dew, that reflect every hue of the rainbow. "Oh!" he cries, "I'll carry these beautiful things to my mother," and eagerly shakes them off into his little palm. But the charm is gŏne—they are no more water-pearls.

Transfigure (trăns fĭg' yer), change the outward form or appearance. —[2] Su pẽr' nal, being in a higher region or place; celestial; heavenly.

11. There are days when my blood flows like wine; when all is ease and prosperity; when the sky is blue, and the birds sing, and flowers blossom, and every thing speaks to me; and my life is an anthem, walking in time and tune; and then this world's joy and affection suffice. But when a chānge comes—when I am weary and disappointed—when the skies lower into the somber night—when there is no sŏng of bird, and the per'fume of flowers is but their dying breath breathed away—when all is sunsetting and autumn, then I yearn for Him who sits with the summer of love in His soul, and know that all earthly affection is but a glow-worm light compared to that which blazes with such effulgence in the heart of Gŏd.

12. I think that in the life to come my heart will have feelings like Gŏd's. The little bell that a babe can hold in its fingers may strike the same note as the great bell of Mos'cōw.[1] Its note may be sŏft as a bird's whisper, and yĕt it is the same. And so God may have a feeling, and I, standing by him, shall have the same feeling. Where he loves, I shall love. All the prŏcesses of the Divine mind will be reflected in mine. And there will be this companionship with him to eternity. What else can be the meaning of those expressions that all we have is Christ's, and God is ours, and we are heirs of God? To inherit God—who can conceive of it? It is the growing marvel, and will be the growing wonder of eternity.

13. We are glad that there is a bosom of Gŏd to which we can go and find refuge. As prisoners in castles look out of their grated windōws at the smiling landscape, where the sun comes and goes, so we from this life, as from dungeon bars, look fŏrth to the heavenly land, and are refreshed with sweet visions of the home that shall be ours when we are free.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.[2]

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[1] Mŏs' cŏw, a famous city of Russia, formerly capital of the whole Russian Empire. It is situated four hundred miles S. E. of St. Petersburg, with which it is connected by a first-class railroad. The stupendous bell here alluded to, called Czar Kolokol, or the Monarch, weighing nearly 180 tons, is about 21½ feet in height, and 22½ in diameter. A huge fragment was broken from it, more than a century ago, when the tower in which it was suspended was burned.—[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 71.

23. Fuller's Bird.[1]

1. THE wild-wing'd creature, clad in gōre
(His bloody human meal being o'er),
Comes down to the water's brink:
'Tis the first time he there hath gazed,
And straight he shrinks—alarm'd—amazed,
And dares[2] not drink.

2. "Have I till now," he sadly said,
"Prey'd on my brother's blood, and made
His flesh my meal to-day?"—
Once more he glances[3] in the brook,
And once more sees his victim's look;
Then turns[4] away.

3. With such sharp pain as human hearts
May feel, the drooping thing departs
Unto the dark, wild wood;
And there, midst briers and sheltering weeds,
He hideth his remorse, and feeds
No more on blood.

4. And in that weedy brake he lies,
And pines, and pines, until he dies;
And, when all's o'er,——
What follows?—Naught! his brothers slāke
Their thirst[5] in blood in that same brake,
Fierce as before!

5. So fable flows!—But would you find
Its mŏral wrought in human kind,
Its tale made worse;[6]

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[1] "I have read of a bird, which hath a face like, and yet will prey upon, a man; who, coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterward enjoyeth itself."—*Fuller's Worthies.*—[2] Dares (dârz).—[3] Glances (glâns'ez).—[4] Turns (tẽrnz).—[5] Thirst (thẽrst).—[6] Worse (wẽrs).

Turn straight to *Man*, and in his fame
And fŏrehead[1] read "*The Harpy's*"[2] name;
But no remorse! B. W. Procter.

Bryan Walter Procter, better known by his assumed name of Barry Cornwall, is a graceful and accomplished writer, and a true poet. "If it be the province of poetry to give delight," says Lord Jeffrey, "this author should rank very high among the poets." He is a genuine poet of love. There is an intense and passionate beauty, a depth of affection, in his little dramatic poems, which appear even in the affectionate triflings of his gentle characters. He is chiefly noted, however, as a song-writer. "The fair blossoms of his genius, though light and trembling as the breeze, spring from a wide, and deep, and robust stock, which will sustain far taller branches without being exhausted."

24. The Barbarities of War.

THE first great obstacle to the extinction of war, is the way in which the heart of man is carried ŏff from its barbarities and its hŏrrors by the splendor of its deceitful accompaniments. There is a feeling of the sublime in contem'plating the shock of armies, just as there is in contemplating the devouring energy of a tempest; and this so elevates and engrōsses the whōle man, that his eye is blind to the tears of bereaved parents, and his ear is dĕaf to the piteous moan of the dying, and the shriek of their desolated families.

2. There is a gracefulness in the picture of a youthful warrior, burning for distinction on the field, and lured by this generous aspiration to the deepest of the animated thrŏng, where, in the fell work of death, the opposing sons of valor struggle for a remembrance and a name; and this side of the picture is so much the exclusive object of our regard, as to disguise from our view the mangled carcases of the fallen, and the writhing agonies of the hundreds and the hundreds more who have been laid on the cold ground, where they are left to languish and to die.

3. There no eye pities them. No sister is there to weep over

[1] Forehead (fôr' ed.)—[2] Hâr' py, in antiquity, the *harpies* were fabulous wingèd monsters, ravenous and filthy, having the face of a woman and the body of a vulture, with their feet and fingers armed with sharp claws. They were three in number, Aello, Ocypete, and Celeno. The name *harpy* is often applied to an extortioner, a plunderer, or ravenous animals.

them. There no gentle hand is present to ease the dying posture, or bind up the wounds which, in the maddening fury of the combat, have been given and received by the children of one common Father. There death spreads its pale ensigns over every countenance, and when night comes on, and darkness around them, how many a despairing wretch must take up with the bloody field as the untended bed of his last sufferings, without one friend to bear the message of tenderness to his distant home, without one companion to close his eyes!

4. I avow it. On every side of me I see causes at work which go to spread a most delusive coloring over war, and to remove its shocking barbarities to the background of our contemplations altogether. I see it in the history, which tells me of the superb appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their successive charges. I see it in the poetry, which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transpŏrts its many admirers, as by its images, and its figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry it throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of legalized slaughter.

5. I see it in the music, which represents the prŏgress of the battle; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet-notes of preparation, the whŏle beauty and tenderness of a drawing-room are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment: nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death-tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of the wounded men as they fade away upon the ear and sink into lifeless silence. All, all goes to prove what strānge and half-sighted creatures we are. Were it not so, war could never have been seen in any other aspect than that of unmingled hatefulness: and I can look to nothing but to the prŏgress of Christian sentiment upon earth to arrest the strŏng cŭrrent of its popular and prevailing partiality for war.

6. Then only will an imperious sense of duty lay the check of severe principle on all the subordinate tastes and faculties of our nature. Then will glōry be reduced to its right estimate, and the wakeful benevolence of the Gŏspel, chasing away every spell, will be turned by the treachery of no delusion whatever from its sublime enterprises for the good of the species. Then the reign of truth and quietness will be ushered into the world, and war,

cruel, atrōcious, unrelenting war, will be stripped of its many and its bewildering fascinations. THOMAS CHALMERS.

THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D., LL. D., the celebrated pulpit orator and divine, was born on 17th March, 1780, at Anstruther, in Fifeshire, Scotland, of respectable and pious, though humble, parents. He was entered a student in St. Andrews College at the early age of twelve; and soon gave indications of that strong predilection for the physical sciences which he retained through life. He obtained license to preach in connection with the Established Church of Scotland, while only 19, on the express ground that he was "a lad of pregnant parts;" though, at that early age, he considered the functions of the sacred office to be subordinate to scientific pursuits. By long personal illness, and severe domestic bereavements, he was brought from making religion a secondary concern with him to regard it as a subject of paramount importance. In 1815 he took charge of the Tron Church and Parish, Glasgow, from which time his reputation continued to advance, until the sensation produced by his preaching surpassed all that was ever known or heard of in the annals of pulpit eloquence. In 1824 he became professor of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrews; and in 1828 he was translated to the chair of divinity in the university at Edinburgh. Dr. Chalmers now commenced a career of authorship, by which he still further extended his reputation as a divine. The most flattering honors were now heaped upon him; for he was chosen President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, created Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford, and appointed corresponding member of the Royal Institute of France—a compliment which no clergyman in Britain had ever previously enjoyed. His collected works, including sermons, theological lectures, &c., amount to 25 volumes. Died May 30, 1847.

25. BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

I.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing,[1] there was dearth[2] of woman's tears;
But a cŏmrāde stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd away,
And bent, with pitying glances,[3] to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier falter'd, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen[4]—at Bingen on the Rhine.

[1] Nursing (nĕrs' ing). In reading this most beautiful poem, let the student be careful to utter the *modified elements* correctly.—[2] Dĕarth.—Glances (glăns' ez).—[4] Bingen (bĭng' en), a town of Germany, noted for its superior wines, situated on the left bank of the Rhine, at the influx of the Nahe (nä' ĕ).

II.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful stōry in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly[1] pale, beneath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last[2] of many scars
But some were young—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen—fair[3] Bingen on the Rhine!

III.

"Tell my mother that her[4] other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird,[5] that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart lĕap'd fōrth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's swōrd,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

IV.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a cŏmrāde seek her love, I ask[6] her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old swōrd in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

V.

"There's another—not a sister; in the happy days gŏne by,
You'd have known her by the mĕrriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning;

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[1] Ghast' ly.—[2] Last.—[3] Fair.—[4] Her.—[5] Bird (bĕrd).—[6] Ask (ask)

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison),
I dream'd I stood with *her*, and saw the yĕllōw sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

VI.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep alŏng—I heard, or seem'd to hear
The German sŏngs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glăd blue eyes were on me as we passed with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remember'd walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

VII.

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sigh'd and ceased to speak:
His cŏmrāde bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion, in a fŏreign land—was dead!
And the sŏft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she look'd down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seem'd to shine,
As it shŏne on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

MRS. NORTON.

MRS. NORTON, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan, was grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The family of Sheridan has been prolific of genius and she has well sustained the family honors. In her seventeenth year, this lady had composed her poem, "The Sorrows of Rosalie." She termed her next poem, founded on the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew, "The Undying One." Her third volume, entitled "The Dream, and other Poems," appeared in 1840. "This lady," says a writer in the Quarterly Review, "is the Byron of our modern poetesses. She has very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forceful expression. It is not an artificial imitation, but a natural parallel." She was married at the age of nineteen to the Hon. George Chapple Norton, brother to Lord Grantley, and himself a police magistrate in London. After being the object of suspicion and persecution of the most painful description, the union was dissolved in 1840.

26. The Cost of Military Glory.

WE can inform Brother Jonathan[1] what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glōry—*Taxes* upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on every thing on earth, and the waters under the earth—on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the ĭn'dustry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the cŏffin, and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, couchant[2] or levant, we must pay.

2. The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the bēardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whōle property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate,[3] large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel;[4] his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gāthered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

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[1] Brother Jonathan is a name sportively given by the English to the Americans; and on the other hand, the English themselves are frequently called, in the same style, by the familiar name of John Bull.—[2] *Levant* and *couchant* in law, lying down and rising up; applied to beasts, and indicating that they have been long enough on land to lie down and rise up to feed, or one night at least.—[3] Prō' bate, the probate of a will or testament is the proving of its genuineness and validity, or the exhibition of the will to the proper officer, with the witnesses, if necessary, and the process of determining its validity; the right or jurisdiction of proving wills.—[4] Chăn'cel, that part of a church which contains the altar or communion-table.

3. In addition to all this, the habit of dealing with large sums will make the government avaricious and profuse; and the system itself will infallibly generate the base vermin of spies and informers, and a still more pestilent race of political tools and retainers of the meanest and most odious description; while the prodigious pătronage which the collecting of this splendid revenue will throw into the hands of government, will invest it with so vast an influence, and hold out such means and temptations to corruption, as all the virtue and public spirit, even of republicans, will be unable so resist. SIDNEY SMITH.

REV. SIDNEY SMITH, who, for half a century, rendered himself conspicuous as a political writer and critic, was born at Woodford, in Essex, in the year 1769; received his education at Winchester College, and was then elected to New College, Oxford, in 1780. He was ordained to a curacy in Wiltshire; but soon after left for Edinburgh, where he was minister of the Episcopal church for five years. He was the projector of the "Edinburgh Review," and edited the first number before leaving for London, where he became, in every sense of the word, "a popular preacher." Not were his oral eloquence, wit, and learning confined to the pulpit alone; with equal success he displayed his abilities as a lecturer on the BELLES-LETTRES at the Royal Institution, his fame increasing with every fresh effort of his genius. His contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," and various other productions, have been collected, and have gone through several editions; and, more recently, his "Sketches of Moral Philosophy," or lectures upon that subject, delivered at the Royal Institution, have been published. He died Feb. 21, 1845, aged 76.

27. LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD.

1. LOCHIEL, Lochiel, beware[1] of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Cullō'den[2] are scatter'd in fight;
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe, to the riders that trămple them down!

[1] Be wâre. In this, as in most exquisite poems, *modified elements* frequently occur; and when correctly uttered, produce a most happy effect. See notes to the "Table of Oral Elements," p. 17.—[2] Cul lō' den, a wide, moory ridge of Scotland, county of Inverness, in the parish of Croy, memorable for the total defeat of Prince Charles's army, on the 16th of April, 1746, by the royal troops under the Duke of Cumberland.

Proud Cumberland prances,[1] insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten[2] bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning—no rider is there;[3]
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.[4]
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears can not number the dead;
For a merciless[5] swōrd on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

LOCHIEL.

Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gōry Cullō'den so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st[6] thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird[7] of the mountain, thy plume shall be tōrn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly fōrth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing[8] destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast[9]
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?[10]
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry,[11] that beacons[12] the darkness of heaven.
O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,

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[1] Prances (prâns' ez).—[2] Hoof-beaten (hŏf'-bē' tn).—[3] There (thâr).—[4] De spâir'.—[5] Mĕr' ci less.—[6] Laugh'st (lâfst).—[7] Bird (bĕrd).—[8] Bēaring.—[9] Blâst.—[10] Câst.—[11] Eyri (âr' ĭ), a place where birds of prey build their nests; the nest of a bird of prey.—[12] Beacons (bē' knz), affords light as a beacon, or signal-fire, on an eminence.

Heaven's fire is around thee to blast and to burn:[1]
Return[2] to thy dwelling; all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where[3] it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood!

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt![4] I have marshall'd my clan:
Their swŏrds are a thousand; their bosoms are one.
They are true to the last[5] of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore[6] indignantly draws;
When her bŏnneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
Yĕt man can not cover what Gŏd would reveal!
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lōre,
And coming events cast their shadōws before.
I tell thee, Cullō'den's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,[7]
Behold where he flies on his desolate path![8]
Now in darkness and billōws he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!—
'Tis finish'd. Their[9] thunders are hush'd on the moors;
Culloden is lŏst, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and tōrn?

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[1] Burn (bĕrn). — [2] Return (re tĕrn'). — [3] Where (whâr).— [4] A vâunt'.— [5] Lâst.— [6] Clây'more, a large, two-handed sword, formerly used by the Scottish Highlanders.— [7] Wrath (râth).— [8] Pâth.— [9] Their (thâr).

Ah! no; for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: O, mercy, dispel
Yŏn sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nŏstril in agony swims!
Accursed[1] be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale!
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat!
Though his perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gōre,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten[2] shōre,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the distinguished poet, a cadet of the respectable family of Campbell, of Kirnan, in Argyleshire, was born in Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777. Owing to the straitened circumstances of his father, young Campbell was obliged, while attending college, to have recourse to private teaching as a tutor. Notwithstanding this additional labor, he made rapid progress in his studies, and attained considerable distinction at the university of his native city He very early gave proofs of his aptitude for literary composition, especially in the department of poetry. At the age of twenty, he occasionally labored for the booksellers, while attending lectures at the university in Edinburgh. In 1799, his first extended poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was published. Its success was instantaneous and without parallel. It is not too much to say, that it is, without an exception, the finest didactic poem in the English language. In 1809, he published "Gertrude of Wyoming," which holds the second place among his lengthier poems, and to which were attached the most celebrated of his grand and powerful lyrics. Though Campbell was too frequently timid, and noted more for beauties of expression than for high inventive power and vigorous execution, yet his lyrical pieces, particularly "The Battle of the Baltic," "Mariners of England," "Hohenlinden," and "Lochiel's Warning," which appear to have been struck off at a heat, prove conclusively that his conceptions, when not

[1] Accursed (ak kêrst').—[2] Surf-beaten (sêrf' bē' tn).

too much subjected to elaboration, were glowing, bold, and powerful. In the latter part of the poet's life his circumstances were materially improved. In 1826, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He died on the 15th of July, 1844, at the age of sixty-seven, and his remains were solemnly interred in Westminster Abbey.

28. Biography of Jacob Hays.

WHERE the subject of the present mĕm'oir[1] was born, can be but of little consequence; who were his father and mother, of still less; and how he was bred and educated, of none at all. I shall therefore pass over this division of his existence in eloquent silence, and come at once to the period when he attained the ăc'mē[2] of constabulary[3] power and dignity by being creäted high-constable of this city and its suburbs; and it may be remarked, in passing, that the honorable the corporation, during their lŏng and unsatisfactory career, never made an appointment more creditable to themselves, more beneficial to the city, more honorable to the country at large, more imposing in the eye of fŏreign nations, more disagreeable to all rogues, nor more gratifying to honest men, than that of the gentleman whom we are biographizing, to the high ŏffice he now holds.

2. His acuteness and vigilance have become proverbial; and there is not a misdeed committed by any member of this community, but he is speedily admonished that he will "have old Hays (as he is affectionately and familiarly termed) after him." Indeed, it is supposed by many that he is gifted with supernatural attributes, and can see things that are hid from mortal ken; or how, it is contended, is it possible that he should, as he does, "bring fŏrth the secret'st man of blood?" That he can discover "undivulged crime"—that when a stōre has been robbed, he, without hesitation, can march directly to the house where the goods are concealed, and say, "These are they"—or, when a gentleman's pocket has been picked, that, from a crowd of unsavory miscreants he can, with unĕrring judgment, lay his hand upon one and exclaim, "You're wanted!"—or, how is it that he is gift-

[1] Memoir (mĕm' wär), a biography; a kind of familiar history.—[2] Ac'mē, the height or top of a thing.—[3] Con stăb' u la ry, relating to a constable, or police-officer.

ed with that strange principle of ubiquity[1] that makes him "here, and there, and everywhere" at the same moment? No matter how, so long as the public reap the benefit; and well may that public apostrophize him in the words of the poet—

Long may he live! our city's pride!
Where lives the rogue, but flies before him!
With trusty crabstick by his side,
And staff of office waving o'er him.

3. But it is principally as a literary man that we would speak of Mr. Hays. True, his poetry is "unwritten," as is also his prose; and he has invariably expressed a decided contempt for philosophy, music, rhetoric, the *belles-lettres*,[2] the fine arts, and in fact all species of composition excepting bailiffs' warrants and bills of indictment: but what of that? The constitution of his mind is, even unknown to himself, decidedly poetical. And here I may be allowed to avail myself of another peculiarity of modern biography, namely, that of describing a man by what he is not.

4. Mr. Hays has not the graphic power or antiquarian[3] lore of Sir Walter Scott—nor the glittering imagery or voluptuous tenderness of Moore—nor the delicacy and polish of Rogers—nor the spirit of Campbell—nor the sentimentalism of Miss Landon—nor the depth and purity of thought and intimate acquaintance with nature of Bryant—nor the brilliant style and playful humor of Halleck: no, he is more in the petit larceny[4] manner of Crabbe, with a slight touch of Byronic power and gloom. He is familiarly acquainted with all those interesting scenes of vice and poverty so fondly dwelt upon by that reverend chronicler of little villainy, and if ever he can be prevailed upon to publish, there will doubtless be found a remarkable similarity in their works.

5. His height is about five feet seven inches, but who makes his clothes we have as yet been unable to ascertain. His coun-

[1] Ubiquity (yū bĭk' we tĭ), existence everywhere at once.—[2] Belles-lettres (bel-lĕt' ter), elegant literature.—[3] An ti quā' ri an, pertaining to antiquity.—[4] Pĕt' it lār' ce ny, small thefts. In England, the stealing of any thing of the value of twelve pence, or under that amount; and in New York, under twenty-five dollars.

tenance is strŏngly marked, and forcibly brings to mind the lines of Byron when describing his Corsair—

> There was a laughing devil in his sneer
> That raised emotions bŏth of hate and fear;
> And where his glance of "apprehension" fell,
> Hope withering fled, and mercy sigh'd, farewell!

6. Yet with all his great qualities, it is to be doubted whether he is much to be envied. His situation certainly has its disadvantages. Pure and blameless as his life is, his society is not courted—no man boasts of his friendship, and few indeed like even to own him for an intimate acquaintance. Wherever he goes his slightest action is watched and criticised; and if he happen carelessly to lay his hand upon a gentleman's shoulder and whisper something in his ear, even that man, as if there were contamination in his touch, is seldom or never seen afterward in decent society. Such things can not fail to prey upon his feelings. But when did ever greatness exist without some penalty attached to it?

7. The first time that ever Hays was pointed out to me, was one summer afternoon, when acting in his official capacity in the City Hall. The room was crowded in every part, and as he entered with a luckless wretch in his gripe, a low suppressed murmur ran through the hall, as if some superior being had alighted in the midst of them. He placed the prisoner at the bar—a poor coatless individual, with scarcely any edging and no roof to his hat—to stand his trial for bigamy,[1] and then, in a loud, authoritative tone, called out for "silence," and there was silence. Again he spoke—"Hats ŏff there!" and the multitude became uncovered; after which he took his handkerchief out of his left-hand coat-pocket, wiped his face, put it back again, looked sternly around, and then sat down.

8. The scene was awful and impressive; but the odor was disagreeable in consequence of the heat acting upon a large quantity of animal matter congregated togĕther. My olfactory[2] organs were always lăm'entably acute: I was oblĭged to retire,

[1] Big' a my, the crime of having two wives or two husbands at the same time.—[2] Ol fac' to ry, pertaining to smelling.

and from that time to this, I have seen nothing, though I have heard much of the subject of this brief and imperfect, but, I trust, honest and impartial mĕmoir.

9. Health and happiness be with thee, thou prince of constables—thou guardian of innocence—thou terror of evil-doers and little boys! May thy years be many and thy sŏrrōws few—may thy life be like a lŏng and cloudless summer's day, and may thy salary be increased! And when at last the summons comes from which there is no escaping—when the warrant arrives upon which no bail can be put in—when thou thyself, that hast "wanted" so many, art in turn "wanted, and must go,"

Mayst thou fall
Into the grave as sŏftly as the leaves
Of the sweet roses on an autumn eve,
Beneath the small sighs of the western wind,
Drop to the earth! WILLIAM COX.

WILLIAM COX, author of two volumes, entitled "Crayon Sketches," published in New York, in 1833, an Englishman by birth, came to America at an early age to practice his calling of a printer. He was employed on the "Mirror," conducted by General MORRIS, and gained a literary reputation by contributing a series of essays to its columns. These, in a happy vein of humor and criticism, satirizing the literary infirmities of the times, pleased men of taste and good sense. The above sketch, "written during an awful prevalence of biographies," gained great celebrity at the time. His "Crayon Sketches" are full of originality, pleasantry, and wit, alternately reminding the reader of the poetical eloquence of Hazlitt, and the quaint humor and eccentric tastes of Charles Lamb. After writing a number of years for the Mirror, he returned to England, where he died in 1851.

29. A MODEST WIT.

1. A SUPERCILIOUS[1] nabob[2] of the East—
Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—
A governor, or general, at the least,
I have forgotten which—
Had in his family a humble youth,
Who went from England in his pātron's suite,

[1] Supercilious (su per sĭl' yus), haughty; lofty with pride.—[2] Nā' bob, a deputy or prince in India; a rich man.

An unassuming boy, and in truth
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

2. This youth had sense and spirit;
But yĕt, with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

3. One day, at table, flush'd with pride and wine,
His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

4. "Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father gain a livelihood?"—
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
And in his time was reckon'd good."

5. "A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

6. Each parasite,[1] then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade!"

7. "My father's trade! by heaven, that's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

8. "Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?" ANON.

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[1] Păr'a site, an eater with; a hanger-on; one who fawns on the rich. In botany, a plant that grows and lives on another.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

30. The Uses of History.

HOW vain, how fleeting, how uncertain are all those gaudy bubbles after which we are panting and toiling in this world of fair delusion! The wealth which the miser has amassed with so many weary days, so many sleepless nights, a spendthrift heir may squander away in joyless prodigality. The noblest monuments which pride has ever reared to perpetuate a name, the hand of time will shortly tumble into ruins—and even the brightest laurels, gained by feats of arms, may wither and be forever blighted by the chilling neglect of mankind.

2. "How many illustrious heroes," says the good Boëthius,[1] "who were once the pride and glōry of the age, hath the silence of historians buried in eternal oblivion!" And this it was that induced the Spartans, when they went to battle, solemnly to săcrifice to the Muses,[2] supplicating that their achievements should be worthily recorded. Had not Homer[3] tuned his lŏfty lyre, observes the elegant Cicero,[4] the valor of Achilles[5] had remained unsung. And such, too, after all the toils and perils he had braved, after all the gallant actions he had achieved, such too had nearly been the fate of the chivalric[6] Peter Stuyvesant,[7] but that I fortunately stepped in and engraved his name on the indelible tablet of history, just as the caitiff[8] Time was silently brushing it away forever.

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[1] Bo ē′ thi us, a Latin statesman, philosopher, and writer, was born at Rome, of a rich and noble family, about 470. His writings are numerous, and on a variety of subjects, the most famous work, "De Consolatione Philosophiæ," being written in prison, where he was unjustly beheaded, October 23, 526.—[2] Muses (mū′ zez), in *mythology*, the nine sister goddesses presiding over the liberal arts.—[3] Homer, the most distinguished of poets, called the "Father of Song." He is supposed to have been an Asiatic Greek, though his birth-place, and the period in which he lived, are not known.—[4] Marcus Tullius Cicero, Consul of Rome, a distinguished orator, writer, rhetorician, and philosopher, born at Arpinum, in B. C. 106, beheaded B. C. 43.—[5] Achilles (a kĭl′ lēz), the bravest of the Grecian princes, described by Homer in the Iliad, and his death in the 24th book of the Odyssey.—[6] Chival.ic (shĭv′ al rĭk).—[7] Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch governor of New York, appointed in 1647, born in Holland. He remained in New York after it fell into the hands of the English, and died there.—[8] Cā′ tiff, a base fellow; a villain.

3. The more I reflect, the more am I astonished at the important character of the historian. He is the sovereign censor to decide upon the renown or infamy of his fellow-men—he is the pātron of kings and conquerors, on whom it depends whether they shall live in after ages, or be forgotten, as were their ancestors before them. The tyrant may oppress while the object of his tyranny exists, but the historian possesses superior might, for his power extends even beyŏnd the grave.

4. The shades of departed and lŏng-forgotten heroes anxiously bend down from above, while he writes, watching each movement of his pen, whether it shall pass by their names with neglect, or inscribe them on the deathless pages of renown. Even the drop of ink that hangs trembling on his pen, which he may either dash upon the floor or waste in idle scrawlings—that very drop, which to him is not worth the twentieth part of a farthing, may be of incalculable value to some departed worthy—may elevate half a score in one moment to immortality, who would have given worlds, had they possessed them, tc insure the glōrious meed.

5. Let not my readers imagine, however, that I am indulging in vain-glōrious boastings, or am anxious to blazon fōrth the importance of my tribe. On the contrary, I shrink when I reflect on the awful responsibility we histōrians assume—I shudder to think what direful commotions and calamities we occasion in the world—I swear to thee, honest reader, as I am a man, I weep at the vĕry idea!

6. Why, let me ask, are so many illustrious men daily tearing themselves away from the embraces of their families—slighting the smiles of beauty—despising the allurements of fortune, and exposing themselves to the miseries of war? Why are kings desolating empires and depopulating whōle countries? In short, what induces all great men, of all ages and countries, to commit so many victories and misdeeds, and inflict so many miseries upon mankind and on themselves, but the mere hope that some historian will kindly take them into notice, and admit them into a corner of his volume. For, in short, the mighty object of all their toils, their hardships, and privations, is nothing but *immortal fame*. And what is immortal fame? Why, half a page of dirty paper! Alas! alas! how humiliating the idea—that the

renown of so great a man as Peter Stuyvesant should depend upon the pen of so little a man as Diedrich Knickerbocker![1]

WASHINGTON IRVING.[2]

31. ANCIENT AND MODERN WRITERS.

THE classics possess a peculiar charm, from the circumstance that they have been the models, I might almost say the masters, of composition and thought in all ages. In the contemplation of these august teachers of mankind, we are filled with conflicting emotions.

2. They are the early voice of the world, better remembered and more cherished still than all the intermediate words that have been uttered; as the lessons of childhood still haunt us when the impressions of later years have been effaced from the mind. But they show with most unwelcome frequency the tokens of the world's childhood, before passion had yielded to the sway of reason and the affections. They want the highest charm of purity, of righteousness, of elevated sentiments, of love to Gŏd and man.

3. It is not in the frigid philosophy of the Porch and the Academy that we are to seek these; not in the marvelous teachings of Socrates,[3] as they come mended by the mellifluous[4] words of Plato;[5] not in the resounding line of Homer, on whose inspiring tale of blood Alexander[6] pillowed his head; not in the animated strain of Pindar,[7] where virtue is pictured in the suc-

[1] Diedrich Knickerbocker, the name given by the accomplished author to a fictitious satirical historian of New York.—[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 114.—[3] SOCRATES, an illustrious Grecian philosopher and teacher of youth, was born at Athens, in the year 468 B. C. Though the best of all the men of his time, and one of the wisest and most just of all men, he unjustly suffered the punishment of death for impiety, at the age of seventy.—[4] Mel lĭf lu ous, flowing with honey; sweetly flowing; smooth.—[5] PLATO, whose name stands first in speculative philosophy, born at Athens or Egina about 430 B. C.; died in his eightieth year.—[6] ALEXANDER the Great, son of Philip, king of Macedonia, one of the States of Greece, was born in the autumn, B. C. 356. He made so many conquests, that he was styled the Conqueror of the World. He died in May or June, B. C. 323.—[7] PINDAR, the greatest of the Greek lyric poets, born B. C. 518, and died B. C. 439.

cessful strife of an athlēte[1] at the Isthmian games; not in the tŏrrent of Demosthenes,[2] dark with self-love and the spirit of vengeance; not in the fitful philosophy and intemperate eloquence of Tully;[3] not in the genial libertinism of Horace,[4] or the stately atheism of Lucretius.[5] No: these must not be our masters; in none of these are we to seek the way of life.

4. For eighteen hundred years the spirit of these writers has been engaged in wĕaponless contest with the Sermon on the Mount, and those two sublime commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets. The strife is still pending. Heathenism, which has possessed itself of such sīren forms, is not yet exorcised. It still tempts the young, controls the affairs of active life, and haunts the meditations of age.

5. Our own productions, though they may yield to those of the ancients in the arrangement of ideas, in method, in beauty of form, and in freshness of illustration, are immĕasurably superior in the truth, delicacy, and elevation of their sentiments; above all, in the benign recognition of that great Christian revelation, the brotherhood of man. How vain are eloquence and poetry, compared with this heaven-descended truth! Put in one scale that simple utterance, and in the other the lore of antiquity, with its accumulating glŏsses and commentaries, and the last will be light and trivial in the balance. Greek poetry has been likened to the sŏng of the nightingale, as she sits in the rich, symmetrical crown of the palm-tree, trilling her thick-warbled notes; but even this is less sweet and tender than the music of the human heart. CHARLES SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER, son of Charles Pinckney Sumner, sheriff of Suffolk, Massachusetts, was born in Boston, 1811. He is widely known for the extent of his legal knowledge and general attainments. As an orator and writer, he stands deservedly high. His style is rapid and energetic, with much fulness of thought

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[1] Ath lēte′, a contender for victory in wrestling or other games.—[2] DEMOSTHENES, the greatest of the Greek orators, born at Athens about the year B. C. 382. His orations present to us the models which approach the nearest to perfection of all human productions.—[3] TULLY, Marcus Tullius Cicero.—[4] HORACE, the Roman poet, born on the 8th of December, B. C. 65, and died on the 19th of November, B. C. 8.—[5] Lucrē′ ti ŭs, an eminent philosopher and poet, born at Rome about 96 B. C., and said to have died by his own hands in the forty-fourth year of his age, about 52.

and illustration. He has a great deal of enthusiasm and courage, as is shown by his discourse on the "True Grandeur of Nations." On the death of Judge Story, in 1845, he was offered the vacant seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, which honor he persisted in declining. He was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1851, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Daniel Webster.

32. The Poetic Faculty.

1. "THREE little ships I saw come up the steep
Far out at sea: they nearer drew to shōre:
I saw him land with glad, exulting leap,
Who found this new world for mankind once mōre:
Stretching upon thy thought so far away,
It lies in my sight but as yesterday!

2. "Last eve I rose from the Pacific's side,
And with the wind's swift pinions to me lent,
With mighty swoop—with one flight, vast and wide,
Swept o'er the bosom of the Continent.
I saw all budding fields, all Nature's boast,
Spread like a flower'd robe, from coast to coast!

3. "Old fŏrests, that all winter stripp'd and bare,
Wail'd to the tempest and were fill'd with gloom,
Wide desolate wastes that icy garments wear,
And silent glens—were springing into bloom.
Unnumber'd lovely haunts not known to men,
As one bower waken into life again!"

4. "In thy discourse," I ask'd, "what shall I find?"
"Hearken," the voice replied, "and know my name,
I am that Spirit of the deathless mind,
Which men do worship when they thirst for fame.
I am that Genius, given but to few,
Which yet, all never cease to seek and woo.

5. "This is the lesson my discourse would teach,
That though my vision pierceth through all time,
Though to the gates of heaven my pinions reach,
Though I may lift thy name to heights sublime,

Yĕt all these gifts, though they do seem to bless,
Can not alone bring thee true happiness.

6. "Each răti̇onal soul—each insect of the air,
Each spărrōw midst a summer's fŏrest leaves,
Hath its appointed place. He form'd them there,
Whose purpose lives in every thing that breathes.
Thee, also, to thy task He now would bring,
Prepared by gifts—humbled by suffering!" GOLD PEN.

GOLD PEN. This assumed name is prefixed to a volume of poems on various subjects, recently published. The author will be sure to be received with favor whenever he pleases to lay aside his disguise.

33. RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

IN the spring of 1493, while the cōurt was still at Barcelona,[1] letters were received from Christopher Columbus, announcing his return to Spain, and the successful achievement of his great enterprise, by the discovery of land beyŏnd the western ocean. The delight and astonishment, raised by this intelligence, were proportioned to the skepticism with which his prŏject had been originally viewed. The sovereigns[2] were now filled with a natural impatience to ascertain the extent and other particulars of the important discovery; and they transmitted instant instructions to the admiral to repair to Barcelona, as soon as he should have made the preliminary arrangements for the further prosecution of his enterprise.

2. The great navigator had succeeded, as is well known, after a voyage, the natural difficulties of which had been much augmented by the distrust and mutinous spirit of his followers, in descrying land on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492. After some months spent in exploring the delightful regions, now for the first time thrown open to the eyes of a European, he embarked in the month of Jănuary, 1493, for Spain. One of his vessels had previously foundered, and another had deserted him so that he was left alone to retrace his cōurse acrŏss the Atlantic.

[1] Barcelona (bar sȧ lō′ nȧ).—[2] Sovereign (sŭv′ er in)

3. After a most tempestuous voyage, he was compelled to take shelter in the Tagus, sorely against his inclination. He experienced, however, the most honorable reception from the Portuguese monarch, John the Second, who did ample justice to the great qualities of Columbus, although he had failed to profit by them. After a brief delay, the admiral resumed his voyage, and crŏssing the bar of Saltes, entered the harbor of Pālos about noon, on the 15th of March, 1493, being exactly seven months and eleven days since his departure from that port.

4. Great was the agitation in the little community of Pālos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral reëntering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had lŏng since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural hŏrrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest măriners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thrŏnged immediately to the shōre, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return.

5. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst fŏrth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whōle population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were ŏffered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glōrious event.

6. The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay lŏng at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifārious prŏducts of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costūme′, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned: he exhibited, also, considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics,[1] possessed of aromatic[2] or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds

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[1] Exotic (egz ŏt′ ik), a foreign plant or production.—[2] Ar o măt′ ic, spicy; fragrant.

unknown in Europe, and birds, whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pāgeant.[1]

7. The admiral's prŏgress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thrŏnging fōrth to gaze at the extraordinary[2] spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lŏst its fōrce from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New World." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Sĕv'ille, every windōw, băl'cony, and housetop, which could afford a glimpse of him, is described to have been crowded with spectators.

8. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the cōurt, togĕther with the authōrities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach, they rose from their seats, and extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them.

9. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his lōng-contested theory, in the face of argument, sŏphistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consŭm'mate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power, successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

10. After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested from Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands which he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate, and the capacity

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[1] Pageant (pă'jent), a spectacle; pompous show.—[2] Extraordinary (eks trăr'do na rĭ).

of the soil for every variety of agricultural production, appealing to the samples imported by him, as evidence of their natural fruitfulness. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred, less from the specimens actually obtained, than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal, in the illumination of a race of men, whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared, by their extreme simplicity, for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine.

11. The last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whŏle audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous coloring of their own fancies, as ambition, or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, togĕther with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn strains of the Te Deum[1] were poured fŏrth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glŏrious victory.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, the eminent historian, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of May, 1796. His father, William Prescott, LL. D., a distinguished lawyer and judge, noted for intellectual and moral worth, died in the last month of 1844, at the advanced age of 84. His grandfather was the celebrated Colonel William Prescott, who commanded the American forces at Bunker Hill on the memorable 17th of June, 1775. But Mr. Prescott needs none of the pride of ancestry to stamp him as one of nature's noblemen. An untoward accident in college, by which he lost the sight of one eye, and the sympathy subsequently excited in the other, have rendered him almost totally blind; but, notwithstanding, his indefatigable industry, united with fine taste and a well-stored mind, has elevated him to the highest rank in that difficult department, historical composition. Indeed, it is the concurrent judgment of the best European critics that he has no superior, if he has an equal, among contemporary historians. His first work, "Ferdinand and Isabella," was published in the beginning of 1838, and was soon republished in nearly all the great cities of Europe. That, with his second work, "The Conquest of Mexico," are not only among the finest models of historical composition, but in a very genuine sense they are *national* works. The choicest words of panegyric can not do injustice to the exquisite "beauty of Mr. Prescott's descriptions, the just proportion and dramatic interest of his narrative, his skill as a character writer, the expansiveness and complete-

[1] Te Deum (te dē' um), a hymn of thanksgiving, so called from the first words, "*Te Deum laudamus*," Thee, God, we praise.

ness of his views, and that careful and intelligent research which enabled him to make his works as valuable for their accuracy as they are attractive by all the graces of style." In private life, no man is more beloved than Mr. Prescott. He is as much admired for his amiability, simplicity, and highbred courtesy as for his remarkable abilities and acquirements.

34. Destiny of America.

1. THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glōrious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time
Producing subjects worthy fame:

2. In happy climes, where, from the genial sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue;
The fōrce of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

3. In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides, and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

4. There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts;
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

5. Not such as Europe breeds in her decay:
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

6. Westward the cōurse of empire takes its way:
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drāma with the day:
Time's noblest ŏffspring is the last. Berkeley.

George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, was born at Thomastown, county of Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1684, and died at Oxford, England, in 1753. He was the author of several works, principally on metaphysical science. He visited America in 1728 for the purpose of founding a college for the conversion of the Indians; but failing to obtain the promised funds from the government, after remaining seven years in Rhode Island, he returned to Europe. While inspired with his transatlantic mission, he penned the above fine moral verses, so truly prophetic of the progress of the United States.

35. Character of Louis Fourteenth.

CONCERNING Louis the Fourteenth,[1] the world seems, at last, to have formed a correct judgment. He was not a great general; he was not a great statesman; but he was, in one sense of the word, a great king. Never was there so consŭm'mate a master of what James the First of England called *kingcraft;* of all those arts which most advantageously display the merits of a prince, and most completely hide his defects.

2. Though his internal administration was bad; though the military triumphs which gave splendor to the early part of his reign were not achieved by himself; though his later years were crowded with defects and humiliations; though he was so ignorant that he scarcely understood the Latin of his mass-book; though he fell under the control of a cunning Jesuit, and of a more cunning old woman; he succeeded in passing himself ŏff on his people as a being above humanity. And this is the more extraordinary, because he did not seclude himself from the public gaze, like those Oriental despots whose faces are never seen, and whose vĕry names it is a crime to pronounce lightly.

3. It has been said, that no man is a hero to his val'et; and all the world saw as much of Louis the Fourteenth as his valet could see. Five hundred people assembled to see him shave and put on his clothes in the morning. He then kneeled down at the side of his bed, and said his prayers, while the whōle assembly awaited the end in solemn silence, the ecclesiastics on their knees, and the laymen with their hats before their faces. He walked about his gardens with a train of two hundred courtiers at his heels. All Versailles came to see him dine and sup. He was put to bed at night, in the midst of a crowd as great as that which had met to see him rise in the morning. He took his very emetics in state, and vomited majestically in the presence of all his nobles. Yĕt, though he constantly exposed himself to the public gaze, in situations in which it is scarcely possible for any man to preserve much personal dignity, he, to the last, im-

[1] Louis the Fourteenth, who was but four years of age when he ascended the throne, reigned from 1643 to 1715.

pressed those who surrounded him with the deepest awe and reverence.

4. The illusion[1] which he produced on his worshipers, can be compared only to those illusions to which lovers are proverbially subject during the season of courtship. It was an illusion which affected even the senses. The contemporaries[2] of Louis thought him tall. Voltaire,[3] who might have seen him, and who had lived with some of the most distinguished members of his court, speaks repeatedly of his majestic stature. Yet it is as certain as any fact can be, that he was rather below than above the middle size.

5. He had, it seems, a way of holding himself, a way of walking, a way of swelling his chest and rearing his head, which deceived the eyes of the multitude. Eighty years after his death, the royal cemetery was violated by the revolutionists; his cŏffin was opened; his body was dragged out; and it appeared that the prince whose majestic figure had been so lŏng and loudly extŏlled, was in truth a little man.

6. His person and government have had the same fate. He had the art of making bōth appear grand and august, in spite of the clearest evidence that both were below the ordinary standard. Death and time have exposed both the deceptions. The body of the great king has been measured more justly than it was measured by the courtiers, who were afraid to look above his shoe-tie. His public character has been scrutinized by men free from the hopes and fears of Boileau[4] and Molière.[5] In the grave, the most majestic of princes is only five feet eight. In history, the hero and the politician dwindle into a vain and feeble tyrant, the slave of priests and women, little in war, little in government, little in every thing but the art of simulating greatness.

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[1] Il lū' sion, false show by which one may be disappointed; deceptive appearance.—[2] Con tĕm' po ra ries, persons living at the same time.—[3] VOLTAIRE, the assumed name of François Marie Arouet, a distinguished French poet, novelist, historian, and philosopher, born at a village near Paris, in 1694, and died at Paris in 1778.—[4] BOILEAU, a distinguished French poet and satirist, born in 1636, and died in 1711.—[5] MOLIÈRE, the assumed name of Jean Baptiste Poquelin, a poet, actor, and dramatist, celebrated as the best comic writer of France, born in Paris, in 1620, and died in 1673.

7. He left to his infant successor a famished and miserable people, a beaten and humble army, provinces turned into deserts by misgovernment and persecution, factions dividing the army, a schism[1] raging in the cōurt, an immense debt, an innumerable household, inestimable jewels and furniture. All the sap and nutriment of the State seemed to have been drawn, to feed one bloated and unwholesome excrescence.[2]

8. The nation was withered. The cōurt was morbidly flourishing. Yet, it does not appear that the associations which attached the people to the monarchy had lŏst strength during his reign. He had neglected or sacrificed their dearest interests, but he had struck their imaginations. The vĕry things which ought to have made him unpopular, the prodigies of luxury and magnificence with which his person was surrounded, while, beyŏnd the inclosure of his parks, nothing was to be seen but starvation and despair, seemed to increase the respectful attachment which his people felt for him. T. B. Macaulay.

Thomas Babbington Macaulay, the most attractive, and one of the most learned and eloquent of the essayists and critics of the age. He was educated at the University of Cambridge, England, where he took his degree in 1822, after having achieved the highest honors of the university. After leaving the university, he studied law at Lincoln's Inn, and was admitted to the bar in 1826. He has been distinguished in politics, as an orator in parliament, and as an able officer of the Supreme Council in Calcutta, India. He returned to England in 1838, and a few years later was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He is very meritorious as a poet; but his poetical merit dwindles into insignificance in comparison with the unrivaled brilliancy of his prose. His "Essays from the Edinburgh Review" have been published in three volumes. They have attained a greater popularity than any other contributions to the periodical works of the day. His last publication, the "History of England," is written in a style of great clearness, force, and eloquence, and is as popular among all classes as any history of the present century.

36. Queen Elizabeth.

THERE are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny[3] of enemies, and the adulation[4]

[1] Schism (sĭz'm), a division in a party or church.—[2] Ex crĕs' cence, that which grows unnaturally, and without use, out of something else.—Căl' um ny, slander; the utterance of a false and malicious report against the reputation of another.—[4] Ad u lā' tion, servile flattery.

of friends, than Queen Elizabeth;[1] and yĕt there scarcely is any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strŏng features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyr'ics,[2] have, at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

2. Few sovereigns of England[3] succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe,—the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous,—she was able, by her vigor, to make deep impressions on their States. Her own greatness, meanwhile, remained unimpaired.

3. The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign share the praise of her success; but, instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and, with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress; the fŏrce of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cŏst her serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the lŏftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

4. The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prĕjudices bŏth of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey

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[1] Queen Elizabeth reigned in England from 1558 to 1603.—[2] Panegyric (pan e jĭr' ik), formal praise.—[3] England (ĭng' gland)

her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the luster of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex.

5. When we contem'plate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is, to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind.

DAVID HUME.

DAVID HUME, or HOME, as the name was originally spelt, one of the most celebrated historians and philosophers of Great Britain, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, April 26th, 1711. At the early age of fifteen he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he passed a course of study with unusual success. So fully was he possessed, even at that early age, with an intense love of literature, and tha ambition of literary distinction which was the ruling passion of his life, that they overmastered every thing in the shape of pleasure or interest, that could be brought into competition with them. His first work, "Treatise of Human Nature," was completed by his twenty-fifth year, and published in London, in 1737. This, as the production of so young a mind, must certainly be regarded as a prodigy of metaphysical acuteness. The last volumes of his "History of England," or rather the first, as it was published in the retrograde course, appeared in 1761. His fame as a philosopher rests rather on what he was capable of, than of what he achieved; and, as a historian, he is much more indebted for his success to his manner, or style, than to his matter. Though his "History of England" is everywhere disfigured with gross defects, inaccuracies, and prejudices, still the narrative is so lucid, the grouping so admirable, the reflections so unforced and natural—combining so much of flexible grace and natural dignity—that it will ever stand high in the estimation of every cultivated taste. The private character of Mr. Hume exhibited many virtues. He was very amiable, and well merited the admiration of his friends. Though a confirmed skeptic, the philosophic fortitude and tranquillity of his death, which occurred in August, 1776, is well attested. This, however, is truly a rare phenomenon.

37. THE KING AND THE NIGHTINGALES.

1. KING Edward dwelt at Havering-atte-Bower[1]—
Old, and enfeebled by the weight of power—

[1] Havering-atte-Bower, in Essex, was the favorite retirement of King Edward the Confessor, who so delighted in its solitary woods, that he shut himself up in them for weeks at a time. Old legends say that he met with but one annoyance in that pleasant seclusion—the continual

Sick of the troublous majesty of kings—
Weary of duty and all mortal things—
Weary of day—weary of night—forlorn—
Cursing, like Job,[1] the hour that he was born;
Thick woods environ'd him, and in their shade
He roam'd all day, and told his beads, and pray'd.
Men's faces pain'd him, and he barr'd his door
That none might find him;—even the sunshine bore
No warmth or comfort to his wretched sight;
And darkness pleased no better than the light.

2. He scorn'd himself for eating food like men,
And lived on roots[2] and water from the fen;
And aye he groan'd, and bow'd his hōary head—
Did penance, and put nettles in his bed—
Wore sackcloth on his loins, and smote his breast—
Told all his follies, all his sins confess'd—
Made accusations of himself to Heaven,
And own'd to crimes too great to be forgiven,
Which he had thought, although he had not done—
Blackening his blackness; numbering one by one
Unheard-of villanies without a name,
As if he glōried in inventing shame,
Or thought to win the grace of Heaven by lies,
And gain a saintship in a fiend's disguise.

3. Lŏng in these woods he dwelt—a wretched man,
Shut from all fellowship, self-placed in ban—
Laden with ceaseless prayer and boastful vows,
Which day and night he breathed beneath the boughs.
But sore distress'd he was, and wretched quite,
For every evening with the waning light
A choir of nightingales, the brakes among,

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warbling of the nightingales, pouring such floods of music upon his ear during his midnight meditations, as to disturb his devotions. He therefore prayed that never more within the bounds of that forest might nightingale's song be heard. His prayer, adds the legend, was granted. The following versification of the story shows a different result to his prayers—a result which, if it contradict tradition, does not, it is presumed, contradict poetical justice.—[1] See Job, chap. iii.—[2] Rŏŏt.

Deluged the woods with overflow of sŏng.
"Unholy birds," he said, "your throats be riven,
You mar my prayers, you take my thoughts from heaven."

4. But still the sŏng, magnificent and loud,
Pour'd from the trees like rain from thunder-cloud.
Now to his vex'd and melancholy ear
Sounding like bridal music, pealing clear;
Anon it deepen'd on his throbbing brain
To full triumphal march or battle strain;
Then seem'd to vary to a choral hymn,
Or *De Profundis*[1] from cathedral dim,
"*Te De'um*," or "*Hosanna to the Lord*,"
Chanted by deep-voiced priests in full accord.

He shut his ears, he stamp'd upon the sod—
"Be ye accursed, ye take my thoughts from God
And thou, belovèd saint, to whom I bend,
Lamp of my life, my guardian and friend,
Make intercession for me, sweet St. John,
And hear the anguish of thy suffering son.
May nevermore within these woods be heard
The sŏng of morning or of evening bird,
May nevermore their harmonies awake
Within the precincts of this lonely brake,
For I am weary, old, and full of woe,
And their songs vex me. This one boon bestow,
That I may pray; and give my thoughts to thee,
Without distraction of their melody;
And that within these bowers my groans and sighs
And ceaseless prayers be all the sounds that rise.
Let God alone possess me, last and first;
And, for His sake, be all these birds accursed."

This having said, he started where he stood,
And saw a strānger walking in the wood;
A purple glory, pale as amethyst,[2]

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[1] De profundis, the Latin commencement of a psalm, which has given its name to the psalm itself.—[2] Am'e thyst, a precious stone of a violet blue color

Clad him all o'er. He knew the Evangelist;[1]
And, kneeling on the earth with reverence meet,
He kiss'd his garment's hem, and clasp'd his feet.

7. "Rise," said the saint, "and know, unhappy king,
That true Religion hates no living thing:
It loves the sunlight, loves the face of man,
And takes all virtuous plĕasure that it can—
Shares in each harmless joy that Nature gives,
Bestows its sympathy on all that lives,
Sings with the bird, rejoices with the bee,
And, wise as manhood, sports with infancy.
Let not the nightingales disturb thy prayers,
But make thy thanksgiving as pure as theirs;
So shall it mount on wings of love to Heaven,
And thou, forgiving, be thyself forgiven."

8. The calm voice ceased;—King Edward dared not look,
But bent to earth, and blush'd at the rebuke;
And though he closed his eyes and hid his face,
He knew the saint had vanish'd from the place.
And when he rose, ever the wild woods rang
With the sweet sŏng the birds of evening sang.
No more he cursed them; loitering on his way
He listen'd pleased, and bless'd them for their lay;
And on the mŏrrōw quitted Havering
To mix with men, and be again a king,
And fasting, moaning, scorning, praying less,
Increased in virtue and in happiness. CHARLES MACKAY.[2]

38. THE GOOD WIFE.

THE heart of a man, with whom affection is not a name, and love a mere passion of the hour, yearns[3] toward the quiet of a home, as toward the gōal of his earthly[4] joy and hope. And

[1] E văn' gel ist, one of the writers of Gospel history; one who preaches the Gospel.—[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 91.—[3] Yĕarn.—[4] Earthly (ĕrth' lĭ).

as you fasten[1] there[2] your thought, an indulgent, yet dreamy fancy paints the loved image that is to adorn[3] it, and to make it sacred.

2. She is there to bid you—God speed! and an adieu, that hangs like music on your ear, as you go out to the every-day labor of life. At evening, she is there to greet you, as you come back wearied with a day's toil; and her look so full of gladness, cheats you of your fatigue; and she steals her arm around you, with a soul of welcome, that beams like sunshine on her brow and that fills your eye with tears of a twin gratitude—to her, and Heaven.

3. She is not unmindful of those old-fashioned virtues of clĕanliness and of order, which give an air[4] of quiet, and which secure content. Your wants are all anticipated; the fire is burning[5] brightly; the clean hearth[6] flashes under the joyous blaze; the old elbow-chair[7] is in its place. Your vĕry unworthiness of all this haunts[8] you like an accusing spirit, and yĕt penetrates your heart with a new devotion, toward the loved one who is thus watchful of your comfort.

4. She is gentle;—keeping your love, as she has won it, by a thousand nameless and modest virtues, which rādiate from her whŏle life and action. She steals upon your affections like a summer wind breathing sŏftly over sleeping valleys. She gains a mastery[9] over your sterner[10] nature, by vĕry contrast; and wins you unwittingly to her lightest wish. And yĕt her wishes are guided by that delicate tact, which avoids conflict with your manly pride; she subdues, by seeming to yield. By a single sŏft word of appeal, she robs your vexation of its anger; and with a slight touch of that fair[11] hand, and one pleading look of that earnest[12] eye, she disarms your sternest pride.

5. She is kind;—shedding her kindness, as Heaven sheds dew. Who indeed could doubt it?—lēast of all, you who are living on her kindness, day by day, as flowers live on light? There is none of that officious parade which blunts the point of benevolence: but it tempers every action with a blessing.

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[1] Fasten (fås' sn).—[2] There (thår).—[3] Adorn (a dårn').—[4] Air (år).—[5] Burning (bẽrn'ing).—[6] Hearth.—[7] Chair.—[8] Haunts.—[9] Mas' ter y.—[10] Stẽrn'er.—[11] Fair.—[12] Earnest (ẽrn' est).

6. If trouble has come upon you, she knows that her voice, beguiling you into cheerfulness, will lay your fears; and as she draws her chair beside you, she knows that the tender and confiding way with which she takes your hand, and looks up into your earnest face, will drive away from your annoyance all its weight. As she lingers, leading ŏff your thought with pleasant words, she knows well that she is redeeming you from care,[1] and soothing you to that sweet calm, which such home and such wife can alone bestow.

7. And in sickness,—sickness that you almost covet for the sympathy it brings,—that hand of hers resting on your fevered fŏrehead, or those fingers playing with the scattered locks, are more full of kindness than the loudest vaunt[2] of friends; and when your failing strength will permit no more, you grasp[3] that cherished hand, with a fullness of joy, of thankfulness, and of love, which your tears only can tell.

8. She is good;—her hopes live where the ăngels live. Her kindness and gentleness are sweetly tempered with that meekness and forbearance which are born of Faith. Trust comes into her heart as rivers come to the sea. And in the dark hours of doubt and foreboding, you rest fondly upon her buoyant[4] faith, as the trĕasure of your common life; and in your holier musings, you look to that frail hand, and that gentle spirit, to lead you away from the vanities of worldly ambition, to the fullness of that joy which the good inherit.

D. G. MITCHELL.

DONALD G. MITCHELL was born in Norwich, Connecticut, April, 1822. His father was the pastor of the Congregational church of that place, and his grandfather a member of the first Congress at Philadelphia, and for many years Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Mr. Mitchell graduated in due course, at Yale, in 1841. His health being feeble, he passed the three following years in the country, where he became much interested in agriculture, and wrote a number of letters to the "Cultivator," at Albany. He gained a silver cup from the New York Agricultural Society, as a prize for a plan of farm buildings. He next crossed the ocean, and after remaining about two years in Europe, returned home, and soon after published "Fresh Gleanings." In 1850, after his return from a second visit to Europe, he published "The Battle Summer," containing personal observations in Paris during the year 1848. He has since published the "Reveries of a Bachelor," "Dream Life," and "Fudge Doings." His works have usually been well received. His style is quiet, pure, and effective. In 1853, Mr. Mitchell received the appointment of United States consul at Venice. He is at present residing in the vicinity of New Haven.

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[1] Cāre.—[2] Vȧunt.—[3] Grȧsp.—[4] Buoyant (bwȧ'ant).

39. Scene with a Panther.

AS soon as I had effected my dăngerous passage, I screened myself behind a cliff, and gave myself up to reflection. While thus occupied, my eyes were fixed upon the opposite steeps. The tops of the trees, waving to and fro in the wildest commotion, and their trunks occasionally bending to the blast, which, in these lŏfty regions, blew with a vīolence unknown in the tracts below, exhibited an awful spectacle.

2. At length my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay acrŏss the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already somewhat swerved from its original position, that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibers by which its roots was connected with the opposite bank, and that, if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being tōrn from the rock and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut ŏff, and the evils from which I was endeavoring to rescue another, would be experienced by myself.

3. I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition with which I should recrŏss this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in its place by one or two fibers which were already stretched almost to breaking. To pass alŏng the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet and unsteadfast by the wind, was eminently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end, it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak.

4. Just as I had disposed of this encumbrance, and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep, by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly present itself. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped was no more than a raccoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a pănther. His gray coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry which he at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance tc the human voice, is peculiarly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferōcious and untamable of that detested race.

5. The in'dustry of our hunters has nearly banished animals

of prey from these precincts. The fastnesses of Norwalk, however, could not but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely, that my fears were seldom alive, and I trod, without caution, the ruggedest and most solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defense.

6. The unfrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the encumbrance of provision, made me neglect, on this occasion, to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferŏcity. His sagacity was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed.

7. My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my dānger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eyeing the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should crŏss it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far, and should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asy'lum.

8. Should he retain his present station, my dānger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now, with no less solicitude, desired. Every new gust I hoped would tear asunder its remaining bands, and, by cutting ŏff all communication between the opposite steeps, place me in security. My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibers of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenācious of their hold, and presently the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to crŏss it.

9. Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die by disease, or by the hand of a fellow-creature, was lēnient in comparison with being rent to pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat, by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose my portion of existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

10. The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had lēisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length he lĕaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and terrific visage. I shrunk still closer to the ground and closed my eyes.

11. From this pause of hŏrror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He lĕaped into the pit in which I had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyŏnd my belief or my hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had liked to have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled vīolence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock, and the whōle fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

12. My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder on my hair-breadth escape, and on that singular concŭrrence of events which had placed me in so short a period in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlŏng. Had its fall been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens, the sight of which made my blood run cold.

13. He saw me, and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind-legs, and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed, at first, as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of this animal, and that his experience

had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was.

14. Still, there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprung, and his fore-legs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of ve'hement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry, uttered below, showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom. C. B. Brown.

Charles Brockden Brown, the first American who chose literature as a profession, was born in Philadelphia on the 17th of January, 1771, and died the 22d of February, 1810. He was a gentle, unobtrusive enthusiast, who, though he resided principally in cities, passed a large portion of his life as a recluse. He lived in an ideal, and had little sympathy with the actual world. He had more genius than talent, and more imagination than fancy. His works, which were rapidly written, are incomplete, and deficient in method. Though he disregarded rules, and cared little for criticism, his style was clear and nervous, with little ornament, free of affectations, and indicated a singular sincerity and depth of feeling. "Wieland, or the Transformed," the first of a series of brilliant novels by which Brown gained his enduring reputation, was published in 1798. It is in all respects a remarkable book. Its plot, characters, and style are original and peculiar. The novel from which the above extract was taken is entitled, "Edgar Huntley, the Memoirs of a Somnambulist." The scene is located near the forks of the Delaware, in Pennsylvania. Clithero, the sleep-walker, has become insane, and has fled into one of the wild mountain fastnesses of Norwalk Edgar Huntley, when endeavoring to discover his retreat, meets with the adventure described above. This description is written with a freedom, minuteness, and truthfulness to nature, that render it fearfully interesting and effective

40. Nature's Teachings.

1. THE Seasons came and went, and went and came,
To teach men gratitude; and as they pass'd,
Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else
Had stolen unheeded by. The gentle flowers
Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talk'd of humility, and peace, and love.
The dews came down unseen at evening-tide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unŏstentā'tious charity.

2. With arm in arm the fŏrest rose on high,
And lesson gave of brotherly regard.

And, on the rugged mountain-brow exposed,
Bearing the blast alone, the ăncient oak
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still
To courage in distress exhorted loud.
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze
Attuned the heart to melody and love.

3. Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love; and, from her glōrious bow,
Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace.
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which Gŏd
Of sweetest accent made, she whisper'd still,
She whisper'd to Revenge—Forgive, forgive!
The sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
The moon awoke, and from her maiden face
Shedding her cloudy locks, look'd meekly fŏrth,
And with her virgin stars walk'd in the heavens,
Walk'd nightly there, conversing, as she walk'd,
Of purity, and holiness, and God.

4. In dreams and visions, sleep instructed much.
Day utter'd speech to day, and night to night
Taught knowledge. Silence had a tongue; the grave,
The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each
A tongue, that ever said—Man! think of Gŏd!
Think of thyself! think of eternity!
Fear God, the thunders said; Fear God, the waves.
Fear God, the lightning of the storm replied.
Fear God, deep loudly answer'd back to deep. POLLOK.

ROBERT POLLOK was born in 1799, in Renfrewshire, Scotland, where his father was a small farmer. After receiving the usual elementary education, he entered, at the age of nineteen, on a five years' course of study in the University of Glasgow. His ambitious and energetic poem, "Course of Time," appeared in the spring of 1827, and speedily obtained a popularity which it is not likely soon to lose. Its deeply religious character recommended it to serious persons; and it was admired by critics for the many flashes of original genius which light up the crude and unwieldy design, and atone for the narrow range of thought and knowledge, as well as for the stiff pomposity that pervades the diction. A few of its passages are strikingly and most poetically imaginative, and some are beautifully touching. Immediately after the publication of his poem, he was admitted as a preacher in the United Secession Church. He died of consumption in September of the same year, before the age of thirty.

41. Work.

THERE is a perennial[1] nobleness, and even sācredness, in work.[2] Were he never so benighted, forgĕtful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish,[3] mean, is in communication with Nature: the reäl desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth,[4] to Nature's appointments and regulations which are truth.

2. Blessèd is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free flowing channel, dug and tōrn by noble fōrce through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows!—draining ŏff the sour festering water gradually from the root[5] of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadōw with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small!

3. Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his Gŏd-given fōrce, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly, thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yĕt all a hypothesis[6] of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds in endless logic vor'ticēs,[7] till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone."

Per ĕn' ni al, *literally*, through or beyond a year; hence, enduring; lasting perpetually.—[2] Work (wẽrk).—[3] Mām' mon ish, relating to Mammon, the Syrian god of riches. The word here implies mercenary, or procured by means of money.—[4] Truth (trōth).—[5] Rōot.—[6] Hy pŏth' e sis, a proposition or principle assumed for the purpose of argument; a supposition.—[7] Lŏg' ic vor' ti cēs, intricate logical arguments. Vortices (vôr' ti sēz), whirlpools.

4. Older than all preached gŏspels[1] was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable,[2] for-ever-enduring gospel: work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a fŏrce for work;—and burns like a painfully smoldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent[3] facts around thee! What is immethŏdic,[4] waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable,[5] obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy: attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity, and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, găther its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

5. But, above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness—attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of Gŏd! The highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee: still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his unspoken voice, is fuller than any Sīnāi[6] thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the SILENCE of deep eternities, of worlds from beyŏnd the morning stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn ages; the old graves, with their lŏng-moldering dust, the vĕry tears that wetted it, now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep death-kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting cōurses, all space and all time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work.

6. All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true

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Gŏs′pel, good news, hence the four books which relate the history of the Saviour are called gospels; divine truth.—[2] In e răd′ i ca ble, that cannot be uprooted or destroyed.—[3] Be nĕf′ i cent, doing good; abounding in acts of goodness; charitable.—[4] Im me thŏd′ ic, having no method; without systematic arrangement, order, or regularity.—[5] Ar′ a ble, fit for tillage or plowing; plowed; productive.—[6] Sī′ nāi, a mountain of Arabia Petræa, famous in Scripture. Height above the sea, 7,497 feet.

hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Swĕat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler[1] calculations, Newton[2] meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted hĕroism, martyrdoms—up to that "agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yĕt discovered under Gŏd's sky.

7. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellōw-workmen there, in Gŏd's eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred band of the immortals, celestial body-guard of the empire of mind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so lŏng, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving: peopling, they alone, the imměasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind—as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "WITH IT, MY SON, OR UPON IT!" Thou, too, shalt return *home*, in honor to thy far-distant home, in honor; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the eternities and deepest death-kingdoms, art not an alien;[3] thou everywhere art a denizen![4] Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE, the eminent essayist, reviewer, and historian, was born at Middlebie, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, in 1796. He received the rudiments of a classical education at a school in Annan, a town about sixty miles south of Edinburgh. At the University of Edinburgh, which he entered at the age of seventeen, he was distinguished for his attainments in mathematics. For some years after leaving the university, he supported himself by teaching, and writing for booksellers. He is the author of various works and translations—"Life of Schiller," "Sartor Resartus," 1836; "The French Revolution," a history in three volumes, 1837; "Chartism," 1839; "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," from reviews and magazines, in 5 vols., 1839; "Hero Worship," a series of lectures,

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[1] JOHN KEPLER, a distinguished mathematician and astronomer, was born at Wiel, in Wirtemberg, on the 21st of December, 1571, and died November 5th, o. s., 1631.—[2] ISAAC NEWTON, a celebrated mathematician and natural philosopher, was born at Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, England, on the 25th of December, 1642, o. s., and died the 20th March, 1727.—[3] Alien (ål′yen), a foreigner who has not been naturalized; a stranger.—[4] Denizen (dĕn′e zn), a naturalized foreigner.

1841; "Past and Present," 1843; "Life of Oliver Cromwell," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Life of John Sterling," &c. &c. The peculiar style and diction of Mr. Carlyle have with some retarded, and with others advanced his popularity. It is more German than English, angular, objective, and unidiomatic: at times, however, highly graphic, and swelling out into periods of fine imagery and eloquence. He is an original and subtle thinker, and combines with his powers of analysis and reasoning a vivid and brilliant imagination. His opinions and writings tend to enlarge our sympathies and feelings—to stir the heart with benevolence and affection—to unite man to man—and to build upon this love of our fellow-beings a system of mental energy and purity far removed from the operations of sense, and pregnant with high hopes and aspirations.

42. Now.

1. THE venerable Past[1]—is past;
'Tis dark, and shines not in the ray:
'Twas good, no doubt—'tis gŏne at last[2]—
There dawns another day.
Why should we sit where ivies creep,
And shroud ourselves in charnels deep?
Or the world's yĕsterdays deplore,
Mid crumbling ruins mŏssy hoar?

2. Why should we see with dead men's eyes,
Looking at WAS from morn to night,
When the beauteous Now, the divine To BE,
Woo with their charms our living sight?
Why should we hear but echoes dull,
When the world of sound, so beautiful,
Will give us music of our own?
Why in the darkness should we grōpe,
When the sun, in heaven's resplendent cōpe,
Shines as bright as ever it shone?

3 Abraham[3] saw no brighter stars
Than those which burn[4] for thee and me.
When Homer[5] heard[6] the lark's sweet sŏng

[1] Pȧst.—[2] Lȧst.—[3] ABRAHAM, the patriarch of the Jews, born and died more than 2,000 years B. C.—[4] Burn (bȇrn).—[5] HOMER, the most distinguished of poets, called the "Father of Song." He is supposed to have been an Asiatic Greek, though his birth-place, and the period in which he lived, are not known.—[6] Hȇard.

Or night-bird's lovelier melody,
They were such sounds as Shakspeare[1] heard,
Or Chaucer,[2] when he bless'd the bird;[3]
Such lovely sounds as we can hear.—

4. Great Plato[4] saw the vernal year
Send fŏrth its tender flowers and shoots,
And luscious autumn pour its fruits;
And we can see the lilies blow,
The corn-fields wave, the rivers flow;
For us all bounties of the earth,
For us its wisdom, love, and mirth,
If we daily walk in the sight of God,
And prize the gifts he has bestow'd.

5. We will not dwell amid the graves,
Nor in dim twilights sit alone,
To gaze at molder'd architraves,[5]
Or plinths[6] and columns overthrown;
We will not only see the light
Through painted window's cobwebb'd o'er,
Nor know the beauty of the night
Save by the moonbeam on the floor:
But in the presence of the sun,
Or moon, or stars, our hearts shall glow;
We'll look at nature face to face,
And we shall LOVE because we KNOW.

6. The present needs us. Every age
Bequeaths the next for heritage
No lazy luxury or delight—
But strenuous labor for the right;

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[1] WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, the distinguished poet and dramatist, was born in 1564, and died in 1616.—[2] GEOFFREY CHAUCER, called the day-star and father of English poetry, born about 1328, and died in 1400. His great work is "The Canterbury Tales."—[3] Bird (bĕrd).—[4] PLATO, a very celebrated philosopher of ancient Greece, was born about 430 B. C., and died in his eightieth year.—[5] Architrave (ărk'ĭ trāv), the part of a roof which rests on the top of a column, designed to represent the beam which supports the roof.—[6] Plinth, a flat, round, or square base or foundation for a column.

For *Now*, the child and sire of Time,
Demands[1] the deeds of earnest men
To make it better than the past,
And stretch the circle of its ken.
Now is a fact that men deplore,
Though it might bless them evermore,
Would they but fashion it aright:
'Tis ever new, 'tis ever bright.

7. Time, nor Eternity, hath seen
A repetition of delight
In all its phases: ne'er hath been
For men or ăngels that which *is;*
And that which *is* hath ceased to be
Ere we have breathed it, and its place
Is lŏst in the Eternity.
But *Now* is ever good and fair,
Of the Infinitude the heir,
And we of it. So let *us* live
That from the Past we may receive
Light for the Now—from Now a joy
That Fate nor Time shall e'er destroy. C. MACKAY.[2]

43. STUDY.

THE favorite idea of a genius among us, is of one who never studies, or who studies, nobody can tell when—at midnight, or at odd times and intervals—and now and then strikes out, *at a heat*, as the phrase is, some wonderful production. This is a character that has figured largely in the history of our literature, in the persons of our Fieldings,[3] our Savages,[4] and our Steeles[5]—"loose fellōws about town," or loungers in the country, who

[1] De mând'.—[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 91.—[3] FIELDING, see Biographical Sketch, p. 95.—[4] SAVAGE, a poet of considerable merit, born 1698, in London, died 1743. He was intimate with Johnson, who wrote an admirable Life of him.—[5] STEELE, the principal author of the "Tattler," the "Spectator," the "Guardian," and other periodical papers, an Irishman by birth, born in 1671, and died in 1729.

slept in ale-houses and wrote in bar-rooms, who took up the pen as a magician's[1] wand to supply their wants, and when the pressure of necessity was relieved, resorted again to their carousals.

2. Your real genius is an idle, irregular, vagabond sort of personage, who muses in the fields or dreams by the fireside; whose strŏng impulses—that is the cant of it—must needs hŭrry him into wild irregularities or foolish eccentricity; who abhors order, and can bear no restraint, and eschews all labor: such a one, for instance, as Newton[2] or Milton![3] What! they must have been irregular, else they were no geniuses!

3. "The young man," it is ŏften said, "has genius enough, if he would only study." Now the truth is, as I shall take the liberty to state it, that genius will study, it is that in the mind which does study; that is the very nature of it. I care not to say that it will always use books. All study is not reading, any more than all reading is study. Study, says Cicero,[4] is the voluntary and vigorous application of the mind to any subject.

4. Such study, such intense mental action, and nothing[5] else, is genius. And so far as there is any native predisposition about this enviable character of mind, it is a predisposition to that action. That is the only test of the original bias; and he who does not come to that point, though he may have shrewdness, and readiness, and parts, never had a genius.

5. No need to waste regrets upon him, as that he never could be induced to give his attention or study to any thing; he never had that which he is supposed to have lŏst. For attention it is—though other qualities belŏng to this transcendent[6]

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[1] Magician (ma jĭsh′an), one who is skilled in the art and science of putting into action the power of spirits or the secret operation of natural causes.—[2] Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest of philosophers and mathematicians, was born in Lincolnshire, England, December 25, 1642. His investigations have completely revolutionized modern science. His three great discoveries, of fluxions, the nature of light and colors, and the laws of gravitation, have given him a name which will last as long as civilization exists. His "Principia" unfolds the theory of the universe. He died in 1727.—[3] Milton, see Index of Authors.—[4] Cicero, see p. 143, note 4.—[5] Nothing (nŭth′ing).—[6] Transcĕnd′ent, surpassing; very excellent.

power—attention it is, that is the very soul of genius: not the fixed eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is, in fact, an action of the mind which is steadily concentrated upon one idea or one series of ideas,—which collects in one point the rays of the soul till they search, penetrate, and fire the whole train of its thoughts.

6. And while the fire burns within, the outward man may indeed be cold, indifferent, and negligent,—absent in appearance; he may be an idler, or a wanderer, apparently without aim or intent; but still the fire burns within. And what though "it bursts forth" at length, as has been said, "like volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force?" It only shows the intenser action of the elements beneath. What though it breaks like lightning from the cloud? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament through many a silent, calm, and clear day.

7. What though the might of genius appears in one decisive blow, struck in some moment of high debate, or at the crisis of a nation's peril? That mighty energy, though it may have heaved in the breast of a Demosthenes,[1] was once a feeble infant's thought. A mother's eye watched over its dawning. A father's care guarded its early growth. It soon trod with youthful steps the halls of learning, and found other fathers to wake and to watch for it,—even as it finds them here.

8. It went on; but silence was upon its path, and the deep strugglings of the inward soul marked its progress, and the cherishing powers of nature silently ministered to it. The elements around breathed upon it and "touched it to finer issues." The golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow revolutions of years slowly added to its collected treasures and energies; till in its hour of glory, it stood forth embodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence!

9. The world wonders at the manifestation, and says, "Strange, strange, that it should come thus unsought, unpremeditated, un-

[1] Demosthenes, the greatest of Greek orators, was born at Athens, B. C. 382, and died B. C. about 322. His orations present to us the models which approach the nearest to perfection of all human productions.

prepared!" But the truth is, there is no more a miracle in it, than there is in the towering of the preëminent forest-tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and irresistible river, or in the wealth and the waving of the boundless harvest. ORVILLE DEWEY.

ORVILLE DEWEY, D. D., was born in Sheffield, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, March 28th, 1794. His father was a farmer, occupying a highly respectable position as a citizen. He entered Williams College, in his native county, at the age of seventeen, where he gained a high position. He was thorough in all his studies. Rhetoric he cultivated with uncommon perseverance. He was critical and severe upon his own literary productions, revising and pruning with a fidelity which gained him preëminence in his class, as already attaining a style of classic strength and purity. He was graduated in 1814, with the highest honors of the institution, having received the appointment of Valedictorian. He pursued his professional studies at Andover Theological Seminary. In 1823 he received and accepted a call to become pastor of a Unitarian church in New Bedford, where he remained ten years. During this period he lectured frequently, and wrote for the press. He first visited Europe for the improvement of his health in June, 1832, where he spent a year. After his return, he published some results of his travels in a volume entitled, "The Old World and the New." This book contains some of the best criticisms on painting, on music, on sculpture, on men, things, and places; and more than all, views of society, of government, of the tendency of monarchical institutions, and of the condition of the European people, which are sound, comprehensive, and deeply interesting. On his return from Europe he was settled over "The Second Congregational Unitarian Society" of New York. In 1842 he again went abroad for his health, taking his family with him. He passed two years in France, Italy, Switzerland, and England. In 1848, his health again failing, he dissolved his connection with his church. Since that time he has occasionally preached and lectured in nearly all the large cities of the Union. All, except his late writings, are bound in one volume, published at London in 1844. His productions since that period are published in New York, in three volumes. Dr. Dewey has great depth of thought. His imagination is rich, but not superfluous; ready, but not obtrusive. His style is artistic and scholarly. His periods are perfectly complete and rounded, yet filled by the thought; the variety is great, yet a symmetry prevails; and in general we find that harmony between the thoughts and their form which should always obtain.

44. THE POWER OF ART.

1. WHEN, from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An ăngel left her place in heaven,
And crŏss'd the wanderer's sunless path.
'Twas Art! sweet Art!—new rădiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;

And thus with seraph voice she spoke,—
"The curse a blessing shall be found."

2. She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeams never blazed;
The thistle shrank, the harvest smiled,
And nature gladden'd as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

3. He rends the oak, and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock, upheaved in pride,—
See towers of strength and domes of taste!
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal;
Fire bears his banner on the wave;
He bids the mortal poison heal;
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

4. He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mŏcks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that fill his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illume the page;
And, proudly scorning Time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

5. In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chămbers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.
In war renown'd, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race. SPRAGUE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE was born in Boston, on the 26th day of October, 1791. He was educated in the schools of his native city, which he left at an early period to acquire a practical knowledge of trade. At twenty-one years of age, he com-

menced the business of merchant on his own account, and continued in it until 1820, when he was elected cashier of the Globe Bank. He is still connected with that institution. In this period he has found leisure to study the works of the greatest authors, particularly those of the masters of English poetry, and to write the admirable poems on which is based his own reputation. Mr. SPRAGUE'S first productions that attracted much attention, were a series of brilliant prologues, the first of which was written for the Park Theater, in New York, in 1821. "Shakspeare Ode," delivered in Boston Theater, in 1823, at the exhibition of a pageant in honor of SHAKSPEARE, is one of the most vigorous and exquisite lyrics in the English language. "Curiosity," the longest and best of his poems, was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, in August, 1829. Several of his short poems evince great skill in the use of language, and show him to be a master of the poetic art.

45. WANTS.

EVERYBODY, young and old, children and gray-bēards, has heard of the renowned Haroun Al Raschid,[1] the hero of Eastern history and Eastern romance, and the most illustrious of the cāliphs[2] of Bagdad,[3] that famous city on which the light of learning and science shŏne, lŏng ere it dawned on the benighted regions of Europe, which has since succeeded to the diadem that once glittered on the brow of Asia.[4] Though as the successor of the Prophet he exercised a despotic sway over the lives and fortunes of his subjects, yĕt did he not, like the Eastern despots of more modern times, shut himself up within the walls of his palace, hearing nothing but the adulation of his dependents; seeing nothing but the shadōws which surrounded him; and knowing nothing but what he received through the medium of in'terested deception or malignant falsehood.

2. That he might see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears, he was accustomed to go about through the streets of

[1] HAROUN AL ŘASCHID, a celebrated caliph of the Saracens, ascended the throne in 786, and was a contemporary of Charlemagne. He was brave, munificent, and fond of letters, but cruel and perfidious.—[2] Cā'liph, a successor or representative of Mohammed; one vested with supreme dignity and power in all matters relating to religion and civil policy. This title is borne by the grand seignior in Turkey, and by the sophi of Persia.—[3] Bāg dād', a large and celebrated city of Asiatic Turkey, formerly capital of the empire of the caliphs, now capital of the pashalic of the same name, on both banks of the Tigris, about 190 miles above its junction with the Euphrates.—[4] Asia (ā' she a).

Bagdad′ by night, in disguise, accompanied by Giafer the Barmecide, his grand vĭzier, and Mesrour, his executioner; one to give him his counsel, the other to fulfil his commands promptly, on all occasions. If he saw any commotion among the people, he mixed with them and learned its cause; and if in passing a house he heard the moanings of distress or the complaints of suffering, he entered, for the purpose of administering relief. Thus he made himself acquainted with the condition of his subjects, and often heard those salutary truths which never reached his ears through the walls of his palace, or from the lips of the slaves that surrounded him.

3. On one of these occasions, as Al Raschid was thus perambulating the streets at night, in disguise, accompanied by his vĭzier and his executioner, in passing a splendid mansion he overheard, through the lattice of a window, the complaints of some one who seemed in the deepest distress, and silently approaching, looked into an apartment exhibiting all the signs of wealth and luxury. On a sofa of satin embroidered with gold, and sparkling with brilliant gems, he beheld a man richly dressed, in whom he rĕc′ognized his favorite boon-companion Bedreddin, on whom he had showered wealth and honors with more than Eastern prodigality. He was stretched out on the sofa, slapping his forehead, tearing his beard, and moaning piteously, as if in the extremity of suffering. At length starting up on his feet, he exclaimed in tones of despair, "O Allah![1] I beseech thee to relieve me from my misery, and take away my life!"

4. The Commander[2] of the Faithful, who loved Bedreddin, pitied his sorrows, and being desirous to know their cause, that he might relieve them, knocked at the door, which was opened by a black slave, who, on being informed that they were strangers in want of food and rest, at once admitted them, and informed his master, who called them into his presence and bade them welcome. A plentiful feast was spread before them, at which the master of the house sat down with his guests, but of which he did not partake, but looked on, sighing bitterly all the while.

5. The Commander of the Faithful at length ventured to ask

Al lah, the Ar′abic name of the Supreme Being.—[2] Com mand′ er.

him what caused his distress, and why he refrained from partaking in the feast with his guests, in proof that they were welcome. "Has Allah afflicted thee with disease, that thou canst not enjoy the blessings he has bestowed? Thou art surrounded by all the splendor that wealth can procure; thy dwelling is a palace, and its apartments are adorned with all the luxuries which captivate the eye, or administer to the gratification of the senses. Why is it then, O my brother, that thou art miserable?"

6. "True, O strānger," replied Bedreddin. "I have all these. I have health of body; I am rich enough to purchase all that wealth can bestow, and if I required more wealth and honors, I am the favorite companion of the Commander of the Faithful, on whose head lie the blessings of Allah, and of whom I have only to ask, to obtain all I desire, save one thing only."

7. "And what is that?" asked the cāliph. "Alas! I adore the beautiful Zuleima, whose face is like the full moon, whose eyes are brighter and sŏfter than those of the gazelle, and whose mouth is like the seal of Solomon. But she loves another, and all my wealth and honors are as nothing. The want of one thing renders the possession of every other of no value. I am the most wretched of men; my life is a burden, and my death would be a blessing."

8. "By the bēard of the Prophet," cried the cāliph, "I swear, thy case is a hard one. But Allah is great and powerful, and will, I trust, ēither deliver thee from thy burden or give thee strength to bear it." Then thanking Bedreddin for his hospitality, the Commander of the Faithful departed, with his companions.

46. Wants—continued.

TAKING their way toward that part of the city inhabited by the poorer classes of people, the cāliph stumbled over something, in the obscurity of night, and was nigh falling to the ground: at the same moment a voice cried out, "Allah, preserve me! Am I not wretched enough already, that I must be trodden under foot by a wandering beggar like myself, in the darkness of night!"

2. Mezrour the executioner, indignant at this insult to the Commander of the Faithful, was preparing to cut ŏff his head, when Al Raschid interposed, and inquired of the beggar his name, and why he was there sleeping in the streets, at that hour of the night.

3. "Mashallah," replied he, "I sleep in the street because I have nowhere else to sleep; and if I lie on a satin sōfa, my pains and infirmities would rob me of rest. Whether on divans of silk or in the dirt, all one to me, for nēither by day nor by night do I know any rest. If I close my eyes for a moment, my dreams are of nothing but feasting, and I awake only to feel more bitterly the pangs of hunger and disease."

4. "Hast thou no home to shelter thee, no friends or kindred to relieve thy necessities, or administer to thy infirmities?"

5. "No," replied the beggar; "my house was consumed by fire; my kindred are all dead, and my friends have deserted me. Alas! strānger, I am in want of every thing—health, food, clothing, home, kindred, and friends. I am the most wretched of mankind, and death alone can relieve me."

6. "Of one thing, at least, I can relieve thee," said the cāliph, giving him his purse. "Go and provide thyself food and shelter, and may Allah restore thy health."

7. The beggar took the purse, but instead of calling down blessings on the head of his benefactor, exclaimed, "Of what use is money? it cannot cure disease;" and the cāliph again went on his way with Giafer his vĭzier, and Mesrour his executioner.

47. WANTS—CONCLUDED.

PASSING from the abodes of want and misery, they at length reached a splendid palace, and seeing lights glimmering from the windōws, the cāliph approached, and looking through the silken curtains, beheld a man walking backward and forward. with languid step, as if oppressed with a load of cares. At length casting himself down on a sōfa, he stretched out his limbs, and yawning desperately, exclaimed, "O Allah! what shall I do? what will become of me! I am weary of life; it is nothing but

a cheat, promising what it never purposes, and affording only hopes that end in disappointment, or, if realized, only in disgust."

2. The curiosity of the cāliph being awakened to know the cause of his despair, he ordered Mesrour to knock at the door; which being opened, they pleaded the privilege of strāngers to enter, for rest and refreshments. Again, in accordance with the precepts of the Ko'ran[1] and the customs of the East, the stran gers were admitted to the presence of the lord of the palace, who received them with welcome, and directed refreshments to be brought. But though he treated his guests with kindness, he nēither sat dowu with them nor asked any questions, nor joined in their discourse, walking back and fōrth languidly, and seeming oppressed with a heavy burden of sōrrōws.

3. At length the cāliph approached him reverently, and said: "Thou seemest sorrowful, O my brother! If thy suffering is of the body, I am a physician, and peradventure can afford thee relief; for I have traveled into distant lands, and collected vĕry choice remedies for human infirmity."

4. "My sufferings are not of the body, but of the mind," answered the other.

5. "Hast thou lŏst the beloved of thy heart, the friend of thy bosom, or been disappointed in the attainment of that on which thou hast rested all thy hopes of happiness?"

6. "Alas! no. I have been disappointed, not in the means, but in the attainment of happiness. I want nothing but a want. I am cursed with the gratification of all my wishes, and the fruition of all my hopes. I have wasted my life in the acquisition of riches, that only awakened new desires, and honors that no lŏnger gratify my pride or repay me for the labor of sustaining them. I have been cheated in the pursuit of plĕasures that weary me in the enjoyment, and am perishing for lack of the excitement of some new want. I have every thing I wish, yet enjoy nothing."

7. "Thy case is beyŏnd my skill," replied the cāliph; and the man cursed with the fruition of all his desires turned his back on him in despair. The caliph, after thanking him for his

[1] Kŏ'ran, the Mohammedan book of faith.

hospitality, departed with his companions, and when they had reached the street exclaimed—

8. "Allah preserve me! I will no lŏnger fatigue myself in a vain pursuit, for it is impossible to confer happiness on such a perverse generation. I see it is all the same, whether a man wants one thing, every thing, or nothing. Let us go home and sleep." J. K. PAULDING.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING was born August 22, 1779, in the town of Pawling, on the Hudson, so named from one of his ancestors. After receiving a liberal education, he removed to New York City, where he has since principally resided. After writing some trifles for the gazettes, Mr. PAULDING, with Washington Irving, established a periodical entitled "Salmagundi," in 1807. It met with extraordinary success, and was, perhaps, the determining cause of the author's subsequent devotion to literature. In 1819, Mr. PAULDING published a second series of the "Salmagundi," of which he was the sole author. He is a voluminous writer. His various works, including stories, essays, and other papers, which he has published in periodicals, make more than thirty volumes. "The Dutchman's Fireside," published in 1831, and "Westward Ho," published the next year, are regarded as his best novels. They are distinguished for considerable descriptive powers, skill in character-writing, natural humor, and a strong national feeling, which gives a tone to all his works. Mr. PAULDING was many years navy agent for the port of New York. When President Van Buren formed his cabinet, in the spring of 1837, he was selected to be the head of the navy department, in which office he continued for four years. Though this veteran author is now nearly eighty, he still retains his intellectual vigor.

48. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

1. SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where[1] health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delay'd;
Dear, lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every spŏrt could please,
How ŏften[2] have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church[3] that topp'd the neighboring hill,

[1] Where (wh.âr).—[2] Often (ŏf' fn).—[3] Church (chûrch).

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

2. How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its aid to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime[1] circled[2] in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful[3] band inspired:
The dancing[4] pair,[5] that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter[6] titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's[7] sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance[8] that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms;—but all these charms are fled.

3. Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn:
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps[9] the whole domain,
And half[10] a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy[11] brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

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[1] Pas' time.—[2] Circled (ser' kld).—[3] Mirthful (merth' ful).—[4] Dan' cing.—[5] Pair.—[6] Laughter (laf' ter).—[7] Virgin (ver' jin).—[8] Glance.—[9] Grasps.—[10] Half.—[11] Glass' y.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the lŏng grass[1] o'ertops the moldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

4. Ill fares[2] the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere[3] England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labor spread her whŏlesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp[4] the land, and dispossess the swain;
Alŏng the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pŏmp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bădе to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd[5] but little room,
Those healthful spōrts that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shōre,
And rural[6] mirth and manners are no mōre.

5. Sweet Auburn! parent[7] of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amid thy tangling walks and ruin'd[8] grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,

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[1] Gråss.— [2] Fares (fårz).—[3] Ere (år).—[4] Usurp (yu zĕrp').—[5] Asked (åskt).—[6] Rural (rō' ral).—[7] Pār' ent.—[8] Ruined (rō' ind).

Swells at my breast, and turns[1] the past[2] to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world[3] of care,[4]
In all my griefs—and Gŏd has given my share[5]—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes,—for pride attends us still,—
Amid the swains to show my book-learn'd[6] skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare,[7] whom hounds and horns pursūe,
Pants[8] to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my lŏng vexations past,
Here to return[9]—and die at home at last.[10]

6. O bless'd retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
How bless'd is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth[11] of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strŏng temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work[12] and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dăngerous deep;
Nor surly[13] porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn[14] imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's[15] friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

7 Sweet was the sound, when ŏft, at evening's close,
Up yŏnder hill the village murmur[16] rose:

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[1] Turns (tĕrnz).—[2] Pāst.—[3] World (wĕrld).—[4] Cāre.—[5] Shāre.—[6] Book-learn'd (bo͝ok'-lĕrnd).—[7] Hāre.—[8] Pănts.—[9] Return (rẹ tĕrn').—[10] Lāst.—[11] Yo͝uth.—[12] Work (wĕrk).—[13] Surly (sĕr' lĭ).—[14] Spurn (spĕrn).—[15] Virtue (vĕrt' yu).—[16] Murmur (mĕr' mer).

There,[1] as I pass'd[2] with careless steps and slow
The mingling notes came sŏften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd[3] that lōw'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

8 But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yŏn widōw'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched mātron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

49. The Deserted Village—continued.

1. NEAR yŏnder cŏpse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild
There, where a few tōrn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his gŏdly race,
Nor e'er[4] had chānged, nor wish'd to change, his place.
Unskillful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour:

[1] There (thâr) —[2] Passed (pâst).— Hĕrd —[4] E'er (âr).

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

2. His house was known to all the vāgrant train:
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The lŏng-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose bēard, descending, swept his agèd breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no lŏnger proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd.
The broken soldier, kindly bădе to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sŏrrōw done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their[1] vices in their woe;
Careless their mĕrits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

3. Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prŏmpt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird[2] each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged ŏffspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sŏrrōw, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair[3] and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

4. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth[4] from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scŏff, remain'd to pray.
The service[5] past, around the pious man,

[1] Their (thâr).—[2] Bird (bêrd).—[3] De spâir'.—[4] Truth (trôth).—[5] Sêr' vice.

With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

5. Beside yŏn straggling fence that skirts[1] the way,
With blossom'd furze[2] unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,[3]
The village master[4] taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern[5] to view:
I knew him well, and every truant[6] knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters[7] in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.

6. Yĕt he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning[8] was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew—
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could mĕasure, terms and tides presāge,
And e'en the story ran that he could gāuge.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics rānged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

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[1] Skirts (skẽrts).—[2] Furze (fẽrz).—[3] Rule (rōl).—[4] Mās' ter.—[5] Stẽrn.—[6] Truant (trō' ant).—[7] Disasters (diz ās' terz).—[8] Lẽarn' ing.

But past is all his fame. The vĕry spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

7. Near yŏnder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts[1] inspired,
Where graybēard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules,[2] the royal game of goose;
The hearth,[3] except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Rānged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

8. Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no mōre the peasant shall repair[4]
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and learn to hear;
The host himself no lŏnger shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

9. Yĕs! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;

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[1] Draught (dråft).—[2] Rules (rōlz).—[3] Heårth.—[4] Re påir'.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the glŏss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the lŏng pŏmp, the midnight masquerādo,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling plĕasure sickens into pain;
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

50. The Deserted Village—concluded.

1. YE friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours[1] to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her[2] shōre;
Hoards e'en beyŏnd the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yĕt count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful prŏducts still the same.
Not so the lŏss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage,[3] and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken slōth
Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary spōrts are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies,

[1] Yours (yȯrz).—[2] Hēr.—[3] Equipage (ĕk' we pāj).

While thus the land, adorn'd for plĕasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

2. As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies.
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines fōrth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring[1] impotence of dress;—
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But, verging[2] to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged[3] by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

3. Where, then, ah! where shall Poverty reside,
To escape the pressure of contiguous Pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of Plĕasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There, the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their lŏng-drawn pŏmp display,
There, the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;

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[1] Glăr'ing.—[2] Vĕrg'ing.—[3] Scourged (skĕrjd).

Tumultuous Grandeur crowds the blazing square,[1]
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

4. Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal[2] joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lŏst to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first,[3] ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

5. Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through tŏrrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that hŏrrid shōre;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion găthers death around:
Where at each step the strānger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,

[1] Square (skwâr) — U ni vĕr' sal.—[3] First (fẽrst).

And savage men, more murderous[1] still than they;
While ŏft in whirls[2] the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.

6. Far different these from every former scene,—
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven! what sŏrrōws gloom'd that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every plĕasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a lŏng farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyŏnd the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!

7. The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyŏnd the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every plĕasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd[3] them close, in sŏrrōw doubly dear;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.

8. Oh, Luxury! thou cursed[4] by Heaven's decree,
How ill-exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their plĕasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a flŏrid vigor not their own.

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[1] Murderous (mẽr' der ŭs).—[2] Whirls (whẽrls).—[3] Clăsped.—[4] Cursed (kẽrst).

At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass[1] of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

9. E'en now the dĕvastā'tion is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yŏn anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shōre, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
And Piety, with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.

10. And thou, sweet Poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly, where sensual joys invade!
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To cătch the heart, or strike for honest Fame:
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou sōurce of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse[2] of every virtue, fare thee well.

11. Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors[3] glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
And slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain,
Teach ĕrring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that States, of native strength possess'd,

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[1] Mâss.—[2] Nurse (nêrs).—[3] Fêr' vor.

Though vĕry poor, may still be very bless'd;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billōws and the sky.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century, was born at Pallas, Ireland, in November, 1728. He was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had long been settled in Ireland. At the time of Oliver's birth, his father with difficulty supported his family on what he could earn, partly as a curate and partly as a farmer. Soon after, he was presented with a living, worth about £200 a-year, near the village of Lissoy, in Westmeath county, where the boy passed his youth and received his preparatory instruction. In his seventeenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. He was quartered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name, scrawled by himself, is still read with interest. He neglected the studies of the place, stood low at the examinations, and led a life divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation. His father died, leaving a mere pittance. Oliver obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the university. He was now in his twenty-first year; it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing of moment. He tried five or six professions, in turn, without success. He went to Edinburgh in his twenty-fourth year, where he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures, and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden, still pretending to study physic. He left that celebrated university in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, and with no property but his clothes and his flute. His flute, however, proved a useful friend. He rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which everywhere set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, England, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. After several expedients failed, the unlucky adventurer, at thirty, took a garret in a miserable court in London, and sat down to the lowest drudgery of literature. In the succeeding six years he produced articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers; children's books; "An Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe;" a "Life of Beau Nash," an excellent work of its kind; a superficial, but very readable "History of England;" and "Sketches of London Society." All these works were anonymous; but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's. He gradually rose in the estimation of the booksellers, and became a popular writer. He took chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court, and became intimate with Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, and other eminent men. In 1764 he published a poem, entitled "The Traveler." It was the first work to which he put his name; and it at once raised him to the rank of a legitimate English classic. Its execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior to the design. No philosophic poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple. Soon after his novel, the "Vicar of Wakefield," appeared, and rapidly obtained a popularity which is likely to last as long as our language. This was followed by a dramatic piece, entitled the "Good-natured Man." It was acted at Covent Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The author, however, cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright, no less than £500. In 1770 appeared the "Deserted Village." In diction and

versification, this celebrated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior, to "The Traveler." In 1773, Goldsmith tried his chance at Covent Garden with "She Stoops to Conquer," an incomparable farce in five acts, which met with unprecedented success. While writing the "Deserted Village" and "She Stoops to Conquer," he compiled, for the use of schools, a "History of Rome," by which he made £300; a "History of England," by which he made £600; a "History of Greece," for which he received £250; and a "Natural History," for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. He produced these works by selecting, abridging, and translating into his own clear, pure, and flowing language, what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls. His compilations are widely distinguished from the compilations of ordinary bookmakers. He was a great, perhaps an unequaled master of the arts of selection and condensation. He died on the 4th of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year.

51. Letters.

BLESSED be letters!—they are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart-talkers. Your speech, and their speeches, are conventional; they are moulded by circumstances; they are suggested by the observation, remark, and influence of the parties to whom the speaking is addressed, or by whom it may be overheard. Your truest thought is modified half through its utterance by a look, a sign, a smile, or a sneer. It is not individual; it is not in'tegral: it is social and mixed,—half of you, and half of others. It bends, it sways, it multiplies, it retires, and it advances, as the talk of others presses, relaxes, or quickens.

2. But it is not so with Letters:—there you are, with only the soulless pen, and the snow-white, virgin paper. Your soul is măsuring itself by itself, and saying its own sayings: there are no sneers to modify its utterance,—no scowl to scare; nothing is present but you and your thought. Utter it then freely—write it down—stamp it—burn it in the ink!—There it is, a true soul-print!

3. Oh, the glōry, the freedom, the passion of a letter! It is worth all the lip-talk of the world. Do you say, it is studied, made up, acted, rehearsed, contrived, artistic? Let me see it then; let me run it over: tell me age, sex, circumstances, and I will tell you if it be studied or real; if it be the merest lip-slang put into words, or heart-talk blazing on the paper.

4. I have a little packet, not very large, tied up with năr'rŏw

crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which far into some winter's night I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and run over, with such sŏrrōw and such joy, such tears and such smiles, as I am sure make me, for weeks after, a kinder and holier man.

5. There are in this little packet letters in the familiar hand of a mother: what gentle admonition—what tender affection! Gŏd have mercy on him who outlives the tears that such admonitions and such affection call up to the eye! There are others in the budget, in the delicate and unformed hand of a loved and lŏst sister;—written when she and you were full of glee, and the best mirth of youthfulness: does it harm you to recall that mirthfulness? or to trace again, for the hundredth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom, with its *i's* so carefully dotted, and its gigantic *t's* so carefully crŏssed, by the childish hand of a little brother?

6. I have added latterly to that packet of letters: I almost need a new and lŏnger ribbon; the old one is gĕtting too short. Not a few of these new and cherished letters, a former Reverie has brought to me; not letters of cold praise, saying it was well done, artfully executed, prettily imagined—no such thing; but letters of sympathy—of sympathy which means sympathy.

7. It would be cold and dastardly work to copy them; I am too selfish for that. It is enough to say that they, the kind writers, have seen a heart in the Reverie—have felt that it was real, true. They know it: a secret influence has told it. What matters it, pray, if literally there was no wife, and no dead child, and no cŏffin, in the house? Is not feeling, feeling; and heart, heart? Are not these fancies thrŏnging on my brain, bringing tears to my eyes, bringing joy to my soul, as living as any thing human can be living? What if they have no material type—no objective form? All that is crude,—a mere reduction of ideality to sense—a transformation of the spiritual to the earthy—a leveling of soul to matter.

8. Are we not creatures of thought and passion? Is any thing about us more earnest than that same thought and passion? Is there any thing more real,—more characteristic of that great and dim destiny to which we are born, and which may be written down in that terrible word—FOREVER? Let those who will,

then, sneer at what in their wisdom they call untruth—at what is false, because it has no material presence: this does not create falsity; would to Heaven that it did!

9. And yĕt, if there was actual, material truth, superadded to Reverie, would such objectors sympathize the more? No!—a thousand times, no; the heart that has no sympathy with thoughts and feelings that scorch the soul, is dead also—whatever its mŏcking tears and gestures may say—to a cŏffin or a grave! Let them pass, and we will come back to these cherished letters.

10. A mother who has lŏst a child, has, she says, shed a tear—not one, but many—over the dead boy's coldness. And another, who has not, but who trembles lest she lose, has found the words failing as she reads, and a dim, sŏrrōw-borne mist spreading over the page. Another, yĕt rejoicing in all those family ties that make life a charm, has listened nervously to careful reading, until the husband is called home, and the cŏffin is in the house—"Stop!" she says; and a gush of tears tells the rest. Yet the cold critic will say—"It was artfully done." A curse on him!—it was not art; it was nature.

11. Another, a young, fresh, healthful girl-mind, has seen something in the love-picture—albeit so weak—of truth; and has kindly believed that it must be earnest. Ay, indeed is it, fair and generous one,—earnest as life and hope! Who, indeed, with a heart at all, that has not yĕt slipped away irrĕp'arably and forever from the shōres of youth—from that fairy-land which young enthusiasm creates, and over which bright dreams hover—but knows it to be real? And so such things will be real, till hopes are dashed, and Death is come. Another, a father, has laid down the book in tears.—Gŏd bless them all! How far better this, than the cold praise of newspaper paragraphs, or the critically contrived approval of colder friends!

12. Let me găther up these letters carefully,—to be read when the heart is faint, and sick of all that there is unreal and selfish in the world. Let me tie them togĕther, with a new, and lŏnger bit of ribbon,—not by a love knot, that is too hard—but by an easy slipping knot, that so I may gĕt at them the better. And now they are all together, a snug packet, and we will label them, not sentimentally (I pity the one who thinks it),

but earnestly, and in the best meaning of the term--REMEMBRANCERS OF THE HEART. D. G. MITCHELL.[1]

52. THE SETTLER.

1. HIS echoing ax the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans[2] of the wood;
Loud shriek'd the eagle as he dash'd
From out his mŏssy nest, which crash'd
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flash'd
On the wolf's haunt below.

2. Rude was the garb, and strŏng the frame
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
To form that garb, the wild-wood game
Contributed their spoil;
The soul that warm'd that frame, disdain'd
The tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reign'd
Where men their crowds collect;
The simple fur, untrimm'd, unstain'd,
This fŏrest-tamer deck'd.

3. The paths which wound mid gorgeous trees,
The streams whose bright lips kiss'd their flowers,
The winds that swell'd their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast—the green arcade,
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
Dark cave and swampy lair;
These scenes and sounds majestic, made
His world, his plĕasures, there.

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[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 162.—[2] Titans, in heathen mythology, men of gigantic stature and force, said to be the sons of Cœlus and Terra. The wars of the Titans against the gods are very celebrated in mythology. The name Titan is now applied to any thing gigantic, as in this line to the large trees of the wood.

4. His roof adorn'd, a pleasant spot,
Mid the black lŏgs green glow'd the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not,
Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The lōw—the blēat—the tinkling bell,
All made a landscape strānge,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the chānge.

5. The vīolet sprung at Spring's first tinge,
The rose of summer spread its glow,
The maize hung on its Autumn fringe,
Rude Winter brought his snow;
And still the settler labor'd there,
His shout and whistle woke the air,
As cheerily he plied
His garden spade, or drove his share
Alŏng the hillock's side.

6. He mark'd the fire-storm's blazing flood
Roaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood,
Beneath its greedy wrath;
He mark'd the rapid whirlwind shoot,
Trampling the pine-tree with its foot,
And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and sever'd root,
Hurl'd whizzing on its way.

7. His gaunt hound yell'd, his rifle flash'd,
The grim bear hush'd its savage growl,
In blood and foam the panther gnash'd
Its fangs with dying howl;
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
Its snarling wolf foe bit the ground,
And with its moaning cry,
The beaver sank beneath the wound,
Its pond-built Venice[1] by.

[1]Pond-built Venice. The city of Venice, one of the finest in Europe,

8. Humble the lot, yĕt his the race,
When Liberty sent fŏrth her cry,
Who thrŏng'd in conflict's deadliest place,
To fight—to bleed—to die;
Who cumber'd Bunker's[1] height of red,
By hope, through weary years were led,
And witness'd Yorktown's[2] sun
Blaze on a nation's banner spread,
A nation's freedom won. A. B. STREET.

ALFRED B. STREET was born in Poughkeepsie, a large and beautiful town on the Hudson, on the 18th of December, 1811. His father, Gen. RANDALL S. STREET, was an officer in active service during our second war with England, and subsequently several years a representative in Congress. When the poet was about fourteen years of age his father removed to Monticello, Sullivan county, then what is called a "wild county," though extremely fertile. Its magnificent scenery, deep forests, clear streams, gorges of piled rocks and black shade, and mountains and valleys, called into life all the faculties that slumbered in the brain of the young poet. He studied law in the office of his father, and attended the courts of Sullivan county for one year after his admission to the bar; but in the winter of 1839 he removed to Albany, where he successfully practiced his profession. For several years past he has been State Librarian. The most complete edition of his poems was published in New York, in 1845. Mr. STREET is a descriptive poet, and in his peculiar department he has, perhaps, no superior in this country. He writes with apparent ease and freedom, from the impulses of his own heart, and from actual observations of life and nature

53. THE AMERICAN FLAG.

1. WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tōre the ăzure robe of night,
And set the stars of glōry there!

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is built on 82 small islands, separated by 150 canals, which are crossed by 360 bridges. The beaver constructs his habitation in the water, and the different parts have no communication except by water, and hence the poetical allusion.—[1] Bunker Hill, a height near Charlestown, Massachusetts, celebrated as the place where the first great battle was fought between the British and Americans, on the memorable 17th of June, 1775.—[2] Yorktown, a port of entry in Virginia, celebrated as the theater of one of the most important events in American history—the final battle of the Revolutionary war, which resulted in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to General Washington, on the 19th of October, 1781.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She call'd her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen band!

2 Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st alŏft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven!
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war—
The harbingers of victory!

3 Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the lŏng line comes gleaming on.
Ere yĕt the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Cătch war and vengeance from the glance
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
There shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath

Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

4. Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack;
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly,
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

5. Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By ăngel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

J. R. DRAKE.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, author of "The Culprit Fay," was born in the city of New York, on the 7th of August, 1795. He entered Columbia College at an early period, through which he passed with a reputation for scholarship, taste, and admirable social qualities. He soon after made choice of the medical profession, and completed his professional studies in his native city. Immediately after he was married to Miss SARAH ECKFORD, a daughter of the noted marine architect, HENRY ECKFORD, through whom he inherited a moderate fortune. His health, about the same time, began to decline; and in the winter of 1819 he visited New Orleans. He had anticipated some benefit from the sea-voyage and the mild climate of Louisiana, but was disappointed, and in the spring of 1820, he returned to New York. His disease—consumption—had now become deeply seated. He lingered through the summer, and died near the close of September, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. He began to write verses when very young, and was a contributor to several gazettes before he was sixteen years old. The secrets of his authorship, however, were only known to his most intimate friends. His longest poem, "The Culprit Fay," was composed in the summer of 1819, though it was not printed until several years after his death. It exhibits the most delicate fancy, and much artistic taste. DRAKE placed a very modest estimate on his own productions, and it is thought that but a small portion of them has been preserved. A collection of them appeared in 1836. It includes, besides "The Culprit Fay," eighteen short pieces, some of which are very beautiful.

54. Washington and Napoleon.

NO one, in tracing the history of our struggle, can deny that Providence watched over our interests, and gave us the only man who could have conducted the car of the Revolution to the gōal it finally reached. Our Revolution brought to a speedy crisis the one that must sooner or later have convulsed France. One was as much needed as the other, and has been productive of equal good.

2. But in tracing the prōgress of each, how striking is the contrast between the instruments employed—Napoleon[1] and Washington![2] Heaven and earth are not wider apart than were their mŏral characters, yĕt bōth were sent of Heaven to perform a great work. Gŏd acts on more enlarged plans than the bigoted and ignorant have any conception of, and adapts his instruments to the work he wishes to accomplish.

3. To effect the regeneration of a comparatively religious, virtuous, and intelligent people, no better man could have been selected than Washington. To rend asunder the feudal system[3] of Europe, which stretched like an iron frame-work over the people, and had rusted so lŏng in its place, that no slow corrosion or steadily wasting power could effect its firmness, there could have been found no better than Bonaparte.

4. Their missions were as different as their characters. Had

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[1] Napoleon Bonaparte, first emperor of the French, one of the greatest of warriors and statesmen, was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 5th of February, 1768, and died a prisoner, on the island of St. Helena, May 5th, 1821. From thence his remains were, in December, 1841, translated to Paris, where, on the 15th of that month, they were interred in a mausoleum under the dome of the Invalids.—[2] George Washington, commander-in-chief of the army of independence during the American Revolution, first President of the United States, styled the "Father of his Country," was born in Westmoreland, in the State of Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732. He retired from public life in 1796, and died on the 14th of December, 1799, leaving a reputation without a stain.—[3] Feudal system, a system by which a kingdom or country was divided into different portions, among the chiefs or companions of the monarch, with the right of subdividing their respective portions among their immediate followers. The monarch was called the liege-lord, and his dependents, vassals or feudatories.

Bonaparte been put in the place of Washington, he would have overthrown the Congress, as he did the Directory,[1] and taking supreme power into his hands, developed the resources and kindled the enthusiasm of this country with such astonishing rapidity, that the war would scarcely have begun ere it was ended. But a vast and powerful monarchy, instead of a republic, would have occupied this continent. Had Washington been put in the place of Bonaparte, his transcendent virtues and unswerving integrity would not have prevailed against the tyr'anny of faction, and a prison would have received him, as it did Lafayette.[2]

5. Bŏth were children of a revolution, both rose to the chief command of the army, and eventually to the head of the nation. One led his country step by step to freedom and prosperity; the other arrested at once, and with a strŏng hand, the earthquake that was rocking France asunder, and sent it rolling under the thrones of Europe. The ŏffice of one was to defend and build up Liberty; that of the other to break down the prison walls in which it lay a captive, and rend asunder its century-bound fetters.

6. To suppose that France could have been managed as Amĕrica was, by any human hand, shows an ignorance as blind as it is culpable. That, and every other country of Europe, will have to pass through successive stages before they can reach the point at which our revolution commenced. Here Liberty needed virtue and pātriotism, as well as strength; on the Continent it needed simple *power*—concentrated and tĕrrible power. Europe at this day trembles over that volcano Napoleon kindled, and the next eruption will finish what he began. Thus does Heaven, selecting its own instruments, break up the systems of oppression men deemed eternal, and out of the power and ambition, as well as out of the virtues of men, work the welfare of our race.

J. T. Headley.

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[1] Di rĕct' o ry, a form of government adopted in France during the revolution, in which the executive power was vested in five persons. —[2] Lafayette (laf å yĕt'), a French nobleman, one of the most illustrious names in the annals of modern history, was born in 1757. He aided the Americans in their revolutionary war. He held several offices in France; and though unfortunate during the French revolution, was ever a faithful advocate of constitutional liberty. He died in 1834.

J. T. HEADLEY was born on the 13th of December, 1814, at Walton, in New York, where his father was settled as a clergyman. He commenced his studies with the law in view, but changed his plan, and after graduating at Union College, became a student of theology at Auburn. He was licensed in New York, and offered a church in that city; but his health not permitting, he took charge of a small church in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. After two years and a half he planned a European tour and residence for the recovery of his health. He went to Italy in the summer of 1842, where he remained about eight months, traveled some time in Switzerland, passed through Germany and the Netherlands, went into Belgium, thence to France, then over England and Wales, and finally home, having been absent less than two years. His health being worse, he gave up his profession, and turned his attention to literature. His first work, a translation from the German, appeared anonymously in 1844. In the following year he gave to the press "Letters from Italy, the Alps, and the Rhine," and in 1846, "Napoleon and his Marshals," and "The Sacred Mountains." He has shown his capacity to write an agreeable book, and to write a popular one. His Letters from Italy is a work upon which a man of taste will delight to linger. The style is natural, familiar, and idiomatic. It approaches the animation, variety, and ease of spoken language. His later works appear to have been written more for popularity and effect than to satisfy literary men's ideas of excellence. Mr. HEADLEY is at present Secretary of State, in the State of New York.

55. NAPOLEON AND THE SPHINX.

1. BENEATH him stretch'd the sands of Egypt's burning lands,
The desert panted to the sweltering ray;
The camel's plashing feet, with slow, uneasy beat,
Threw up the scorching dust like ărrowy spray,
And fierce the sunlight glow'd, as young Napoleon rode
Around the Gallic camp, companionless that day.

2. High thoughts were in his mind, unspoken to his kind;
Calm was his face—his eyes were blank and chill;
His thin lips were compress'd: the secrets of his breast
Those pōrtals never pass'd, for good or ill;
And dreaded—yet adored—his hand upon his sword,
He mused on Destiny, to shape it to his will.

3. "Ye haughty Pyramids! thou Sphinx![1] whose eyeless lids
On my presumptuous youth seem bent in scorn,

[1] Sphinx, a monster both in Grecian and Egyptian mythology, usually represented with the body of a lion and the face of a young woman. The Grecian sphinx was cruel and bloodthirsty, proposing riddles to the passers-by, whom she devoured if they could not explain them. The

What though thou hast stood coëval[1] with the flood—
Of all earth's monuments the earliest born;
And I so mean and small, with armies at my call,
Am recent in thy sight as grass of yĕster-morn!

4. "Yĕt in this soul of mine is strength as great as thine,
O dull-eyed Sphinx, that wouldst despise me now;
Is grandeur like thine own, O melancholy stone,
With forty centuries fŭrrōw'd on thy brow:
Deep in my heart I feel what time shall yet reveal,
That I shall tower o'er men, as o'er these deserts thou.

5. "I shall upbuild a name of never-dying fame,
My deeds shall fill the world with their renown:
To all succeeding years, the populous hemispheres
Shall pass the record of my glōries down;
And nations yĕt to be, surging from Time's deep sea,
Shall teach their babes the name of great Napoleon.

6. "On History's deathless page, from wondering age to age,
New light and reverence o'er that name shall glow.
My deeds already done, are histories begun,
Whose great conclusion centuries shall not know.
O melancholy Sphinx! Present with Future links,
And bōth shall yet be mine. I feel it as I go!"

7. Over the mighty chief a shadow came of grief.
The lips gigantic seem'd to move, and say—
"Know'st thou his name that bid arise yŏn Pyramid?
Know'st thou who placed me where I stand to-day?
Thy deeds are but as sand, strewn on the heedless land:
Think, little mortal, think! and pass upon thy way!

8. "Pass, little mortal, pass! grow like the vernal grass—
The autumn sickle shall destroy thy prime.

Egyptian sphinx is the figure of a lion, without wings, in a lying attitude, the upper part of the body being that of a human being. The sphinxes appear in Egypt to have been set up in avenues forming the approaches to temples. A colossal image of the sphinx has been discovered near the group of pyramids at Gheezeh, in Egypt.—[1] Co ē' val, existing at the same time; of the same age.

Bid nations shout the word which ne'er before they heard,
The name of Glōry, fearful yet sublime.
The Pharaohs[1] are forgot, their works confess them not:
Pass, Hero! pass! poor straw upon the gulf of Time."

CHARLES MACKAY.[2]

56. A Conqueror's Account of Himself.

1. THE good of France and mine are mix'd. I am
The leaf of laurel on her tree,—no more:
One of her sons. I stand, indeed, the First,
Because necessity will have a man
To front the aspect of alarming times.
Still I am one o' the people. I claim not
A line stretch'd backward beyŏnd Nimrod's[3] reign;
Nor call on Cæsar,[4] or Semiramis,[5]
To answer for a weak or daring son.

2. I am—myself; the first,—perhaps the last
Of all my race who won or wore a crown.
Yĕt have I ambition still; for I would feel
My soldiers' tears raining upon my grave;
And have, on lasting brass, my nobler deeds
Thus written:—

"HERE LIES
NAPOLEON, EMPEROR;
WHO ROSE BY COURAGE AND A PEOPLE'S WILL
UP TO A THRONE:—HE WON A HUNDRED BATTLES—
AT ARCOLA, AT RIVOLI, AT MARENGO,
AT AUSTERLITZ, AT JENA, AND BY THE SNOWS
OF MOSCŌW, AND THE LIBYAN PYRAMIDS:

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[1] PHARO, a name common to all the kings of Egypt.—[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 91.—[3] See Bible, Genesis, 10th chapter, 8th verse.—[4] CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR, Dictator of Rome, was born on the 12th of July, B. C. 100, and died by the hands of assassins, in the Senate House, on the 15th of March, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. As a warrior, a statesman, and a man of letters, CÆSAR was one of the most remarkable men of any age.—[5] SEMIRAMIS, a queen of Assyria, wife of Ninus, who put him to death She was called REA, on account of her atrocities

HE CUT, LIKE HANNIBAL, THE WHITE ALPS THROUGH:
LEARNING HE RAISED; BUILT PUBLIC ROADS AND FOUNTAINS;
AND MADE ONE EQUAL LAW FOR ALL THE LAND."

W. B. PROCTER [1]

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57. RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND IN 1763.

BUT if aristocracy was not excluded from towns, still more did it pervade the rural life of England. The climate not only enjoyed the sŏfter atmosphere that belŏngs to the western side of masses of land, but was further modified by the proximity of every part of it to the sea. It knew nēither lŏng-continuing heat nor cold; and was more friendly to daily employment throughout the whōle year, within doors or without, than any in Europe.

2. The island was "a little world" of its own; with a "happy breed of men" for its inhabitants, in whom the hardihood of the Norman was intermixed with the gentler qualities of the Celt and the Saxon, just as nails are rubbed into steel to temper and harden the Damascus blade. They loved country life, of which the mildness of the clime increased the attractions; since every grass and flower and tree that had its home between the remote north and the neighborhood of the tropics would live abroad, and such only excepted as needed a hot sun to unfold their bloom, or concentrate their arō′ma, or ripen their fruit, would thrive in perfection; so that no region could show such a varied wood. The moisture of the sky favored a soil not naturally vĕry rich; and so fructified the earth, that it was clad in perpetual verdure.

3. Nature had its attractions even in winter. The ān̆cient trees were stripped indeed of their foliage; but showed more clearly their fine proportions, and the undisturbed nests of the noisy rooks among their boughs; the air was so mild, that the flocks and herds still grazed on the freshly springing herbage; and the deer found shelter enough by crouching amongst the fern; the smoothly shaven grassy walk was sŏft and yielding

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[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 128.

under the foot; nor was there a month in the year in which the plow was idle.

4. The large landed proprietors dwelt ŏften in houses which had descended to them from the times when England was gemmed all over with the most delicate and most solid structures of Gŏthic art. The vĕry lanes were memorials of early days, and ran as they had been laid out before the Conquest; and in mills for grinding corn, water-wheels revolved at their work just where they had been doing so for at least eight hundred years. Hospitality also had its traditions; and for untold centuries Christmas had been the most joyous of the seasons.

5. The system was so completely the ruling element in English history and English life, especially in the country, that it seemed the most natural organization of society, and was even endeared to the dependent people. Hence the manners of the aristocracy, without haughtiness or arrogance, implied rather than expressed the consciousness of undisputed rank; and female beauty added to its loveliness the blended graces of dignity and humility—most winning, where acquaintance with sŏrrōw had sŏftened the feeling of superiority, and increased the sentiment of compassion.

6. Yĕt the privileged class defended its rural plĕasures and its agricultural interests with impassioned vigilance. The game laws parceling out among the large proprietors the exclusive right of hunting, which had been wrested from the king as too grievous a prerogative, were maintained with relentless severity; and to steal or even to hamstring a sheep was as much punished by death as murder or treason. During the reign of George the Second, sixty-three new capital offences had been added to the criminal laws, and five new ones, on the average, continued to be discovered annually; so that the criminal code of England, formed under the influence of the rural gentry, seemed written in blood, and owed its mitigation only to executive clemency.

7. But this cruelty, while it encouraged and hardened offenders, did not revŏlt the instinct of submission in the rural population. The tenantry, for the most part without permanent leases, holding lands at a moderate rent, transmitting the occupation of them from father to son through many generations, clung to the lord of the mănor as ivy to massive old walls

They loved to live in his light, to lean on his support, to gather round him with affectionate deference rather than base cowering; and, by their faithful attachment, to win his sympathy and care; happy when he was such a one as merited their love. They caught refinement of their superiors, so that their cottages were carefully neat, with roses and honeysuckles clambering to their roofs. They cultivated the soil in sight of the towers of the church, near which reposed the ashes of their ancestors for almost a thousand years.

8. The whole island was mapped out into territorial parishes, as well as into counties, and the affairs of local interest, the assessment of rates, the care of the poor and of the roads, were settled by elected vestries or magistrates, with little interference from the central government. The resident magistrates were unpaid, being taken from among the landed gentry; and the local affairs of the county, and all criminal affairs of no uncommon importance, were settled by them in a body at their quarterly sessions, where a kind-hearted landlord often presided, to appall the convicted offender by the solemn earnestness of his rebuke, and then to show him mercy by a lenient sentence. Thus the local institutions of England shared the common character; they were at once the evidence of aristocracy and the badges of liberty.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Mr. BANCROFT was born in 1800, in Worcester, Massachusetts, where his father was long distinguished as a learned and pious clergyman, and was graduated Bachelor of Arts, at Harvard College, at the early age of seventeen. The next year he went to Europe, and studied for four years at Gottingen and Berlin, and traveled in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and England. On his return, in 1823, he published a volume of poems, which were principally written while he was abroad. He soon after established the academy of Round Hill, at Northampton. He was appointed collector of Boston in 1838; was made secretary of the navy in 1845; was sent as minister plenipotentiary to England in 1846; and on his return, in 1849, became a resident of New York, where he has since devoted himself principally to the composition of his "History of the United States," the fifth volume of which appeared in 1854. He has also lately published a volume of "Literary and Historical Miscellanies." His "History of the United States" has been published in its original language in London and Paris, and has been translated into several foreign languages. It is a work of great labor, originality, and ability, and eminently American, in the best sense of that word as used in regard to literature. It is the most accurate and philosophical account that has been given of the United States; elaborately and strongly, yet elegantly written; and, though the style is not altogether free from affectation, contains parts that may be reckoned among the most splendid in all historical literature.

58. Panegyric on England.

NO character is perfect among nations, more than among men; but it must needs be conceded, that, of all the States of Europe, England has been, from an early period, the most favored abode of liberty; the only part of Europe, where, for any length of time, constitutional liberty can be said to have a stable existence. We can scarcely contĕm'plate with patience the idea, that we might have been a Spanish colony, a Portuguese colony, or a Dutch colony. What hope can there be for the colonies of nations which possess themselves no spring of improvement, and tolerate none in the regions over which they rule; whose administration sets no bright examples of parliamentary independence; whose languages send out no reviving lessons of sound and practical science, of manly literature, of sound philosophy; but repeat, with every ship that crŏsses the Atlăntic, the same debasing voice of despotism, bigotry, and antiquated superstition?

2. What citizen of our Republic is not grateful, in the contrast which our history presents? Who does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived to this land out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and mŏral truth, from which we have drawn in England? What Amĕrican does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon,[1] of Newton,[2] and of Locke?[3]

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[1] Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England under James I., author of the "Instauratio Magna," was born in London on 22d of January, 1561, and died in 1626. The immortal Englishman possessed a mind so vast, with powers so varied, that it can not be said that any one department of labor, or species of activity, belonged to him peculiarly. From early manhood Bacon was immersed in public affairs, intrusted with very onerous functions: in the first rank of jurisconsult, he moved in the work of reforming and arranging the laws of England; as a statesman, he labored effectively in promotion of the British treaty of Union; as a historian, he produced the first meritorious history in English literature, viz., the "Reign of Henry VII.;" as orator and writer, he had no equal in his age; and, *besides*, he renovated Philosophy.—[2] Isaac Newton, the celebrated mathematician and natural philosopher, author of the "Principia," was born at Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, England, on the 25th December, 1642, o. s., and died the 20th March, 1727.—[3] John Locke, a name than which there is none higher in English phil-

Who does not know, that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity, with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there?

3. Who does not remember, that, when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained till the star of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forgĕt, that, in that eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America, than that of Burke[1] or of Chatham[2] within the walls of the British Parliament, and at the foot of the British throne?

4. No: for myself, I can truly say, that, after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. In touching the soil of England, I seem to return, like a descendant, to the old family seat; to come back to the abode of an agèd and venerable parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language, beyŏnd the sea, is a music to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan sŏftness or Castilian majesty. I am not yĕt in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, and the institutions under which I have been brought up.

5. I wander delighted through a thousand scenes, which the historians and the poets have made familiar to us, of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread

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osophical literature, author of the celebrated "Essay Concerning the Human Understanding," was born at Wrington, near Bristol, England, on 29th August, 1632, and died at Oates, in Essex, on 28th October, 1704. —[1] Edmund Burke, a celebrated British orator, statesman, and philosopher, was born at Dublin on 1st of January, 1730, and died July 8th, 1797.—[2] William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, one of the most celebrated of British statesmen and orators, born on the 15th of November, 1708, and died on the 11th of May, 1778.

with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers: the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land; rich in the memory of the great and good, the champions and the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer as the parent of this land of promise in the West.

6. I am not—I need not say I am not—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The scepter, the miter, and the cŏronet,—stars, garters, and blue ribbons,—seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies mustered for the battles of Europe, her navies overshadowing the ocean, nor her empire grasping the farthest East. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too ŏften maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections.

7. But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though ŏften persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims;—it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer[1] and Virgil,[2] and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare[3] and Milton.[4] I should think him cold in his love for his native

[1] Homer, the most distinguished of poets, entitled "The Father of Song." He is supposed to have been an Asiatic Greek, though his birth-place, and the period in which he lived, are unknown.—[2] Virgil, the most distinguished of the Roman poets, was born at Andes, a small village of Mantua, on the 15th of October, B. C. 70. He died on the 22d of September, B. C. 19, before completing his fifty-first year. His body lies buried at the distance of two miles from the city of Naples.—[3] William Shakspeare, the most celebrated of all dramatists, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, England, in 1564, and died in 1616.—[4] John Milton, the most illustrious English poet, was born in London, on the 9th of December, 1608, and died on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1675.

land who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

EDWARD EVERETT.[1]

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59. LANGUAGE.

1. SOME words on Language may be well applied;
And take them kindly, though they touch your pride.
Words lead to things; a scale is more precise,—
Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing, drinking, vice.
Our cold Northeaster's icy fetter clips
The native freedom of the Saxon lips:
See the brown peasant of the plastic South,
How all his passions play about his mouth!
With us, the feature that transmits the soul,
A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-hole.

2. The crampy shackles of the ploughboy's walk
Tie the small muscles, when he strives to talk;
Not all the pumice of the polish'd town
Can smooth this roughness of the barnyard down;
Rich, honor'd, titled, he betrays his race
By this one mark—he's awkward in the face;—
Nature's rude impress, lŏng before he knew
The sunny street that holds the sifted few.

3. It can't be help'd; though, if we're taken young,
We gain some freedom of the lips and tongue:
But school and college ŏften try in vain
To break the padlock of our boyhood's chain;
One stubborn word will prove this axiom true—
No late-caught rustic can enunciate *view*.[2]

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[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 89.—[2] The poet here humorously alludes to the difficulty which many persons, bred in retirement, find in pronouncing this word correctly. It will be difficult to express in letters the manner in which it is frequently mispronounced, but it is a sound somewhat similar to vo̊. The proper pronunciation is vû. They also who give the second sound of *o* in the words *soap*, *road*, *coat*, *boat*, and *most*, come in for a small share of his lash.

4. A few brief stanzas may be well employ'd
To speak of errors we can all avoid.
Learning condemns beyŏnd the reach of hope
The careless churl that speaks of sŏap for sōap;
Her ēdict exiles from her fair abode
The clownish voice that utters rŏad for rōad,
Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cŏat,
And steers his bōat believing it a bŏat.
She pardon'd one, our classic city's boast,
Who said, at Cambridge, mŏst instead of mōst;
But knit her brows, and stamp'd her angry foot,
To hear a teacher call a root[1] a root.[2]

5. Once more: speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over hard to roll the British R;
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't—let me beg you—don't say "How?" for "What?"
And when you stick on conversation's burs,
Don't strew the pathway with those dreadful *urs*.[3]

O. W. Holmes.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of the late Abiel Holmes, D. D., was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 29th of August, 1809. He received his early education at Phillips Exeter Academy, and entered Harvard University in 1825. On being graduated, after a year's application to the study of law, he relinquished it, and devoted himself with ardor and industry to the pursuit of medicine. He visited Europe in the spring of 1833, principally residing at Paris while abroad, where he attended the hospitals, became personally acquainted with many of the most eminent physicians of France, and acquired an intimate knowledge of the language. He returned to Boston near the close of 1835, and in the following spring commenced the practice of medicine in that city. He was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the medical institution connected with Dartmouth College, in 1838, but resigned the place on his marriage, two years later. He soon acquired a large and lucrative practice, and in 1847 succeeded Dr. Warren as Professor of Anatomy in the medical department of Harvard University. His earlier poems appeared in "The Collegian."

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[1] Rŏot.—[2] Root (růt).—[3] The drawling style in which many persons are in the habit of talking, heedlessly hesitating to think of a word, and the meanwhile supplying its place by the unmeaning syllable "*ur*," is here happily condemned. Such habits may easily be corrected by a little presence of mind, and particularly by following the direction, Think twice before you speak once.

a monthly miscellany, published in 1830, by the under-graduates at Cambridge His longest poem, "Poetry, a Metrical Essay," delivered before a literary society at Cambridge, in 1835, is in the heroic measure, and in its versification is not surpassed by any poem written in this country. He published "Terpsichore," a poem read at the annual dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in 1843; and in 1846, "Urania, a Rhyme Lesson," pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association. Dr. HOLMES is a poet of art and humor and genial sentiment, with a style remarkable for its purity, terseness, and point, and for an exquisite finish and grace. He possesses the rare distinction of blending ludicrous ideas with fancy and imagination, and displaying in their conception and expression the same poetical qualities usually exercised in serious composition. "His lyrics ring and sparkle like cataracts of silver, and his serious pieces arrest the attention by touches of the most genuine pathos and tenderness."

60. SOUND AND SENSE.

THAT, in the formation of language, men have been much influenced by a regard to the nature of the things and actions meant to be represented, is a fact of which every known speech gives proof. In our own language, for instance, who does not perceive in the sound of the words *thunder*, *boundless*, *terrible*, a something appropriate to the sublime ideas intended to be conveyed? In the word *crash* we hear the very action implied. *Imp*, *elf*,—how descriptive of the miniature beings to which we apply them! *Fairy*,—how light and tripping, just like the fairy herself!—the word, no more than the thing, seems fit to bend the grass-blade, or shake the tear from the blue-eyed flower.

2. *Pea* is another of those words expressive of light, diminutive objects; any man born without sight and touch, if such ever are, could tell what kind of thing a pea was from the sound of the word alone. Of picturesque[1] words, *sylvan* and *crystal* are among our greatest favorites. *Sylvan!*—what visions of beautiful old sunlit fŏrests, with huntsmen and bugle-horns, arise at the sound! *Crystal!*—does it not glitter like the vĕry thing it stands for? Yĕt crystal is not so beautiful as its own adjective. *Crystallīne!*—why, the whōle mind is lightened up with its shine. And this superiŏrity is as it should be;

[1] Picturesque (pikt yer ĕsk'), expressing that peculiar kind of beauty that is pleasing in a picture.

for crystal can only be one comparatively small object, while crystalline may refer to a mass—to a world of crystals.

3. It will be found that natural objects have a larger proportion of expressive names among them than any other things. The *eagle*,—what appropriate daring and sublimity! the *dove*,—what sŏftness! the *linnet*,—what fluttering gentleness! "That which men call a rose" would *not* by any other name, or at least by many other names, smell as sweet. *Lily*,—what tall, cool, pale, lady-like beauty have we here! *Vĭolet*, *jessamĭne*, *hyacinth*, *a-nem'onè*, *geranium!*—beauties, all of them, to the ear as well as the eye.

4. The names of the precious stŏnes have also a beauty and magnificence above mŏst common things. *Diamond*, *sapphire*, *am'ethyst*, *bĕr'yl*, *ruby*, *ag'ate*, *pearl*, *jasper*, *topaz*, *garnet*, *emerald*, —what a caskanet of sparkling sounds! *Diadem* and *cŏronet* glitter with gold and precious stones, like the objects they represent. It is almost unnecessary to bring forward instances of the fine things which are represented in English by fine words. Let us take any sublime passage of our poëtry, and we shall hardly find a word which is inappropriate in sound. For example:—

> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pāgeant faded,
> Leave not a rack[1] behind.

The "gorgeous palaces," "the solemn temples,"—how ad'mira bly do these lŏfty sounds harmonize with the objects!

5. The relation between the sound and sense of certain words is to be ascribed to mōre than one cause. Many are evidently imitative representations of the things, movements, and acts, which are meant to be expressed. Others, in which we only find a general relation, as between a beautiful thing and a beautiful word, a ridiculous thing and a ridiculous word, or a sublime idea and a sublime word, must be attributed to those faculties,

[1] Răck, vapor, or flying broken clouds. This line is frequently read, "Leave not a *wreck* behind." It is manifest, however, that Shakspeare wrote *rack*, a more poetical and descriptive epithet.

native to every mind, which enable us to perceive and enjoy the beautiful, the ridiculous, and the sublime.

6. Doctor Wallis, who wrote upon English grammar in the reign of Charles II., represented it as a peculiar excellence of our language, that, beyŏnd all others, it expressed the nature of the objects which it names, by employing sounds sharper, sŏfter, weaker, strŏnger, more obscure, or more stridulous,[1] according as the idea which is to be suggested requires. He gives various examples. Thus, words formed upon *st* always denote firmness and strength, anal'ogous[2] to the Latin *sto;* as, stand, stay, staff, stop, stout, steady, stake, stamp, &c.

7. Words beginning with *str* intimate vīolent fōrce and energy; as, strive, strength, stress, stripe, &c. *Thr* implies forcible motion; as, throw, throb, thrust, threaten, thraldom, thrill: *gl* smoothness or silent motion; as, glib, glide: *wr*, obliquity or distortion; as, wry, wrest, wrestle, wring, wrŏng, wrangle, wrath, &c.: *sw*, silent agitation, or lateral[3] motion; as, sway, swing, swerve, sweep, swim: *sl*, a gentle fall or less observable motion; as, slide, slip, sly, slit, slow, slack, sling: *sp*, dissipation or expansion; as, spread, sprout, sprinkle, split, spill, spring.

8. Terminations in *ash* indicate something acting nimbly and sharply; as, crash, dash, rash, flash, lash, slash: terminations in *ush*, something acting more obtusely and dully; as, crush, brush, hush, gush, blush. The learnèd author produces a great many more examples of the same kind, which seem to leave no doubt that the analogies of sound have had some influence on the formation of words. At the same time, in all speculations of this kind, there is so much room for fancy to operate, that they ought to be adopted with much caution in forming any general theory.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, a noted Scottish writer and publisher, remarkable for his energy and industry, was born in 1801. He, with his brother William, commenced trade in book-shops in Edinburgh; and, subsequently, became author and publisher. The brothers are completely identified with the cheap and useful literature of the day, in this country, as well as in the United Kingdom.

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[1] Strĭd' u lous, making a creaking sound.—[2] A năl' o gous, correspondent; having a similarity with regard to form, design, effects, &c., or in the relations borne to other objects.—[3] Lăt' er al, pertaining or belonging to the side; from side to side.

61. The Power of Words.

WORDS are most effective when arranged in that order which is called style. The great secret of a good style, we are told, is to have proper words in proper places. To marshal one's verbal battalions in such order that they must bear at once upon all quarters of a subject, is certainly a great art. This is done in different ways. Swift,[1] Temple,[2] Addison,[3] Hume,[4] Gibbon,[5] Johnson,[6] Burke,[7] are all great generals in the discipline of their verbal armies, and the conduct of their paper wars. Each has a system of tactics of his own, and excels in the use of some particular wĕapon.

2. The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous, resembling that of an elephant or a mail-clad warrior. He is fond of leveling an obstăcle by a polysyllablic battering-ram. Burke's words are continually practicing the broad-sword exercise, and sweeping down adversaries with every stroke. Arbuthnot[8] "plays his wĕapon like a tongue of flame." Addison draws up his light infantry in orderly array, and marches through sentence after sentence, without having his ranks disordered or his line broken.

3. Luther[9] is different. His words are "half battle;" "his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the vĕry secret of the matter." Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and march

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[1] Jonathan Swift, of English descent, author of the "Travels of Lemuel Gulliver," was born at Dublin, in November, 1667. In the spring of 1713 he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. As a writer of plain, pure, vigorous, idiomatic English, Swift has no equal; and he has hardly any superior as a satirist. He died in October, 1745.—[2] Sir William Temple, an eminent statesman and writer, born at London, in 1628, and died in 1700.—[3] Joseph Addison, see Biographical Sketch, p. 513.—[4] David Hume, see Biographical Sketch, p. 157.—[5] Edward Gibbon, See Biographical Sketch, p. 77.—[6] Samuel Johnson, see Biographical Sketch, p. 230.—[7] Burke, see note 1, p. 214.—[8] John Arbuthnot, an eminent English physician of the 17th century, but more distinguished as a man of wit and letters; the associate of Pope and Swift, and the companion of Bolingbroke at the court of Queen Anne: born in 1675, and died 1735.—[9] Martin Luther, the great German reformer, was born 10th November, 1483, and died 18th of February, 1546.

with precision and dignity to the music of their own tramp. They are splendidly equipped, but a nice eye can discern a little rust beneath their fine apparel, and there are suttlers in his camp who lie, cog, and talk grōss obscĕnity. Macaulay,[1] brisk, lively, keen, and energetic, runs his thoughts rapidly through his sentence, and kicks out of the way every word which obstructs his passage. He reins in his steed only when he has reached his gōal, and then does it with such celerity that he is nearly thrown backward by the suddenness of his stoppage.

4. Gifford's[2] words are mŏss-troopers, that waylay innocent travelers and murder them for hire. Jeffrey[3] is a fine "lance," with a sort of Ar'ab swiftness in his movement, and runs an iron-clad horseman through the eye before he has had time to close his helmet. John Wilson's[4] camp is a disorganized mass, who might do effectual service under better discipline, but who under his lead are suffered to carry on a rambling and predatory warfare, and disgrace their general by flagitious excesses. Sometimes they steal, sometimes swear, sometimes drink, and sometimes pray.

5. Swift's words are porcupine's quills, which he throws with unĕrring aim at whoever approaches his lair. All of Ebenezer Elliot's[5] words are gifted with huge fists, to pummel and bruise. Chatham[6] and Mirabeau[7] throw hot shot into their opponents' magazines. Talfourd's[8] forces are orderly and disciplined, and

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[1] T. B. Macaulay, see Biographical Sketch, p. 155.—[2] William Gifford, a celebrated English writer, for sixteen years editor of the "Quarterly Review," was born in 1756, and died in 1826.—[3] Francis Jeffrey, one of the most masterly critics, and most eloquent writers and orators in the English language, an eminent advocate and judge, Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, for twenty-seven years editor of the "Edinburgh Review," was born at Edinburgh in October, 1773, and died at his birth-place, the 26th of January, 1850.—[4] John Wilson, a well-known and very eminent Scottish writer, was born in 1785, and died in 1854.—[5] Ebenezer Elliot, a genuine poet, the celebrated English "Corn Law Rhymer," was born in 1781, and died in 1849.—[6] Chatham, see note 2, p. 214.—[7] Mirabeau, one of the greatest orators and writers of France, and the leader of the revolution, was born in 1749, and died in 1791.—[8] Thomas Noon Talfourd, an able English poet and prose writer, an advocate, judge, and member of parliament, beloved for his social virtues and kindness of heart, was born in 1795, and died in 1854.

march to the music of the Dorian flute; those of Keats[1] keep time to the tones of the pipe of Phœbus;[2] and the hard, harsh-featured battalions of Maginn,[3] are always preceded by a brass band. Hallam's[4] word-infantry can do much execution, when they are not in each other's way. Pope's[5] phrases are either daggers or rapiers.

6. Willis's[6] words are ŏften tipsy with the champaign of the fancy, but even when they reel and stagger they keep the line of grace and beauty, and though scattered at first by a fierce onset from graver cohorts, soon reünite without wound or lŏss. John Neal's[7] forces are multitudinous, and fire briskly at every thing. They occupy all the provinces of letters, and are nearly useless from being spread over too much ground. Everett's[8] wĕapons are ever kept in good order, and shine well in the sun, but they are little calculated for warfare, and rarely kill when they strike. Webster's[9] words are thunder-bolts, which sometimes miss the Titans at whom they are hurled, but always leave enduring marks when they strike.

7. Hazlitt's[10] verbal army is sometimes drunk and surly, sometimes foaming with passion, sometimes cool and malignant; but drunk or sober, are ever dangerous to cope with. Some of Tom Moore's[11] words are shining dirt, which he flings with excellent aim. This list might be indefinitely extended, and arranged with more regard to merit and chronology. My own words, in this connection, might be compared to ragged, undisciplined

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[1] John Keats, a true poet, born in London, in 1796, and died at Rome, in 1820.—[2] Phœbus, the Bright or Pure, an epithet of Apollo, used to signify the brightness and purity of youth, also applied to him as the Sun-god.—[3] William Maginn, LL. D., an able British writer of prose and poetry, a frequent contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," the founder of "Frazer's Magazine," was born at Cork, in 1794, and died at Walton-on-the-Thames, in 1842.—[4] Henry Hallam, a profound scholar, the greatest living British historian.—[5] Alexander Pope, see Biographical Sketch, p. 227.—[6] N. P. Willis, see Biographical Sketch, p. 341.—[7] John Neal, an able American novelist, poet, and miscellaneous writer, born in Portland, Maine, about the year 1794.—[8] Edward Everett, see Biographical Sketch, p. 89.—[9] Daniel Webster, see Biographical Sketch, p. 280.—[10] William Hazlitt, a well-known and very able British essayist and critic of art and poetry, born in 1778, and died in 1830.—[11] Thomas Moore, see Biographical Sketch, p. 115.

militia, which could be easily routed by a charge of horse, and which are apt to fire into each other's faces. E. P. WHIPPLE.

E. P. WHIPPLE, one of the youngest and most brilliant of American writers, was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the 8th of March, 1819. When four years of age, his family removed to Salem, where he attended various schools until he was fifteen, when he entered the Bank of General Interest in that city as a clerk. In his eighteenth year, he went to Boston, where he has ever since been occupied mainly with commercial pursuits. Although, from the age of fourteen, Mr. WHIPPLE has been a writer for the press, occasionally writing remarkably well, he was only known as a writer to his few associates and confidants until 1843, when he published in the Boston Miscellany a paper on Macaulay, rivaling in analysis, and reflection, and richness of diction, the best productions of that brilliant essayist. He has since published, in the North American Review, articles on the Puritans, American Poets, Daniel Webster as an Author, Old English Dramatists, British Critics, South's Sermons, Byron, Wordsworth, Talfourd, Sydney Smith, and other subjects; in the American Review, on Beaumont and Fletcher, English Poets of the Nineteenth Century, &c.; and in other periodicals, essays and reviewals enough to form several volumes. As a critic, he writes with keen discrimination, cheerful confidence, and unhesitating freedom; illustrating truth with almost unerring precision, and producing a fair and distinct impression of an author. His style is sensuous, flowing, and idiomatic, abounding in unforced antitheses, apt illustrations, and natural grace.

62. EXTRACT FROM THE ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

1. WHOEVER thinks a faultless piece to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And, if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays;
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whŏle depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

2. Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;

Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature, and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What ŏft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets ŏff sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

3. Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men—for dress:
Their praise is still—the style is excellent:
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

4 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable:
A vile conceit in pŏmpous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd;
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yĕt the last to lay the old aside.

5. But most by numbers judge a poet's sŏng;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrŏng.
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus[1] but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though ŏft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still-expected rhymes;
Where'er you find the "cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine[2] ends the sŏng,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length alŏng

6. Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigor of a line,
Where Denham's[3] strength and Waller's[4] sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Sŏft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shōre,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the tŏrrent rōar.

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[1] Pär nās' sus, a celebrated mountain in Greece, considered in mythology as sacred to Apollo and the Muses.—[2] Al ex ăn'drine, a verse or line of twelve syllables.—[3] Sir J. Denham, an English writer of verse, born in 1615, and died in 1668.—[4] Edmund Waller, one of the most famous of English poets, born in 1605, and died in 1687.

7. When Ajax[1] strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla[2] scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims alŏng the main:
Hear how Timotheus'[3] varied lays surprise,
And bid altern'ate passions fall and rise!
While, at each chănge, the son of Libyan Jove[4]
Now burns with glōry, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow;
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE, the poet, to whom English poetry and the English language are greatly indebted, was born May 22d, 1688, in London. He was a very sickly child; and his bodily infirmities remained through life. He never grew to be taller than about four feet; and his deformity and weakness of limbs were so great, that, for several years before his death, he could not dress or undress himself. Yet, after his twelfth year, he attended no school, but educated himself. The whole of his early life was that of a severe student. He was a poet in infancy. The "Ode to Solitude" dates from his twelfth year. At the age of sixteen he wrote his *Pastorals*, and his imitation of Chaucer. He soon became acquainted with most of the eminent persons of the day, both in politics and literature. His "Essay on Criticism," which was composed when he was only twenty-one, is regarded by many as the finest piece of argumentative poetry in the English language. His celebrity was effectually and deservedly secured in 1712, by his first edition of the "Rape of the Lock." He soon after published "The Messiah," "The Temple of Fame," "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," and "Windsor Forest." His Translation of the Iliad, published by subscription, from 1715 to 1720, produced to the author more than £5,000. His edition of Shakspeare, and his Odyssey, appeared in 1725. The "Essay on Man," and several other valuable poems, appeared in 1738. He died in May, 1744. For a description of POPE'S fine poetic endowments, see the next exercise.

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[1] AJAX, one of the Grecian princes in the Trojan war, and, next to Achilles, the bravest.—[2] CAMILLA, daughter of King Metabus, of the Volscian town of Trivernum, was one of the swift-footed servants of Diana, accustomed to the chase and to war. Virgil represents her as so swift and light of foot, that she could run over a field of corn without bending the stalks, or over the sea without wetting her feet.—[3] TIMOTHEUS, a famous musician and poet, born at Miletus, B. C. 446, and died in 357, in the ninetieth year of his age. Also the name of a distinguished flute-player, the favorite of Alexander the Great.—[4] SON OF LIBYAN JOVE, a name which Alexander the Great arrogated.

63. Parallel between Pope and Dryden.

POPE professed to have learned his poëtry from Dryden,[1] whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whōle life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

2. Integrity of understanding, and nicety of discernment, were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poëtical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself.

3. He spent no time in struggles to rouse lātent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor ŏften to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration: when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest he had no further solicitude.

4. Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavored to do his best; he did not court the candor, but dared the judgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefat'igable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

5. For this reason he kept his pieces vĕry lŏng in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two sătīres of *Thirty-eight:* of which Dodsley[2] told me, that they

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[1] John Dryden was born in 1631, and died in 1700.—[2] Robert Dodsley, an able miscellaneous writer and well-known London bookseller was born at Mansfield, 1703, and died 1764.

were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. "Every line," said he, "was then written twice over: I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterward to me for the press, with every line written twice over a second time."

6. His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them: what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigor. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

7. In acquired knowledge, the superiŏrity must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger rānge, and he collects his images and illustra'tions from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

8. Poetry was not the sole praise of ēither; for bōth excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not bŏrrōw his prose from his prĕdecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes ve'hement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller.

9. Of genius,—that power which constitutes a poet—that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert—that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates,—the superiŏrity must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dry-

den. It is not to be inferred, that of this poëtical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton[1] must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems.

10. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

11. This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the literary men of the eighteenth century, was born at Litchfield, England, on the 18th of September, 1709. In the child, the peculiarities which afterward distinguished the man were plainly discernible;—great muscular strength, accompanied by much awkwardness, and many infirmities; great quickness of parts, with a morbid propensity to sloth and procrastination; a kind and generous heart, with a gloomy and irritable temper. Indolent as he was, he acquired knowledge with such ease and rapidity, that at every school to which he was sent he was soon the best scholar. From sixteen to eighteen he resided at home, and learned much, though his studies were without guidance and without plan. When the young scholar presented himself at Pembroke College, Oxford, he amazed the rulers of that society not more by his ungainly figure and eccentric manners than by the quantity of his extensive and curious information. While here, he early made himself known by turning Pope's Messiah into Latin verse. He was poor, however, even to raggedness; and his appearance excited a mirth and a pity which were equally intolerable to his haughty spirit. After residing at Oxford about three years, JOHNSON's resources failed; and he was under the necessity of quit-

[1] MILTON, see note 4, p. 215.

ting the university without a degree, in the autumn of 1731. In the following winter his father died. The old man left but a pittance; and of that pittance, Samuel received not more than twenty pounds. With many infirmities of body and mind, this celebrated man was thus left, at two-and-twenty, to fight his way through the world. He became usher of a grammar-school in Leicestershire; he soon after married, took a house in the neighborhood of his native town, and advertised for pupils. But eighteen months passed away, and only three pupils came to his academy, one of whom was the celebrated DAVID GARRICK. At length, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, he went to London to seek his fortune as a literary adventurer. Some time elapsed before he was able to form any literary connection from which he could expect more than bread for the day that was passing over him. The effect of the privations and sufferings which he endured at this time was discernible to the last in his temper and deportment. His manners had never been courtly. They now became almost savage. About a year after JOHNSON had begun to reside in London, he fortunately obtained regular employment as a reporter, or rather writer of parliamentary speeches for the "Gentleman's Magazine." A few weeks after he had entered on these obscure labors, he published a stately and vigorous poem, entitled "London," which at once placed him high among the writers of his age. From this period till 1762 he was subjected to anxiety and drudgery; and was only able to gain a bare subsistence by the most intense daily toil. This was, however, in part owing to his having been singularly unskillful and unlucky in his literary bargains, as in the mean time he had published the "Vanity of Human Wishes," in 1749; a "Dictionary of the English Language," in 1755; and "Rasselas," in 1759. He also published a paper, entitled the "Rambler," every Tuesday and Saturday, from March, 1750, to March, 1752; and a series of weekly essays, entitled "The Idler," for two years, commencing in the spring of 1758. Able judges have pronounced these periodicals equal, if not superior to the "Spectator." In 1762, through the influence of Lord Bute, he received a pension of £300 a year; and from that period a great change in his circumstances took place. The University of Oxford honored him with a doctor's degree, and the Royal Academy with a professorship. He was now free to indulge his constitutional idleness; still, though he wrote but little, his tongue was active. The influence exercised by his conversation, directly upon the members of the celebrated club over which he predominated, and indirectly upon the whole literary world, was altogether without a parallel. His colloquial powers were of the highest order. He had strong sense, quick discernment, humor, wit, immense knowledge of literature and of life, and an infinite store of curious anecdotes. Every sentence that fell from his lips was correct in structure. All was simplicity, ease, and vigor. Of all his numerous writings, those that are now most popular are the "Vanity of Human Wishes" and the "Lives of the Poets." In a serene frame of mind, he died on the 13th of December, 1784; and a week later was laid in Westminster Abbey.

64. THE PURITANS.

THE Puritans[1] were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings

[1] Pū' ri tans, persons, in the time of Queen Elizabeth and her immediate successors, so called in derision, because they professed to follow the

and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence.

2. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of cătching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring vail, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whōle race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiŏrity but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world.

3. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the ŏracles of Gŏd; if their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life; if their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of mēnials, legions of ministering āngels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands: their diadems, crowns of glōry which should never fade away!

4. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious trĕasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language—nobles by the right of an earlier creātion, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The vĕry meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belōnged—on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were creāted, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

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pure word of God, and rejected the ceremonies and government of the Episcopal church.

5. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake, empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed; for his sake, the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe; he had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

T. B. Macaulay.[1]

65. The Rock of the Pilgrims.

1. A ROCK in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea:
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee.

2. Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,
Or rose from the soil that was sown by thy hand:
The mountain and valley rejoiced in thy power,
And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

3. The Pilgrims of old an example have given
Of mild resignation, devotion, and love,
Which beams like a star in the blue vault of heaven;
A bēacon-light hung in their mansion above.

4. In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer—
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill;
But Gŏd is the same in the aisle or the air,
And he is the Rock that we lean upon still.

George P. Morris.[2]

66. Advantages of Adversity to our Forefathers.

FROM the dark pōrtals of the star-chāmber, and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the Pilgrims received a com-

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 155.—[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 98.

mission, more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever memorable parting at Delfthaven[1] had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England.

2 All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those who engaged in it to be so too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause; and, if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

3. It is sad, indeed, to reflect on the disasters which the little band of Pilgrims encountered; sad to see a portion of them, the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel; one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season; where they are deserted, before long, by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men, a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes, that filled the unexplored continent, upon whose verge they had ventured.

4. But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurances of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to preeminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims.

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[1] Dĕlft hä' ven, a fortified town in South Holland (now Belgium), between Rotterdam and Schiedam. At this place the Pilgrims of New England took their last farewell of their European friends.

No Carr nor Villiers[1] would lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pŏmpous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados[2] of ice and snow.

5. No; they could not say they had encouraged, pătronized, or helped the Pilgrims: their own cares, their own labors, their own councils, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bore all, sealed all. They could not afterward fairly pretend to reap where they had not strewn; and, as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favor, which had always been withholden, was changed into wrath; when the arm, which had never supported, was raised to destroy.

6. Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower[3] of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future State, and bound acrŏss the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shōre.

7. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions; crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison; delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route,—and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billōw to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.

8. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after five months'

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[1] Carr and Villiers, the unworthy favorites of James I., the English monarch. Villiers is better known in history as the Duke of Buckingham, and Carr, as the Earl of Somerset.—[2] El Do rä' do, a fabulous region in the interior of South America, supposed to be immensely rich in gold, gems, &c.—[3] Mayflower, the name of the vessel in which the settlers of Plymouth, in Massachusetts, came to America, in 1620.

passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter, without means,—surrounded by hŏstīle tribes.

9. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept ŏff by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how lŏng did this shadōw of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled prŏjects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of ŏther times, and find the parallel of this.

10. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyŏnd the sea;—was it some, or all of these united, that hŭrried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that nēither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gŏne fōrth a prŏgress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yĕt to be fulfilled, so glōrious?

EDWARD EVERETT [1]

67. THE GRAVES OF THE PĀTRIOTS.

1. HERE rest the great and good. Here they repose
After their generous toil. A sacred band,
They take their sleep togĕther, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
And găthers them again, as Winter frowns.

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p 89.

Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre—green sods
Are all their monument, and yĕt it tells
A nobler history than pillar'd piles,
Or the eternal pyramids.

2. They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
With which their children tread the hallōw'd ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued,—these, though mute
As feeling ever is when deepest—these
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
Rear'd to the kings and demigods of old.

3. Touch not the ăncient elms, that bend their shade
Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs
There is a solemn darkness even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
Of serious Liberty. No factious voice
Call'd them unto the field of generous fame,
But the pure consecrated love of home.
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonish'd gaze of awe-struck kings,
At Marathon,[1] at Bannockburn,[2] and here,
Where first our pātriots sent the invader back
Broken and cow'd. Let these green elms be all
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.

4. Their feelings were all nature, and they need
No art to make them known. They live in us,

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[1] Măr' a thon, a hamlet, small river, and plain of Greece, government of Attica. The hamlet is 18 miles N. E. of Athens. The plain, bounded S. by Mount Pentelicus, is renowned for the victory of Miltiades over the army of Xerxes, B. C. 490.—[2] Băn' nock burn, a town of Scotland, famous for the great victory gained here 24th of June, 1314, by the Scots, under Bruce, over the English, commanded by Edward II., and his generals

While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
Worshiping nothing but our own pure hearts,
And the one universal Lord. They need
No column pointing to the heaven they sought,
To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
Left to its own free purpose, hastens there,
And there alone reposes.

5. Let these elms
Bend their protecting shadōw o'er their graves,
And build with their green roof the only fane,
Where we may găther on the hăllōw'd day
That rose to them in blood, and set in glōry.
Here let us meet, and while our motionless lips
Give not a sound, and all around is mute
In the deep Sabbath of a heart too full
For words or tears—here let us strew the sod
With the first flowers of spring, and make to them
An ŏffering of the plenty Nature gives,
And they have render'd ours—perpetually.

J. G. Percival.

James Gates Percival, the poet, was born in Berlin, near Hartford, in Connecticut, on the 15th of September, 1795. He entered Yale College when fifteen years of age, and graduated in 1815, with the reputation of being the first scholar of his class. From Yale Medical School, in 1820, he received the degree of Dr of Medicine. He wrote verses at an early age, and in his fourteenth year produced an able satire. He composed "Zamor, a Tragedy," while in college He first appeared before the public, as an author, in 1821, when he published some minor poems, and the first part of his "Prometheus," which at once attracted attention, and was favorably noticed by Edward Everett, in the N. A. Review. In 1822 he published two volumes of miscellaneous poems and prose writings, entitled "Clio," and the second part of "Prometheus," the latter of which is a poem containing nearly four hundred stanzas, in the Spenserian measure. An edition of his principal poetical writings soon after appeared in New York, and was republished in London. He was appointed assistant surgeon in the U. S. army in 1824, and acted as Professor of Chemistry in the Military Academy at West Point. The duties of his office infringing too much upon his favorite studies, after a few months he resigned his commission. The third volume of "Clio" appeared in New York early in 1827. For two years subsequent he superintended the printing of the first quarto edition of Dr. Webster's American Dictionary, a situation for which his ripe scholarship, and critical acquaintance with ancient and modern languages, rendered him eminently qualified. In 1835 he was employed by the government of Connecticut to make a geological survey of that State, an elaborate and very able report of which was printed in 1842. While engaged in these duties he published poetical translations from eleven modern languages, and wrote a portion of "The

Dream of Day and other Poems," which appeared in 1843 In 1854 he was appointed State Geologist of Wisconsin. He died in 1856. Few men possessed higher poetical qualities than PERCIVAL. His learning was comprehensive and thorough. He had a rich imagination, a remarkable command of language, and wrote with a facility rarely equaled; but he shrunk from the labor of thoroughly revising his writings, and giving them the polished excellence that can only be attained by a slow and laborious process.

68. PROGRESS OF FREEDOM.

VARIOUS have been the efforts in the Old World at popular forms of government, but, from some cause or other, they have failed; and however time, a wider intercourse, a greater familiarity with the practical duties of representation, and, not least of all, our own auspicious example, may prepare the Europe'an mind for the possession of republican freedom, it is very certain that, at the present moment, Europe is not the place for republics.

2. The true soil for these is our own continent, the New World. This is the spot on which the beautiful theories of the Europe'an philosopher—who had risen to the full freedom of speculation, while action was controled—have been reduced to practice. The atmosphere here seems as fatal to the arbitrary institutions of the Old World as that has been to the democratic forms of our own. It seems scarcely possible that any other organization than these latter should exist here.

3. In three centuries from the discovery of the country, the various races by which it is tenanted—some of them from the least liberal of the Europe'an monarchies—have, with few exceptions, come into the adoption of institutions of a republican character. Toleration, civil and religious, has been proclaimed, and enjoyed to an extent unknown since the world began, throughout the wide borders of this vast continent. Alas for those portions which have assumed the exercise of these rights without fully comprehending their import—who have been intoxicated with the fumes of freedom, instead of drawing nourishment from its living principle!

4. It was fortunate, or, to speak more properly, a providential thing, that the discovery of the New World was postponed to

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the precise period when it occurred. Had it taken place at an earlier time—during the flourishing period of the feudal ages, for example—the old institutions of Europe, with their hallowed abuses, might have been ingrafted on this new stock, and, instead of the fruit of the tree of life, we should have furnished only varieties of a kind already far exhausted and hastening to decay.

5. But, happily, some important discoveries in science, and, above all, the glorious Reformation, gave an electric shock to the intellect, long benumbed under the influence of a tyrannical priesthood. It taught men to distrust authority, to trace effects back to their causes, to search for themselves, and to take no guide but the reason which God had given them. It taught them to claim the right of free inquiry as their inalienable birthright, and, with free inquiry, freedom of action. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the period of the mighty struggle between the conflicting elements of religion, as the eighteenth and nineteenth have been that of the great contest for civil liberty.

6. It was in the midst of this universal ferment, and in consequence of it, that these shores were first peopled by our Puritan ancestors. Here they found a world where they might verify the value of those theories which had been derided as visionary, or denounced as dangerous, in their own land. All around was free—free as nature herself: the mighty streams rolling on in their majesty, as they had continued to roll from the creation; the forests, which no hand had violated, flourishing in primeval grandeur and beauty—their only tenants the wild animals, or the Indians, nearly as wild, scarcely held together by any tie of social polity.

7. Nowhere was the trace of civilized man or of his curious contrivances. Here was no star-chamber nor court of high commission; no racks, nor jails, nor gibbets; no feudal tyrant, to grind the poor man to the dust on which he toiled; no inquisition, to pierce into the thought, and to make thought a crime. The only eye that was upon them was the eye of Heaven.

8. True, indeed, in the first heats of suffering enthusiasm, they did not extend that charity to others which they claimed for themselves. It was a blot on their characters, but one

which they share in common with most reformers. The zeal requisite for great revolutions, whether in Church or State, is rarely attended by charity for difference of opinion. Those who are willing to do and to suffer bravely for their own doctrines, attach a value to them which makes them impatient of opposition from others.

9. The martyr for conscience' sake can not comprehend the necessity of lēniency to those who denounce those truths for which he is prepared to lay down his own life. If he set so little value on his own life, is it natural he should set more on that of others? The Dominican, who dragged his victims to the fires of the inquisition in Spain, freely gave up his ease and his life to the duties of a missionary among the heathen. The Jesuits, who suffered martyrdom among the Amĕrican savages in the propagation of their faith, stimulated those vĕry savages to their hŏrrid massacres of the Protestant settlements of New England. Gŏd has not ŏften combined charity with enthusiasm. When he has done so, he has produced his noblest work—a More,[1] or a Fenelon.[2]

10. But if the first settlers were intolerant in practice, they brought with them the living principle of freedom, which would survive when their generation had passed away. They could not avoid it; for their coming here was in itself an assertion of that principle. They came for conscience' sake—to worship Gŏd in their own way. Freedom of political institutions they at once avowed. Every citizen took his part in the political scheme, and enjoyed all the consideration of an equal participation in civil privileges; and liberty in political matters gradually brought with it a corresponding liberty in religious concerns.

Sir Thomas More, author of "Utopia," able and profound in law and divinity, an illustrious statesman, was born in London, in 1480. In 1521 he was knighted and made treasurer of the exchequer. He became speaker of the House of Commons in 1523, and succeeded Wolsey, as Lord Chancellor, in 1529. Having refused to take an oath to maintain the lawfulness of the wicked marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn, this virtuous man was condemned to death, and beheaded on the 6th of July, 1535.—[2] Fenelon, an eminent and pious Frenchman, Archbishop of Cambray, author of "Telemachus," was born in 1651, and died in the sixty-third year of his age.

11. In their subsequent contest with the mother country they learned a reason for their faith, and the best manner of defending it. Their liberties struck a deep root in the soil, amid storms which shook but could not prostrate them. It is this struggle with the mother country, this constant assertion of the right of self-government, this tendency—feeble in its beginning, increasing with increasing age—toward republican institutions, which connects the colonial history with that of the Union, and forms the true point of view from which it is to be regarded.

W. H. PRESCOTT.[1]

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69. THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

1 HERE are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarlèd pines,
That stream with gray-green mŏsses; here the ground
Was never touch'd by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungăther'd. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds[2]
And leaping squirrels,[3] wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass[4]
A frāgrance from the cedars thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned,[5] immĕasurably old—
My thoughts go up the lŏng dim path[6] of years,
Back to the earliest[7] days of Liberty.

2. O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair[8] young girl,[9] with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master[10] crown'd his slave,
When he took ŏff the gyves.[11] A bĕarded man,
Arm'd to the teeth, art thou: one mailèd hand
Grasps[12] the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glōrious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd

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[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 151.—[2] Birds (bẽrdz).—[3] Squirrel (skwẽr'rel).—[4] Pāss.—[5] Unpruned (un prōnd').—[6] Pāth.—[7] Earliest (ẽr'll est).—[8] Fā r.—[9] Girl (gẽrl).—[10] Mās' ter.—[11] Gyves, fetters for the legs.—[12] Grāsps.

With tokens of old wars; thy massive[1] limbs
Are strŏng and struggling.

3. Power at thee has launch'd[2]
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless[3] Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart[4] armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have fŏrged thy chain; yĕt while he deems thee bound,
The links are shiver'd, and the prison walls
Fall outward: tĕrribly thou springest fŏrth,
As springs the flame above a burning[5] pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies

4. Thy birth-right[6] was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yĕt our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.[7]
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest fŭrrows on the mountain side,
Sŏft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
The enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obey'd,
Is lāter born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper[8] trembles in his fastnesses.

5. Thou shalt wax strŏnger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yĕt subtler: he shall weave his snares,[9]
And spring them on thy careless[10] steps, and clap
His wither'd hands, and from their ambush call

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[1] Mâss' ive.—[2] Launched (lânch).—[3] Mĕr' ci less.—[4] Swârt, dark of hue; tawny; moderately black.—[5] Burning (bĕrn' ing).—[6] Birth-right (bĕrth'-rit).—[7] Airs (ârz).—[8] Usurper (yu zĕrp' er).—[9] Snares (snârz).—[10] Câre'-less.

His hōrdes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers,[1] forms of fair and gallant mien,
To cătch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words[2]
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains conceal'd in chaplets.

6. Oh! not yĕt
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy swōrd, nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps.
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new Earth[3] and Heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the fōrest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the mŏss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glōrious childhood, and rejoiced.

W. C. Bryant.[4]

70. Liberty.

LIBERTY, gentlemen, is a solemn thing—a welcome, a joyous, a glōrious thing, if you please; but it is a solemn thing. A free people must be a thoughtful people. The subjects of a despot may be reckless and gay if they can. A free people must be serious; for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world[5]—to govern itself.

2. That hour in *human life* is most serious, when it passes from parental[6] control, into free manhood: then must the man bind the righteous law upon himself, more strŏngly than father or mother ever bound it upon him. And when a people leaves the leading-strings of prescriptive authŏrity, and enters upon the ground of freedom, that ground must be fenced with law; it

[1] Mâsk′ ers.—[2] Words (wĕrdz).—[3] Earth (ĕrth).—[4] See Biographical Sketch, p. 118.—[5] World (wĕrld).—[6] Pâr′ ĕnt al.

must be tilled with wisdom; it must be hallowed with prayer.[1] The tribunal of justice, the free school, the holy church,[2] must be built there,[3] to intrench, to defend, and to keep the sacred hĕritage.

3. Liberty, I repeat, is a solemn thing. The world, up to this time, has regarded it as a boon—not as a bond. And there is nothing,[4] I seriously believe, in the present crĭses of human affairs[5]—there is no point in the great human welfare, on which men's ideas so much need to be cleared up—to be advanced[6]—to be raised to a higher standard, as this grand and tĕrrible responsibility of freedom.

4. In the universe there is no trust so awful as *mŏral freedom;* and all good civil freedom depends upon the use of that. But look at it. Around every human, every răational being, is drawn a circle;[7] the space within is cleared from obstruction, or, at least, from all coërcion; it is sacred to the being himself who stands there; it is secured and consecrated to his own responsibility. May I say it?—Gŏd himself does not penetrate there with any absolute, any coërcive power! He compels the winds and waves to obey him; he compels animal instincts to obey him; but he does not *compel man* to obey. That sphere he leaves free; he brings influences to bear upon it; but the last, final, solemn, infinite question between right and wrŏng, he leaves to man himself.

5. Ah! instead of madly delighting in his freedom, I could imagine a man to protest, to complain, to tremble that such a tremendous prerogative[8] is accorded to him. But it is accorded to him; and nothing but willing obedience can discharge that solemn trust; nothing but a hĕroism greater than that which fights battles, and pours out its blood on its country's altar—the heroism of self-renunciation and self-control.

6. Come that liberty! I invoke it with all the ardor of the poëts and ŏrators of freedom; with Spenser[9] and Milton,[10] with

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[1] Prayer (prâr).—[2] Church (chêrch).—[3] There (thâr).—[4] Nothing (nŭth'ing).—[5] Affairs (af fârz').—[6] Advanced (ad vânst').—[7] Circle (sĕr' kl).—[8] Pre rŏg' a tive, an exclusive or peculiar privilege or right.—[9] Edmund Spenser, excepting Shakspeare, the greatest poet of his time, author of the "Faerie Queene," was born in London about 1553, where he died on the 16th of January, 1599.—[10] Milton, see Biographical Sketch, p 582

Hampden[1] and Sydney,[2] with Rienzi[3] and Dante,[4] with Hamilton[5] and Washington,[6] I invoke it. Come that liberty! come none[7] that does not lead to that! Come the liberty that shall strike ŏff every chain, not only of iron, and iron-law, but of painful constriction, of fear, of enslaving passion, of mad self-will; the liberty of perfect truth and love, of holy faith and glad obedience!

ORVILLE DEWEY.[8]

71. SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

I.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.—BEATTIE.

Oh how canst thou renounce the boundless stōre
Of charms that nature to her votary yields?

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[1] JOHN HAMPDEN, celebrated for his resistance to the imposition of taxes without authority of parliament, and to the royal prerogative of Charles I., commander of a troop in the parliamentary army, was born at London, in 1594, and was mortally wounded in an affair with Prince Rupert on 18th of June, 1643.—[2] ALGERNON SYDNEY, second son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, England, was born about the year 1621. In early youth he fought in the ranks of the parliamentary forces. A thorough republican, he was inimical to all monarchy, and opposed to the ascendancy of Cromwell. He was abroad at the Restoration, and was permitted to return to England in 1677. For his supposed connection with the Ryehouse Plot, he was beheaded on the 7th of December, 1683. He met death with iron resolution. His very able "Discourses concerning Government" was a posthumous work.—[3] RIENZI, the orator, famous in Roman history for his assumption of dictatorship in that capital, was born about 1310, and was distinguished by his love of the ancient republican institutions of Rome, and by his profound knowledge of antiquity. He was massacred on the 8th of October, 1354.—[4] DANTE, the poet, author of the "Divina Commedia," was born at Florence in 1265, and died at Ravenna in 1321.—[5] ALEXANDER HAMILTON, distinguished as a statesman, jurist, soldier, and financier, one of the ablest officers of the American Revolution, was born in the West Indies, in 1757. In 1782 he was a member of Congress from New York In 1789, Washington, the first President, placed him at the head of the treasury. On the death of Washington, in 1799, his rank made him commander-in-chief of the American army. He was challenged by Aaron Burr, and a duel was the consequence, in which he was mortally wounded, at the age of 47.—[6] WASHINGTON, see note 2, p. 205.—[7] None (nŭn).—[8] See Biographical Sketch, p. 176.

The warbling woodland, the resounding shōre,
The pŏmp of groves, the garniture of fields;
All that the gēniăl ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the sŏng of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
Oh how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

II.

BEAUTY.—GAY.

What is the blooming tincture of the skin
To peace of mind and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
To the sŏft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness[1] of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No! those at first the unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can the heart retain.

III.

THE POET.—SHAKSPEARE.

The poĕt's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies fŏrth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing[2]
A local habitation and a name.

IV.

FLOWERS.—HUNT.

We are the sweet flowers, born of sunny showers
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith);
Utterance mute and bright, of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with plĕasure by our simple breath;
All who see us love us,—we befit all places;
Unto sŏrrōw we give smiles, and unto graces, graces.
Mark our ways, how noiseless all, and sweetly voiceless,

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[1] Comeliness (kŭm' le nes).—[2] Nothing (nŭth' ing).

Though the March winds pipe, to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence, in silence build our bowers,—
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh a-top, sweet flowers.

V.

SUMMER WIND.—BRYANT.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lŏfty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors; the tall maize
Rolls up its lŏng, green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliäge, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—
Their bases on the mountains, their white tops
Shining in the far ēther,—fire the air
With a reflected rādiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yĕt virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming.

VI.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.—MOORE.

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred, no rose-bud, is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lōne one! to pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er thy bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.
So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

72. Influence of Home.

HOME gives a certain serenity to the mind, so that every thing is well defined, and in a clear atmosphere, and the lesser beauties brought out to rejoice in the pure glow which floats over and beneath them from the earth and sky. In this state of mind afflictions come to us chāstened; and if the wrŏngs of the world crŏss us in our door-path, we put them aside without anger. Vices are about us, not to lure us away, or make us morose, but to remind us of our frailty and keep down our pride.

2. We are put into a right relation with the world; nēither holding it in proud scorn, like the solitary man, nor being carried alŏng by shifting and hŭrried feelings, and vague and careless notions of things, like the world's man. We do not take novelty for improvement, or set up vogue for a rule of conduct; nēither do we despair, as if all great virtues had departed with the years gŏne by, though we see new vices and frailties taking growth in the vĕry light which is spreading over the earth.

3. Our safest way of coming into communion with mankind is through our own household. For there our sŏrrōw and regret at the failings of the bad are in proportion to our love, while our familiar intercourse with the good has a secretly assimilating influence upon our characters. The domestic man has an independence of thought which puts him at ease in society, and a cheerfulness and benevolence of feeling which seem to ray out from him, and to diffuse a plĕasurable sense over those near him, like a sōft, bright day.

4. As domestic life strengthens a man's virtue, so does it help to a sound judgment and a right balancing of things, and gives an integrity and propriety to the whōle character. Gōd, in his

goodness, has ordained that virtue should make its own enjoyment, and that wherever a vice or frailty is rooted out, something should spring up to be a beauty and delight in its stead. But a man of a character rightly cast, has plĕasures at home, which, though fitted to his highest nature, are common to him as his daily food; and he moves about his house under a continued sense of them, and is happy almost without heeding it.

5. Women have been called ānge̊ls in love-tales and sŏnnets, till we have almost learned to think of angels as little better than woman. Yĕt a man who knows a woman thoroughly, and loves her truly,—and there are women who may be so known and loved,—will find, after a few years, that his relish for the grōsser plĕasures is lessened, and that he has grown into a fondness for the intellectual and refined without an effort, and almost unawares.

6. He has been led on to virtue through his plĕasures; and the delights of the eye, and the gentle play of that passion which is the most inward and romantic in our nature, and which keeps much of its character amidst the concerns of life, have held him in a kind of spiritualized existence: he shares his vĕry being with one who, a creature of this world, and with something of the world's frailties,

> Is yet a spirit still, and bright,
> With something of an angel light.

With all the sincerity of a companionship of feeling, cares, sŏrrōws, and enjoyments, her presence is as the presence of a purer being, and there is that in her nature which seems to bring him nearer to a better world. She is, as it were, linked to ānge̊ls, and in his exalted moments he feels himself held by the same tie.

7. In the ordinary affairs of life, a woman has a greater influence over those near her than a man. While our feelings are, for the most part, as retired as anchorites, hers are in play before us. We hear them in her vārying voice; we see them in the beautiful and harmonious undulations of her movements—in the quick shifting hues of her face—in her eye, glad and bright, then fond and suffused; her frame is alive and active with what is at her heart, and all the outward form speaks.

8. She seems of a finer mould than we, and cast in a form of beauty, which, like all beauty, acts with a mŏral influence upon our hearts; and as she moves about us, we feel a movement within which rises and spreads gently over us, harmonizing us with her own. And can any man listen to this—can his eye, day after day, rest upon this—and he not be touched by it, and made better?

9. The dignity of a woman has its peculiar character; it awes more than that of man. His is more physical, bearing itself up with an energy of coŭrage which we may brave, or a strength which we may struggle against: he is his own avenger, and we may stand the brunt. A woman's has nothing of this fŏrce in it; it is of a higher quality, and too delicate for mortal touch.

R. H. Dana.

Richard Henry Dana was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 15th of November, 1787. He graduated at Harvard in 1807. He opened a law-office in Newport, R. I., in 1811, and became a member of the legislature; but his constitutional sensitiveness and feeble health compelled him to abandon his profession soon after. For two years, from 1818, he aided in editing the N. A. Review; and in 1821 began the publication of "The Idle Man," a periodical in which he communicated to the public his Tales and Essays. After the discontinuance of that paper, he wrote able articles for several of the best periodicals of the country. The first volume of his poems, containing "The Bucaneer," was printed in 1827. An edition of his writings, in two volumes, was published in New York in 1850. Mr. Dana at present passes his time between his town residence at Boston and his country retirement at Cape Ann, where he can indulge in his love of nature. He is regarded always, by as many as have the honor of his acquaintance, with admiration and the most reverent affection. All of his writings belong to the permanent literature of the country, and yearly find more and more readers. They are distinguished for profound philosophy simple sentiment, and pure and vigorous diction.

73. An Old Haunt.

1. THE rippling water, with its drowsy tone;
The tall elms, towering in their stately pride;
And—sŏrrōw's type—the willōw, sad and lone,
Kissing in graceful woe the murmuring tide;

2. The gray church-tower; and dimly seen beyŏnd,
The faint hills gilded by the parting sun;
All were the same, and seem'd with greeting fond
To welcome me as they of old had done.

3. And for a while I stood as in a trance,[1]
On that loved spot, forgĕtting toil and pain;
Buoyant[2] my limbs, and keen and bright my glance:[3]
For that brief space I was a boy again![4]

4 Again with giddy mates I careless[5] play'd,
Or plied the quivering oar, on conquest[6] bent:
Again, beneath the tall elms' silent shade,
I woo'd the fair,[7] and won the sweet consent.

5. But brief, alas![8] the spell; for suddenly
Peal'd from the tower the old familiar chimes,
And with their clear, heart-thrilling melody,
Awaked the spectral forms of darker times.

6. And I remember'd all that years had wrought:
How bow'd my care-worn[9] frame, how dimm'd my eye!
How poor the gauds by Youth[10] so keenly sought!
How quench'd and dull Youth's aspirations high!

7. And in half[11] mournful, half upbraiding host,
Duties neglected—high resolves unkept—
And many a heart by death or falsehood lost—
In lightning cŭrrent o'er my bosom swept.

8. Then bow'd the stubborn knees, as backward sped
The self-accusing thoughts in dread array,
And slowly, from their lŏng-congealèd bed,
Fōrced the remorseful tears their silent way.

9. Bitter, yĕt healing drops! in mercy[12] sent,
Like sŏft dews falling on a thirsty[13] plain,—
And ere those chimes their last[14] faint notes had spent,
Strengthen'd and calm'd,[15] I stood erect again.

10. Strengthen'd, the task[16] allotted to fulfill;
Calm'd, the thick-coming sŏrrōws to endure;
Fearful of naught but of my own frail will,—
I, His almighty strength and aid secure.

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[1] Trance.—[2] Buoyant (bwâl'ant).—[3] Glance.—[4] Again (a gĕn').—[5] Care'-less.—[6] Conquest (kŏng' kwĕst).—[7] Fair.—[8] A las'.—[9] Care' worn.—[10] Youth.—[11] Half.—[12] Mĕr' cy.—[13] Thirsty (thĕrst' i).—[14] Last.—[15] Calmed (kämd).—[16] Task.

11. For a sweet voice had whisper'd hope to me,—
Had through my darkness shed a kindly ray:
It said: "The past is fix'd immutably,
Yĕt is there comfort in the coming day!"

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

74. THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its moldering monuments, its dark oaken panneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

2. I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man, but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amidst the beautiful serĕnity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven. But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pŏmp of the poor worms around me.

3. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar.

4. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her agèd form in prayer,—habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes could not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart,—I felt persuaded that the falter-

ing voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

5. I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of sŏft meadōw scenery. The church was surrounded by yew-trees, which seemed almost coëval with itself. Its tall Gŏthic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it.

6. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard, where, by the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were hŭrried into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widōw. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the vĕry dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral.

7. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A cŏffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before, with an air of cold indifference. There were no mŏck mourners in the trappings of affected woe, but there was one real mourner, who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the agèd mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and sometimes pausing to gaze with childish curiosity on the grief of the mourner.

8. As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued out of the church pōrch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was pennyless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The

well-fed priest scarcely moved ten steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

9. I approached the grave. The cŏffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased —"GEORGE SOMERS, AGĖD 26 YEARS." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

10. The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the cŏffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir that breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which at the grave of those we love is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavored to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands as one not to be comforted.

11. As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the cŏffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst fŏrth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyŏnd the reach of worldly suffering. I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

12. When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her

on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich? They have friends to soothe—plĕasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sŏrrōws of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine around new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the agèd, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, agèd, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last sōlace of her years,—these are the sorrows which make us feel the im′potency of consolation.

75. The Widow and her Son—concluded.

IT was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

2. The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. "O, Sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a likely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, drest out in his best, so tall, so straight, so chēery, supporting his old mother to church,—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm, than on her good man's; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

3. Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He

had not been lŏng in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried ŏff to sea. His parents received the tidings of his seizure, but beyŏnd that they could learn nothing. It was the lŏss of their măin prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave.

4. The widōw, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no lŏnger support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbors would now and then cultivate for her.

5. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was găthering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage-door, that faced the garden, suddenly opened. A strānger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her; but his steps were faint and faltering: he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"O my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy George!" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and fŏreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

6. I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sŏrrōw were so completely blended: still he was alive!—he was come home!—he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet where his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

7. The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had

returned, crowded to see him, ŏffering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He, however, was too weak to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant, and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

8. There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that sŏftens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a fŏreign land—but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness!

9. Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is nēither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sācrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every plĕasure to his enjoyment; she will glōry in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and, if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and, if all the world besides cast him ŏff, she will be all the world to him.

10. Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follōw her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

11. My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prŏmpted them to do every thing that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sŏrrōws, I did not venture to intrude.

12. The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar. She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black ribbon or so—a faded black handkerchief—and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pŏmp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride; and turned to this poor widōw, bowed down by age and sŏrrōw at the altar of her Gŏd, and ŏffering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

13. I related her stōry to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved at it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the cōurse of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and gŏne to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sŏrrōw is never known, and friends are never parted. WASHINGTON IRVING.[1]

76. PASSING AWAY.

1. WAS it the chime of a tīny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he wīnds on the beach so mellōw and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie togĕther asleep,
And the moon and the fairy[2] are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 114.—[2] Fairy (fâr'ĭ).

While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To cătch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words: as they float, they say,
"PASSING[1] AWAY! PASSING AWAY!"

2. But, no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellōw and clear:
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell
Striking the hours, that fell on my ear,
As I lay in my dream: yĕt was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of Time;
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl,[2] for a pendulum, swung;
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing;)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet;[3]
And as she enjoy'd it, she seem'd to say,
"PASSING AWAY! PASSING AWAY!"

3. Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seem'd to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed;—in a few short hours,
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretch'd hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing,[4] swung
In the fullness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yĕt then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"PASSING AWAY! PASSING AWAY!"

4. While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care,[5] stole sŏftly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.

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[1] Păss' ing.—[2] Girl (gẽrl).—[3] Bouquet (bō kā').—[4] Dănc' ing.—[5] Cāre.

The rose yĕt lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lŏst of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That march'd so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimm'd—as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face:—yĕt one couldn't but love her;
For she look'd like a mother whose first[1] babe lay
Rock'd on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seem'd in the same silver tone to say,
"PASSING AWAY! PASSING AWAY!"

5. While yĕt I look'd, what a chānge there came!
Her eye was quench'd, and her cheek was wan;
Stooping and staff'd[2] was her wither'd frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on:
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crook'd and tarnish'd, but on they kept;
And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivel'd lips of the toothless crone,
(Let me never forgĕt, to my dying day,
The tone or the burden of that lay)—
"PASSING AWAY! PASSING AWAY!" J. PIERPONT.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT, author of the "Airs of Palestine," was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, April 6, 1785. He entered Yale College when fifteen years old, graduated in 1804, and passed the four subsequent years as a private tutor in the family of Col. Wm. Allston, of South Carolina. He then returned home, studied law in the celebrated school of his native town, and was admitted to practice in 1812. About the same period he delivered his poem entitled "The Portrait," before the Washington Benevolent Society, of Newburyport, to which place he had removed. Impaired health, and the unsettled state of affairs produced by the war, induced him soon after to relinquish his profession. He became a merchant, first in Boston, and afterward in Baltimore. The "Airs of Palestine," which he published in Baltimore, in 1816, was well received, and twice reprinted in the course of the following year. In 1819 he was ordained minister of the Hollis-street Unitarian Church, in Boston. He passed a portion of the years 1835-6 in Europe, and in 1840 published a choice edition of his poems. At different periods, he also published several very able discourses. In 1851 he delivered a poem of considerable length at the centennial celebration in Litchfield. He has written in almost every meter, and many of his poems are remarkably elevated, spirited, and melodious.

[1] First (fĕrst).—[2] Staffed (stăft).

77. Glory.

THE crumbling tombstone and the gorgeous mausole'um,[1] the sculptured marble, and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness to the instinctive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations. But how short-lived is the immortality which the works of our hands can confer! The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles[2] lie at the foot of the Acrop'olis[3] in indiscriminate ruin. The plowshare turns up the marble which the hand of Phidias[4] had chiseled into beauty, and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva.[5]

2. But even the works of our hands too frequently survive the memory of those who have creäted them. And were it otherwise, could we thus carry down to distant ages the recollection of our existence, it were surely childish to waste the energies of an immortal spirit in the effort to make it known to other times, that a being whose name was written with certain letters of the alphabet, once lived, and flourished, and died. Neither sculptured marble, nor stately column, can reveal to other ages the lineäments of the spirit; and these alone can embalm our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity.

3. As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's,[6] or

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[1] Mâu so lē' um, a magnificent tomb or monument.—[2] Pericles, the greatest of Athenian statesmen, was born soon after the beginning of the fifth century B. C. Though an able warrior, and constantly ready for action, he preferred cultivating the arts of peace. The public funds, which he had greatly increased by his management, were expended in erecting magnificent temples and public buildings, which rendered Athens the wonder and admiration of Greece. During his administration architecture and sculpture attained a degree of perfection that has not since been equaled, and poetry reached the highest excellence. He died, B. C. 429.—[3] A crŏp' o lis, the citadel of Athens, built on a rock, and accessible only on one side.—[4] Phidias, a Greek sculptor, and the most celebrated of antiquity, was born at Athens about 490 B. C., and died 432 B. C.—[5] Minerva, called Athena by the Greeks, was usually regarded, in heathen mythology, as the goddess of wisdom, knowledge, and art.—[6] St. Paul's, a celebrated church in London, of great size. It was begun in 1675, and finished by Sir Christopher Wren in 1718.

treads, with religious awe, the silent aīsles of Westminster Abbey,[1] the sentiment, which is breathed from every object around him, is, the utter emptiness of sublunary[2] glōry. The fine arts, obedient to private affection or public gratitude, have here embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions of which their age was capable. Each one of these monuments has been watered by the tears of the widōw, the orphan, or the pātriot.

4. But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk togĕther into forgetfulness. The agèd crone, or the smooth-tongued beadle, as now he hŭrries you through aīsles and chapel, utters, with mĕasured cadence and unmeaning tone, for the thousandth time, the name and lĭneäge of the once honored dead; and then gladly dismisses you, to repeat again his well-conned lesson to another group of idle passers-by.

5. Such, in its most august form, is all the immortality that matter can confer. It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has "given luster to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakspeare[3] and Milton,[4] with Johnson[5] and Burke,[6] with Howard[7] and Wilberforce.[8]

DR. WAYLAND.

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[1] Westminster Abbey, a church in Westminster, built by Edward the Confessor, in 1050. Henry III. made additions and rebuilt a part between 1220 and 1269. Many of the most distinguished statesman, warriors, scholars, and artists of England lie buried here. Westminster is always spoken of as a part of London, although it is under a different municipal authority.—[2] Sŭb′ lu na ry, being under the moon; terrestrial; earthly.—[3] SHAKSPEARE, see Biographical Sketch, p. 348.—[4] MILTON, see Biographical Sketch, p. 528.—[5] JOHNSON, see Biographical Sketch, p. 230.—[6] BURKE, see note 1, p. 214.—[7] JOHN HOWARD, the celebrated Christian philanthropist, was born at Hackney, London, in 1726. With a view to the amelioration of prisoners, in 1777 he visited all the prisons of the United Kingdom; and in 1778, and the four following years, he inspected the principal public prisons of Europe. On a second tour of inquiry, he was seized with a malignant fever, of which he died, at Kherson, a fortified town of South Russia, and was buried in a spot marked by himself, about eight miles from that place. A rude obelisk, erected over his grave, bears the Latin inscription, "VIXIT PROPTER

Dr. Francis Wayland was born in the city of N. York on the 11th of March, 1796, and in the seventeenth year of his age he was graduated at Union College, in Schenectady. After studying medicine for three years, and his admission to practice, he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, which he left at the end of a year, to become a tutor in Union College. In 1821 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church, in Boston, where he continued five years. He was elected to the presidency of Brown University in 1826, and entered upon his duties at Providence in 1827. President Wayland's first publication was a sermon on the Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise, delivered in Boston, in 1823, which had an extraordinary success, passing through many editions, in England and this country. Very many of his discourses, since that period, have been equally popular. He has also written numerous articles in the journals and quarterly reviews. His works on *Moral Science*, *Political Economy*, and *Intellectual Philosophy*, have deservedly met with great success. His very interesting "Life of the Missionary, Dr. Judson," appeared in 1853. This able thinker is equally popular as an orator and a writer. Clear, exact, and searching in his analysis, he penetrates to the very heart of his subject, and enunciates its ultimate principles in a style of transparent clearness, and classical purity and elegance, and not unfrequently rises to strains of impassioned eloquence.

78. The World for Sale.

1. THE WORLD FOR SALE!—Hang out the sign;
   Call every traveler here to me:
   Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
   And set me from earth's bondage free?—
   'Tis going!—yĕs, I mean to fling
   The bauble from my soul away;
   I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring;—
   The World at Auction here to-day!

2. It is a glōrious thing to see,—
   Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
   It is not what it seems to be:
   For sale! It shall be mine no more.
   Come, turn it o'er and view it well;—
   I would not have you purchase dear:
   'Tis *going!* going!—I must sell!
   Who bids?—Who'll buy the splendid Tear?

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alios,"—he lived for the good of others.—[8] William Wilberforce, a distinguished British statesman, author, and Christian philanthropist, was born at Hull, in 1759, and died July 28, 1833.

3. Here's WEALTH in glittering heaps of gold;—
Who bids?—But let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold;—
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
And here, spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace;
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill, and plain;—
Who'll buy himself a burial-place!

4. Here's LOVE, the dreamy potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart;
I know its power, alas! too well;—
'Tis *going*,—Love and I must part!
Must part?—What can I more with Love!—
All over the enchanter's reign;
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,—
An hour of bliss,—an age of pain!

5. And FRIENDSHIP,—rarest gem of earth,—
(Who e'er hath found the jewel his?)
Frail, fickle, false, and little worth,—
Who bids for Friendship—as it is!
'Tis *going!* GOING!—Hear the call:
Once, *twice*, and THRICE!—'tis vĕry low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,—
But now the broken staff must go!

6 FAME! hold the brilliant meteör high;
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions, now's the time to buy!
How much for Fame?—How much for Fame?
Hear how it thunders!—Would you stand
On high Olympus,[1] far renown'd,—
Now purchase, and a world command!—
And be with a world's curses crown'd!

[1] Olympus, a mountain range of Thessaly, on the border of Macedonia. Its summit, famed by Homer and other poets as the throne of the gods, is estimated to be 9,745 feet high.

7. Sweet star of Hope! with ray to shine
In every sad foreboding breast,
Save this desponding one of mine,—
Who bids for man's last friend and best?
Ah! were not mine a bankrupt life,
This trĕasure should my soul sustain;
But Hope and I are now at strife,
Nor ever may unite again.

8. And Sŏng! For sale my tuneless lute;
Sweet sŏlace, mine no more to hold;
The chords that charm'd my soul are mute,
I can not wake the notes of old!
Or e'en were mine a wizard shell,
Could chain a world in rapture high;
Yĕt now a sad farewell!—farewell!
Must on its last faint echoes die.

9. Ambition, fashion, show, and pride,—
I part from all forever now;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
Poor heart! distracted, ah, so lŏng,—
And still its aching throb to bear;—
How broken, that was once so strŏng!
How heavy, once so free from care!

10. No more for me life's fitful dream;—
Bright vision, vanishing away!
My bark requires a deeper stream;
My sinking soul a surer stay.
By Death, stern shĕriff! all bereft,
I weep, yĕt humbly kiss the rod;
The best of all I still have left,—
My Faith, my Bible, and my Gŏd. Ralph Hoyt.

Rev. Ralph Hoyt is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York. He is a native of the city. After passing several years as a teacher, and a writer for the gazettes, he studied theology, and took orders in the church in 1842. Mr. Hoyt may have written much, but he has acknowledged little "The Chant of Life and other Poems," appeared in 1844, and the second portion of the same, in 1845. These works are principally occupied with passages

of personal sentiment and reflection. His pieces, entitled "Snow," "The World for Sale," "New," and "Old," have attracted considerable attention, and become popular. A simple, natural current of feeling runs through them; the versification grows out of the subject, and the whole clings to us as something written from the heart of the author. He has latterly resided at a cottage pleasantly situated on the high ground in the rear of the Palisades, at the village of Fort Lee, New Jersey, opposite New York.

79. Westminster Abbey.

IN one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of autumn, when the shadōws of morning and evening almost mingle togĕther, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey.[1] There was something congeniăl to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and, as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the region of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

2. I entered from the inner cōurt of Westminster school,[2] through a lŏng, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranĕan look, and pursued my walk to an arched door, opening to the interior of the Abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrinks into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork.

3. It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown. And yĕt it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how

[1] See note 1, p. 263.—[2] Westminster school is situated within the walls of the Abbey. It was founded by Queen Elizabeth for forty boys, denominated the Queen's scholars. Many of the nobility and gentry send their boys also for instruction, so that this institution stands in the highest repute, and vies with the celebrated school at Eaton.

they are crowded togĕther and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy; and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices are devised to cătch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgĕtfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

4. I passed some time in Poĕt's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or crŏss aisles of the Abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking theme for the sculptor. Shakspeare[1] and Addison[2] have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions.

5. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the Abbey remain lŏngest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of the cold curiosity or vague admiration, with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whŏle trĕasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

6. I entered that part of the Abbey which contains the sepulchers of the kings. I wandered among what were once chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance[3] of some powerful house, renowned in history.

7. As the eye darts into these dusky chāmbers of death, it cătches glimpses of quaint effigies: some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon tombs, with hands piously pressed togĕther: warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle;

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[1] Shakspeare, see Biographical Sketch, p. 348.—[2] Addison, see Biographical Sketch, p. 513.—[3] Cŏg′ni zănce, knowledge or notice; jurisdiction; acknowledgment, as of a fine.

prĕlates, with crosiers and mitres; and nobles in robes and cŏronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yĕt where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

8. In the opposite transept to Poët's Corner, stands a monument which is one of the most renowned achievements of modern art; but which, to me, appears hŏrrible, rather than sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale, by Roubilliac.[1] The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting fōrth. The shroud is falling from his fleshless frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted husband's arms, who strives, with vain and frantic effort, to avert the blow.

9. The whōle is executed with tĕrrible truth and spirit. We almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph, bursting from the distorted jaws of the specter. But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread hŏrrors around the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by every thing that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead, or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of distrust and dismay, but of sŏrrōw and meditation.

80. Westminster Abbey—concluded.

TWO small aīsles on each side of one of the chapels present a touching instance of the equality of the grave. In one is the sepulcher of the haughty Elizabeth;[2] in the other is that of

[1] Louis Francis Roubilliac, an eminent French sculptor, born at Lyons, but came to England in the reign of George I., and was employed on many great works, in various parts of the kingdom; among which are, the statue of the Duke of Argyle, in Westminster Abbey; the statue of Handel, at Vauxhall; and that of Sir Isaac Newton, at Trinity College, Cambridge. He stood at the head of his profession, and also had a talent for poetry. Died, 1762.—[2] Elizabeth, queen of England from 1558 to 1603.

her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary.[1] Not an hour in the day, but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulcher continually echo with the sighs of sympathy, heaved at the grave of her rival.

2. A peculiar melancholy reigns over the place where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windōws, darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadōw, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, around which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her năational emblem, the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the checkered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

3. The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the Abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest, repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir. These paused for a time, and all was hushed. Suddenly, the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billōws of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pŏmp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulcher vocal! And now, they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound.

4. And now, they pause, and the sŏft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they sōar alŏft and warble alŏng the roof, and seem to play about these lŏfty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again, the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it fŏrth upon the soul. What lŏng-drawn cadences! What solemn, sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and pow-

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[1] Mary, queen of Scots, the cousin in the fourth degree of Elizabeth, was born in 1542. After the latter had retained her in captivity for nineteen years, she was beheaded for treason on the 8th of February, 1587.

erful; it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the vĕry walls; the ear is stunned; the senses are overwhelmed. And now, it is winding up in full jubilee; it is rising from earth to heaven; the very soul seems rapt away, and floating upward on this swelling note of harmony!

5. I sat for some time lŏst in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire. The shadōws of evening were gradually thickening around me; the monuments began to cast a deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock gave token of the slowly waning day. I rose, and retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the pōrtal of the cloisters, the door closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whōle building with echoes.

6. I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contem'plating, but found they were already passing into indistinctness and confusion. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchers but a trĕasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reïterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion? It is, indeed, the empire of Death; his great and shadowy palace; where he sits in state, mŏcking at the relics of human glōry, and spreading dust and forgĕtfulness on the monuments of princes.

7. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages. We are too much engrōssed by the stōry of the present to think of the character and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yĕsterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-mŏrrōw.

8. What then is to insure this pile, which now towers above me, from sharing the fate of mightier mausole'ums? The time must come, when its gilded vaults, which now spring so lŏftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower; when the gairish[1] sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death; and the ivy twine around the fallen columns; and the

[1] Gâir' ish, gaudy; showy; very fine.

fox-glove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mŏckery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name pĕrishes from record and from recollection: his history is a tale that is told, and his vĕry monument becomes a ruin.[1]

WASHINGTON IRVING.[2]

81. A GREAT MAN DEPARTED.

1. THERE was a festive hall with mirth resounding;
Beauty and wit, and friendliness surrounding;
With minstrelsy above, and dancing feet rebounding.

2. And at the height came news, that held suspended
The sparkling glass!—till slow the hand descended—
And ruddy cheeks grew pale—and all the mirth was ended.

3. Beneath a sunny sky, 'twas heard with wonder,—
A flash had cleft a lŏfty tree tree asunder,
Without a previous cloud, and with no rolling thunder.

4. Strŏng was the stem—its boughs above all 'thralling—
And in its roots and sap no cankers galling—
Prosperity was perfect, while Death's hand was falling.

5. Man's body is less safe than any tree;
We build our ship in strŏng security—
A Finger, from the dark, points to the trembling sea.

6. Man, like his knowledge, and his soul's endeavor,
Is framed for no fix'd altitude; but ever
Moves onward: the first pause, returns all to the Giver.

7. Riches and health, fine taste, all means of plĕasure;
Success in highest efforts—fame's best trĕasure—
All these were thine,—o'ertopp'd—and overweigh'd the mĕasure.

8. But in recording thus life's night-shade warning,
We hold the memory of thy kind heart's morning:—
Man's intellect is not man's sole nor best adorning.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

[1] Ruin (rō' in).—[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 114

82. Daniel Webster.[1]

BORN upon the verge of civilization,—his father's house the furthest by four miles on the Indian trail to Canada,—Mr. Webster retained to the last his love for that pure fresh nature in which he was cradled. The dashing streams, which conduct the waters of the queen of New Hampshire's lakes[2] to the noble Merrimac; the superb group of mountains[3] (the Switzerland of the United States), among which those waters have their sŏurces; the primeval fŏrest, whose date runs back to the twelfth verse of the first chapter of Genesis,[4] and never since creätion yielded to the settler's ax; the gray buttresses of granite which prop the eternal hills; the sacred alternation of the seasons, with its magic play on field and fŏrest and flood; the gleaming surface of lake and stream in summer; the icy pavement with which they are floored in winter; the verdure of spring, the prismatic tints of the autumnal woods, the leafless branches of December, glittering like arches and corridors of silver and crystal in the enchanted palaces of fairy-land—sparkling in the morning sun with winter's jewelry, diämond and amethyst, and ruby and sapphire; the cathedral aïsles of pathless woods,—the mournful hemlock, the "cloud-seeking" pine,—hung with drooping creepers, like funeral banners pendant from the roof of chancel or transept over the graves of the old lords of the soil;—these all retained for him to the close of his life an undying charm.

2. But though he ever clung with fondness to the wild mountain scenery amidst which he was born and passed his youth, he loved nature in all her other aspects. The simple beauty to which he had brought his farm at Marshfield,[5] its approaches, its grassy lawns, its well-disposed plantations on the hill-sides, unpretending but tasteful, and forming a pleasing interchange

[1] Extract from a speech at the Revere House, Boston, January 18th, 1856, in commemoration of the 74th anniversary of Mr. Webster's birth-day.—[2] Queen of New Hampshire's lakes, Winnipiseogee.—[3] Mountains, the White Mountains, of which Mount Washington is the principal summit.—[4] "And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind.—[5] Mårsh' field, a village on Massachusetts Bay. 28 miles S. E. by S. of Boston.

with its large corn-fields and turnip patches, showed his sensibility to the milder beauties of civilized culture.

3. He understood, no one better, the secret sympathy of nature and art, and often conversed on the principles which govern their relations with each other. He appreciated the infinite bounty with which nature furnishes materials to the artistic powers of man, at once her servant and master; and he knew not less that the highest exercise of art is but to imitate, interpret, select, and combine the properties, affinities, and proportions of nature; that in reality they are parts of one great system; for nature is the Divine Creator's art, and art is rational man's creation.

4. But not less than mountain and plain he loved the sea. He loved to walk and ride and drive upon that magnificent beach which stretches from Green Harbor[1] all round to the Gurnet. He loved to pass hours, I may say days, in his little boat. He loved to breathe the healthful air of the salt water. He loved the music of the ocean, through all the mighty octaves deep and high of its far-resounding register; from the lazy plash of a midsummer's ripple upon the margin of some oozy creek to the sharp howl of the tempest, which wrenches a light-house from its clamps and bolts, fathoms deep in the living rock, as easily as a gardener pulls a weed from his flower-border.

5. There was, in fact, a manifest sympathy between his great mind and this world-surrounding, deep-heaving, measureless, everlasting, infinite deep. His thoughts and conversation often turned upon it, and its great organic relations with other parts of nature and with man. I have heard him allude to the mysterious analogy between the circulation carried on by veins and arteries, heart and lungs, and the wonderful interchange of venous and arterial blood,[2]—that miraculous complication which

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[1] Green Harbor is the name of a small creek on the sea-shore of Marshfield, and the Gurnet is a projection or point on which the Plymouth light-houses are erected. The distance between Green Harbor and the Gurnet is between four and five miles.—[2] "Venous and arterial blood." The venous blood is that which runs in the small veins; the arterial blood runs in the large veins, called arteries. The arteries rise from the heart and convey the blood to all parts of the body; the veins return it to the heart. The blood in the arteries is a pure, red blood;

lies at the basis of animal life,—and that equally complicated and more stupendous circulation of river, ocean, vapor, and rain, which from the fresh cŭrrents of the rivers fills the depths of the salt sea; then by vāporous distillation carries the waters which are under the firmament up to the cloudy cisterns of the waters above the firmament; wafts them on the dripping wings of the wind against the mountain sides, precipitates them to the earth in the form of rain, and leads them again through a thou sand channels, open and secret, to the beds of the rivers, and so back to the sea.

83. Daniel Webster—concluded.

WERE I to fix upon any one trait as the prominent trait of Mr. Webster's personal character, it would be his social disposition, his loving heart. If there ever was a person who felt all the meaning of the divine utterance, "it is not good that man should be alone,"[1] it was he. Notwithstanding the vast resources of his own mind, and the materials for self-communion laid up in the storehouse of such an intellect, few men whom I have known have been so little addicted to solitary and meditative introspection;[2] to few have social intercourse, sympathy, and communion with kindred or friendly spirits been so grateful and even necessary.

2. He loved to live with his friends, with "good, pleasant men who loved him." This was his delight, alike when oppressed with the multiplied cares of ŏffĭce at Washington, and when enjoying the repose and quiet of Marshfield. He loved to meet his friends at the social board, because it is there that men most cast ŏff the burden of business and thought; there, as Cicero[3] says, that conversation is sweetest; there that the kindly affections have the fullest play.

3. By the social sympathies thus cultivated, the geniăl consciousness of individual existence becomes more intense. And

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the venous blood is more or less loaded with impurities, and deprived of some of its valuable properties, which cause the bluish hue of the veins, especially in old persons.—[1] See Genesis, chap. ii., v. 18.—[2] In trospĕc' tion, a view of the inside.—[3] Cicero, see p. 143, note 4.

who that ever enjoyed it can forgĕt the charm of his hŏspitality, so liberal, so choice, so thoughtful? In the vĕry last days of his life, and when confined to the couch from which he never rose, he continued to give minute directions for the hospitable entertainment of the anxious and sŏrrōwful friends who came to Marshfield.

4. If he enjoyed society himself, how much he contributed to its enjoyment in others! His colloquial powers were, I think, quite equal to his parliamentary and forensic talent. He had something instructive or ingēnious to say on the most familiar occasion. In his playful mood he was not afraid to trifle; but he never prosed, never indulged in common-place, never dogmatized, was never affected. His rānge of information was so vast, his observation so acute and accurate, his tact in separating the important from the unessential so nice, his memory so retentive, his command of language so great, that his common table-talk, if taken down from his lips, would have stood the test of publication.

5. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and repeated or listened to a humorous anecdote with infinite glee. He narrated with unsurpassed clearness, brevity, and grace,—no tedious, unnecessary details to spin out the story, the fault of most professed *raconteurs*,[1]—but its main points set each in its place, so as ŏften to make a little dinner-table epic, but all naturally and without effort. He delighted in anecdotes of eminent men, especially of eminent Amĕricans, and his memory was stored with them. He would sometimes briefly discuss a question in natural history, relative, for instance, to climate, or the races and habits and breeds of the different domestic animals, or the various kinds of our native game, for he knew the secrets of the fŏrest.

6. He delighted to treat a topic drawn from life, manner, and the great industrial pursuits of the community; and he did it with such spirit and originality as to throw a charm around subjects which, in common hands, are triviăl and uninviting. Nor were the stores of our sterling literature less at his command. He had such an acquaintance with the great writers of our lan-

[1] Rā cŏn' teur, a relater or teller of stories.

guage, especially the historians and poets, as enabled him to enrich his conversation with the most apposite allusions and illustrations. When the occasion and character of the company invited it, his conversation turned on higher themes, and sometimes rose to the mŏral sublime.

7. He was not fond of the technical language of metaphysics, but he had grappled, like the giant he was, with its most formidable problems. Dr. Johnson[1] was wont to say of Burke,[2] that a strānger who should chance to meet him under a shed in a shower of rain, would say, "This was an extraordinary man." A stranger who did not know Mr. Webster, might have passed a day with him, in his seasons of relaxation, without detecting the jurist or the statesman; but he could not pass a half hour with him without coming to the conclusion that he was one of the best informed of men.

8. His personal appearance contributed to the attraction of his social intercourse. His countenance, frame, expression, and presence, arrested and fixed attention. You could not pass him unnoticed in a crowd; nor fail to observe in him a man of high mark and character. No one could see him and not wish to see more of him, and this alike in public and private.

EDWARD EVERETT.[3]

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84. From a Historical Address.[4]

UNBORN ages and visions of glōry crowd upon my soul, the realization of all which, however, is in the hands and good plĕasure of Almighty Gŏd; but, under his divine blessing, it will be dependent on the character and the virtues of ourselves, and of our posterity. If classical history has been found to be, is now, and shall continue to be, the concomitant[5] of free institutions, and of popular eloquence, what a field is opening to

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[1] DR. JOHNSON, see Biographical Sketch, p. 230.—[2] BURKE, see p. 214, note 1.—[3] See Biographical Sketch, p. 89.—[4] Delivered before the New York Historical Society, February 23, 1852.—[5] Con cŏm' i tant, an attendant; that which accompanies.

us for another Herod'otus,[1] another Thucydides,[2] and another Livy![3]

2. And let me say, gentlemen, that if we and our posterity shall be true to the Christian religiŏn,—if we and they shall live always in the fear of Gŏd, and shall respect his commandments,—if we and they shall maintain just, mŏral sentiments, and such conscientious convictions of duty as shall control the heart and life,—we may have the highest hopes of the future fortunes of our country; and if we maintain those institutions of government and that political union, exceeding all praise as much as it exceeds all former examples of political associations, we may be sure of one thing—that, while our country furnishes materials for a thousand masters of the historic art, it will afford no topic for a Gibbon.[4] It will have no Decline and Fall. It will go on prospering and to prosper.

3. But, if we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authŏrity, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political constitution which holds us togĕther, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us, that shall bury all our glory in

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[1] Herodotus, called the "Father of History," a native of Halicarnassus, a Dorian city, in Asia Minor, was born B. C. 484. His history consists of nine books, which bear the name of the nine Muses. In the complexity of its plan, as compared with the simplicity of its execution—in the multiplicity and heterogeneous nature of its material, and the harmony of their combinations—in the grandeur of its historical masses, and the minuteness of its illustrative details—it is without rival or parallel. It may be regarded as the perfection of epic prose.—[2] Thucydides, the historian, an Athenian citizen, was born about B. C. 471. His immortal history of the Peloponnesian war is divided into eight books. He is regarded as first in the first rank of philosophical historians. His style is concise, vigorous, and energetic; his moral reflections are searching and profound; his speeches abound in political wisdom; and the simple minuteness of his pictures is often striking and tragic.—[3] Livy, an illustrious Roman historian, was born in Italy, B. C. 59, and died, A. D. 18. He has erected to himself an enduring monument in his History of Rome. This great work contained the history of the Roman State from the earliest period till the death of Drusus. B. C. 9, and originally consisted of 142 books, of which only 35 have descended to us. His style may be pronounced almost faultless.—Gibbon, see Biographical Sketch, p. 77.

profound obscurity. Should that catastrophie happen, let it have no history! Let the hŏrrible narrative never be written! Let its fate be like that of the lŏst books of Livy, which no human eye shall ever read; or the missing Pleiad,[1] of which no man can ever know more, than that it is lŏst, and lost forever!

4. But, gentlemen, I will not take my leave of you in a tone of despondency. We may trust that Heaven will not forsake us, nor permit us to forsake ourselves. We must strengthen ourselves, and gird up our loins with new resolution; we must counsel each other; and, determined to sustain each other in the support of the Constitution, prepare to meet manfully, and united, whatever of difficulty or of dānger, whatever of effort or of sācrifice, the providence of Gŏd may call upon us to meet.

5. Are we of this generation so derelict, have we so little of the blood of our revolutionary fathers coursing through our veins, that we cannot preserve what they achieved? The world will cry out "SHAME" upon us, if we show ourselves unworthy to be the descendants of those great and illustrious men, who fought for their liberty, and secured it to their posterity, by the Constitution of the United States.

6. Gentlemen, inspiring auspices, this day, surround us and cheer us. It is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. We should know this, even if we had lŏst our calendars, for we should be reminded of it by the shouts of joy and gladness. The whōle atmosphere is redolent of his name; hills and fōrests, rocks and rivers echo and reëcho his praises. All the good, whether learnèd or unlearnèd, high or low, rich or poor, feel, this day, that there is one trĕasure common to them all, and that is the fame and character of Washington. They recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

7. To the old and the young, to all born in the land, and to all whose love of liberty has brought them from fŏreign shores to make this the home of their adoption, the name of Washing-

[1] Pleiad (plē' yad). The Pleiades, in heathen mythology, were the *seven* daughters of Atlas, who were translated to the heavens, and formed the *seven* stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus. There are, however, but six visible to the naked eye, and hence the expression, the *lost Pleiad*.

ton is this day an exhilarating theme. Americans by birth are proud of his character, and exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is, this day, here, everywhere, all the world over, more an object of love and regard than on any day since his birth.

8. Gentlemen, on Washington's principles, and under the guidance of his example, will we and our children uphold the Constitution. Under his military leadership our fathers conquered; and under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles will we also conquer. To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it through evil repōrt and through good report. We will meet danger, we will meet death, if they come, in its protection; and we will struggle on, in daylight and in darkness, ay, in the thickest darkness, with all the storms which it may bring with it, till

"Danger's troubled night is o'er
And the star of Peace return."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER, one of the greatest, if not the greatest of American orators, jurists, and statesmen, was born in the town of Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782. At the age of fifteen he entered Dartmouth College, where he graduated in due course, exhibiting remarkable faculties of mind. When in his nineteenth year, he delivered a Fourth of July oration, at the request of the citizens of Hanover, which, energetic, and well stored with historical matter, proved him, at that early age, something more than a sounder of empty words. Upon graduating, in 1801, he assumed the charge of an academy for a year; then commenced the study of law in his native village, which he completed in Boston in 1805. He first practiced his profession near his early home; but, not long after, feeling the necessity of a wider sphere of action, he removed to Portsmouth, where he soon gained a prominent position. In 1812 he was elected to a seat in the National Congress, where he displayed remarkable powers both as a debater and an orator. In 1817 he removed to Boston, and resumed the practice of his profession with the highest distinction. In 1822 he was elected to a seat in Congress from the city of Boston; and in 1827 was chosen senator of the United States, from Massachusetts. From that period he was seldom out of public life, having been twice Secretary of State, in which office he died. In 1839 he visited England and France, and was received with the greatest distinction in both countries. His works, arranged by his friend, Edward Everett, were published in six volumes, at Boston, in 1851. They bear the impress of a comprehensive intellect and exalted patriotism. He died at Marshfield, surrounded by his friends, October 24th, 1852, in the 71st year of his age. The last words he uttered were, "I still live." Funeral honors were paid to his memory, in the chief cities of the Union, by processions and orations. A marble block, placed in front of his tomb, bears the inscription: "LORD, I BELIEVE, HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF."

85. To the Evening Wind.

1 SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow:
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!

2. Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fullness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast[1] inland stretch'd beyŏnd the sight.
Go fōrth, into the găthering shade; go forth,
Gŏd's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth![2]

3. Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl[3] the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strānge, deep harmonies that haunt[4] his breast:
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,[5]
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

4. Stoop o'er the place of graves, and sŏftly sway
The sighing *h*erbage[7] by the gleaming stone;
That they who near the church-yard willōws stray,
And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
May think of gentle souls that pass'd away,
Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,
Sent fōrth from heaven among the sons of men,
And gōne into the boundless heaven again.

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[1] Våst.—[2] Earth (ĕrth).—[3] Curl (kĕrl).—[4] Hâunt.—[5] Pâss.—[6] Glâss.—[7] *H*ĕrb' age.

5. The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And sŏftly part his curtains[1] to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning[2] brow.

6. Go—but the circle[3] of eternal[4] chānge,
Which is the life of nature, shall restōre,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty rānge,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once mōre;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strānge,
Shall tell the home-sick măriner of the shōre;
And, listening to thy murmur,[5] he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

W. C. Bryant.[6]

86. Gil Blas and the old Archbishop.

Arch. Well, young man, what is your business with me?

Gil Blas. I am the young man whom your nephew, Don Fernando, was pleased to mention to you.

Arch. Oh! you are the person, then, of whom he spoke so handsomely. I engage you in my service, and consider you a valuable acquisition. From the specimens he showed me of your powers, you must be pretty[7] well acquainted with the Greek and Latin authors. It is very evident your education has not been neglected. I am satisfied with your handwriting, and still more with your understanding. I thank my nephew, Don Fernando, for having given me such an able young man, whom I consider a rich acquisition. You transcribe so well, you must certainly understand grammar. Tell me, ingĕnuously, my friend, did you find nothing[8] that shocked you in writing over the hom-

[1] Curtains (kûr′tinz). —[2] Burning (bûrn′ing). —[3] Circle (sûr′kl).—[4] E tĕr′nal.—[5] Murmur (mûr′mer).—[6] See Biographical Sketch, p. 118.—[7] Pretty (prĭt′ty).—[8] Nothing (nŭth′ing).

ily I sent you on trial,—some neglect, perhaps, in style, or some improper term?

Gil B. Oh! Sir, I am not learnèd enough to make critical observations; and if I was, I am persuaded the works of your grace would escape my censure.

Arch. Young man, you are disposed to flatter; but tell me, which parts of it did you think most strikingly beautiful.

Gil B. If, where all was excellent, any parts were particularly so, I should say they were the personification of hope, and the description of a good man's death.

Arch. I see you have a delicate knowledge of the truly beautiful. This is what I call having taste and sentiment. Gil Blas,[1] henceforth give thyself no uneasiness about thy fortune, I will take care of that. I love thee, and as a proof of my affection, I will make thee my confidant: yes, my child, thou shalt be the repository of my most secret thoughts. Listen with attention to what I am going to say. My chief plĕasure consists in preaching, and the Lord gives a blessing to my homilies, but I confess my weakness. The honor of being thought a perfect ŏrator has charmed my imagination; my performances are thought equally nervous and delicate; but I would of all things avoid the fault of good authors, who write too lŏng. Wherefore,[2] my dear Gil Blas, one thing that I exact of thy zeal, is, whenever thou shalt perceive my pen smack of old age, and my genius flag, don't fail to advertise' me of it, for I don't trust to my own judgment, which may be seduced by self-love. That observation must proceed from a disin'terested understanding, and I make choice of thine, which I know is good, and am resolved to stand by thy decision.

Gil B. Thank heaven, sir, that time is far ŏff. Besides, a genius like that of your grace, will preserve its vigor much better than any other; or, to speak more justly, will be always the same. I look upon you as another Cardinal Ximines,[3] whose

[1] Gil Blas (zèl blå).—[2] Wherefore (whâr' fôr).—[3] Francis Ximines, archbishop of Toledo, confessor to Queen Isabella of Spain, was born in 1437. He received the cardinal's hat in 1507. His chief influence arose from his efforts to reform the Romish Church. He was a great patron of letters, and by his exertions and expenditure produced the earliest edition of a polyglot Bible. He died November 8, 1517.

superior genius, instead of being weakened, seemed to acquire new strength by age.

Arch. No flattery, friend: I know I am liable to sink all at once. People at my age begin to feel infirmities, and the infirmities of the body ŏften[1] affect the understanding. I repeat it to thee again, Gil Blas, as soon as thou shalt judge mine in the least impaired, be sure to give me notice. And be not afraid of speaking freely and sincerely, for I shall receive thy advice as a mark of thy affection.

Gil B. Your grace may always depend upon my fidelity.

Arch. I know thy sincerity, Gil Blas; and now tell me plainly, hast thou not heard the people make some remarks upon my late homilies?

Gil B. Your homilies have always been admired, but it seems to me that the last[2] did not appear to have had so powerful an effect upon the audience as former ones.

Arch. How, sir, has it met with any Aristarchus?[3]

Gil B. No, sir, by no means, such works as yours are not to be criticised; everybody is charmed with them. Nevertheless, since you have laid your injunctions upon me to be free and sincere, I will take the liberty to tell you that your last discourse, in my judgment, has not altogĕther the energy of your other performances. Did you not think so, sir, yourself?

Arch. So, then, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece is not to your taste?

Gil B. I don't say so, sir: I think it excellent, although a little inferior to your other works.

Arch. I understand you; you think I flag, don't you? Come, be plain; you believe it is time for me to think of retiring.

Gil B. I should not have been so bold as to speak so freely, if your grace had not commanded[4] me; I do no more, therefore,[5] than obey you; and I most humbly beg that you will not be offended at my freedom.

Arch. Gŏd forbid! God forbid that I should find fault with it. I don't at all take it ill that you should speak your sentiments,

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[1] Often (ôf' fn).—[2] Låst.—[3] ARISTARCHUS was a celebrated grammarian of Samos. He was famous for his critical powers; and he revised the poems of Homer with such severity, that, ever after, all severe critics were called *Aristarchi*.—[4] Com månd' ed.—[5] Thêre' fôre.

it is your sentiment itself, only, that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your nărrōw understanding.

Gil B. Your grace will pardon me for obeying—

Arch. Say no more, my child, you are yĕt too raw to make proper distinctions. Be it known to you, I never composed a better homily than that which you disapprove; for, my genius, thank Heaven, hath, as yet, lŏst nothing of its vigor: henceförth I will make a better choice of a confidant. Go! go, Mr. Gil Blas, and tell my trĕasurer to give you a hundred dŭcats, and may Heaven conduct you with that sum. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas! I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste.

LE SAGE.

ALAIN LE SAGE, a French novelist and dramatist, was born in 1668. In 1692, after having studied at the Jesuit College of Vannes, he came to Paris, where he was admitted as an advocate, but soon betook himself exclusively to literature. Few of his plays were successful; and for many years his career was very obscure. Entering on the study of Spanish literature, he used models from that language for his comic novels, some of which are among the liveliest and wittiest of their class. His most celebrated work is "Gil Blas," from which the above is taken. He died at Boulogne, in 1747.

87. CHARGE AGAINST LORD BYRON.

THE charge we bring against Lord Byron is, that his writings have a tendency to destroy all belief in the reality of virtue, and to make all enthusiasm and constancy of affection ridiculous: and this, not so much by direct maxims and examples, of an imposing or seducing kind, as by the constant exhibition of the most profligate heartlessness in the persons who had been transiently represented as actuated by the purest and most exalted emotions; and in the lessons of that vĕry teacher who had been, but a moment before, so beautifully pathetic in the expression of the lŏftiest conceptions.

2. When a gay voluptuary descănts, somewhat too freely, on the intoxications of love and wine, we ascribe his excesses to the effervescence of youthful spirits, and do not consider him as seriously impeaching either the value or the reality of the severer virtues; and, in the same way, when the sătirist deals out his sarcasms against the sincerity of human professions, and unmasks the secret infirmities of our bosoms, we consider this as aimed at hypocrisy, and not at mankind: or, at all events, and

in either case, we consider the sensualist and misanthrope as wandering, each in his own delusion, and are contented to pity those who have never known the charms of a tender or generous affection.

3. The true antidote to such seductive or revŏlting views of human nature, is to turn to the scenes of its nobleness and attraction; and to reconcile ourselves again to our kind, by listening to the accents of pure affection and incorruptible honor. But, if those accents have flowed in all their sweetness from the vĕry lips that instantly open again to mŏck and blaspheme them, the antidote is mingled with the poison, and the draught is the more deadly for the mixture!

4. The reveler may pursue his orgies, and the wanton display her enchantments, with comparative safety to those around them, as lŏng as they know or believe, that there are purer and higher enjoyments, and teachers and followers of a happier way. But, if the priest pass from the altar, with persuasive exhortations to peace and purity still trembling on his tongue, to join familiarly in the grŏssest and most profane debauchery—if the mātron, who has charmed all hearts by the lovely sanctimonies of her con'jugal and maternal endearments, glides out from the circle of her children, and gives bold and shameless way to the most abandoned and degrading vices, our notions of right and wrŏng are at once confounded, our confidence in virtue shaken to the foundation, and our reliance on truth and fidelity at an end forever.

5. *This* is the charge which we bring against Lord Byron. We say, that under some strānge misapprehension as to the truth, and the duty of proclaiming it, he has exerted all the powers of his powerful mind to convince his readers, bŏth directly and indirectly, that all ennobling pursuits and disin'terested virtues are mere deceits or illusions—hollōw and despicable mŏckeries, for the most part, and, at best, but laborious follies. Religion, love, pātriotism, valor, devotion, constancy, ambition—all are to be laughed at, disbelieved in, and despised! and nothing is really good, so far as we can găther, but a succession of dangers to stir the blood, and of banquets and intrigues to soothe it again!

6. If this doctrine stood alone with its examples, it would re-

vŏlt, we believe, more than it would seduce. But the author has the unlucky gift of personating all those sweet and lŏfty illusions, and that with such grace and force, and truth to nature, that it is impossible not to suppose, for the time, that he is among the most devoted of their votaries—till he casts ŏff the character with a jerk, and, the moment after he has moved and exalted us to the vĕry height of our conception, resumes his mŏckery at all things serious or sublime, and lets us down at once on some coarse joke, hard-hearted sarcasm, or fierce and relentless personality,—as if on purpose to show "whoe'er was edified, himself was not," or to demon'strate, practically as it were, and by example, how possible it is to have all fine and noble feelings, or their appearance, for a moment, and yet retain no particle of respect for them, or of belief in their intrinsic worth or permanent reality. FRANCIS JEFFREY.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, one of the most eloquent writers and most masterly critics in the English language, an eminent jurist and orator, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 23d of October, 1773. He passed six years at the High School of Edinburgh, studied at the University of Glasgow for two sessions of six months each, and in his eighteenth year resided for a few months at Oxford. His reading in his youth embraced classics, history, ethics, criticism, and the *belles-lettres:* he was indefatigable in practicing composition, and in early manhood wrote many verses. He was admitted to the Scottish bar at the age of twenty-one. The first number of the "Edinburgh Review," which contained five papers of JEFFREY'S, appeared in October, 1802, when he was twenty-nine years old; and he became its editor after the first two or three numbers. The celebrity which the *Review* at once attained, was owing far more to him than any other of the contributors. His professional practice became very great; and from 1816 till he ceased to practice, he was the acknowledged leader of the Scottish bar. In 1820, and again in 1821, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He was appointed president of the Faculty of Advocates in 1829, when he resigned the editorship of the *Review*, a position which he had held for twenty-seven years. During that period he contributed more than two hundred articles. In 1830 he was appointed Lord Advocate, an office which, besides many other duties, involved those of Secretary of State for Scotland. He thus entered parliament in his fifty-eighth year. In 1834 he was raised to the bench, and became an eminent judge, assuming the title of Lord Jeffrey. In 1843 he published three volumes, containing selections from his "Contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*." He died at Edinburgh, on the 26th of January 1850.

88. LORD BYRON.

1. A MAN of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had, and fame, beyŏnd desire;
An heir of flattery, to titles born,

And reputation, and luxurious life:
Yĕt, not content with ancestorial name,
Or to be known, because his fathers were,
He on this height hereditary stood,
And, gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step.

2. Above him seem'd,
Alone, the mount of sŏng, the lōfty seat
Of canonizèd bards, and thitherward,
By Nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
No cŏst was spared. What books he wish'd, he read;
What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,
He saw. And first in rambling school-boy days,
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And stōry-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dew-drops, pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur fill'd, and melody, and love.

3. Then travel came, and took him where he wish'd.
He cities saw, and cōurts, and princely pŏmp;
And mused alone on ăncient mountain-brows;
And mused on battle-fields, where valor fought
In other days; and mused on ruins gray
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells,
And pluck'd the vine that first-born prophets pluck'd;
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste;
The heavens and earth of every country saw.
Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.

4. He touch'd his harp, and năations heard entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing sōurce,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flow'd,
And oped new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And sōar'd untrodden heights, and seem'd at home,

Where ăngels bashful look'd. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seem'd struggling; whiles
He from above descending, stoop'd to touch
The lŏftiest thought; and proudly stoop'd, as though
It scarce deserved his verse.

5. With Nature's self
He seem'd an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glōrious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And play'd familiar with his hoary locks.
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talk'd, as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In spōrtive twist,—the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful Gŏd,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seem'd:
Then turn'd, and with the grasshopper, that sung
His evening sŏng beneath his feet, conversed.

6. Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteōrs, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers,—younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deem'd. All passions of all men,—
The wild and tame—the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds; all seasons, Time, Eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear;
All that was hoped, all that was fear'd by man,
He tŏss'd about, as tempest-wither'd leaves,
Then smiling look'd upon the wreck he made.

7. With terror now he froze the cowering blood;
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness:
Yĕt would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud,—gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
So Ocean from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,

Exulting in the glōry of his might,
And seem'd to mŏck the ruin he had wrought.

8. As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it pass'd,
So he through learning and through fancy took
His flight sublime; and on the lōftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat: not soil'd, and wōrn,
As if he from the earth had labor'd up;
But, as some bird of heavenly plumage fair
He look'd, which down from higher regions came,
And perch'd it there, to see what lay beneath.

9. The nātions gazed, and wonder'd much, and praised;
Critics before him fell in humble plight,—
Confounded fell,—and made debasing signs
To cătch his eye; and stretch'd, and swell'd themselves,
To bursting nigh, to utter bulky words
Of admiration vast: and many, too,
Many that aim'd to imitate his flight,
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
And gave abundant spōrt to after days.

10. Great man! The nātions gazed, and wonder'd much,
And praised; and many call'd his evil good.
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness;
And kings to do him honor took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame,—
Beyŏnd desire, beyond ambition, full,—
He died: he died of what? Of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quench'd, then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess, Nature, woo'd, embraced, enjoy'd,
Fell from his arms, abhorr'd; his passions died,—
Died, all but dreary, solitary pride;
And all his sympathies in being died.

11. As some ill-guided bark, well built, and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on desert shōre,

And then, retiring, left it there to rot
And molder in the winds and rains of heaven;
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from plĕasure's boisterous surge,
A wandering, weary, wōrn, and wretched thing,
Scorch'd, and desolate, and blasted soul,
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,
Repined and groan'd, and wither'd from the earth.
His groanings fill'd the land his numbers fill'd;
And yĕt he seem'd ashamed to groan: Poor man!—
Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.

ROBERT POLLOK [1]

89. MIDNIGHT—THE COLISEUM.

1. THE stars are fōrth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
I linger yĕt with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.

2. I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night
I stood within the Colisē'um's[2] wall,
'Midst the chief relics of all-mighty Rome:
The trees which grew alŏng the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shŏne through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyŏnd the Tiber; and
More near, from out the Cæsar's palace came
The owl's lŏng cry, and, interruptedly,

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 167.—[2] Col i sē' um, the amphitheatre of Vespasian, at Rome, said to have held 110,000 spectators. The ruins are still standing. It is said to have been built in one year, by the compulsory labor of twelve thousand Jews. It was called the Coliseum, from the colossal statue of Nero, which was placed in it. In this amphitheatre were exhibited the contests of gladiators and wild animals, and other savage spectacles in which the Romans delighted.

Of distant sentinels the fitful sŏng
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.

3 Some cypresses beyŏnd the time-worn breach
Appear'd to skirt the horī'zon, yĕt they stood
Within a bow-shot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through level'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,[1]
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the glăd'iätor's[2] bloody circus stands
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chāmbers and the Augustan halls
Grŏvel on earth in indistinct decay.

4. And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which sŏften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old—
The dead, but scepter'd sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns! LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON, the descendant and head of an ancient and noble family, was born in London, January 22d, 1788. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, 1805, with a rare reputation for general information, having read an almost incredible list of works in various departments of literature before the age of fifteen. He neglected the prescribed course of study at the university, but his genius kept him ever active. His first work, "The Hours of Idleness," appeared in 1807. It received a castigation from the "Edinburgh Review," to which we owe the first spirited outbreak of his talents, in the able and vigorous satire entitled, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," published in 1809. He took his seat in the House of Lords a few days before the appearance of this satire; but soon left for the Continent. He returned home in 1811, with two cantos of "Childe Harold," which he had written abroad. They were published in March, 1812, and were immediately received with such unbounded admiration, as to justify the poet's terse remark, "I awoke one morning, and found myself famous." In May of the next year, appeared his "Giaour;" in November, the "Bride of Abydos," written in a week; and, about three months after,

[1] Hearth.—[2] Glăd'i ā tor, a sword-player; a prize-fighter.

the "Corsair," written in he almost incredible space of ten days. January 2d, 1815, he was married to Miss Milbanke, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Milbanke; and his daughter, Augusta Ada, was born in December of that year. The husband and wife, for an unknown cause, separated forever, on the 15th of January of the next year. He quitted England for the last time on the 25th of April, 1816, and passed through Flanders, and along the Rhine to Switzerland, where he resided until the close of the year. He here composed the third canto of "Childe Harold," the "Prisoner of Chillon," "Darkness," "The Dream," and a part of "Manfred." The next year he went to Italy, where he resided several years, and where he wrote the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," "Mazeppa," "The Lament of Tasso," "Beppo," "Don Juan," and his dramatic poems. In 1823 he interested himself in the struggle of the Greeks to throw off the Turkish yoke and gain their independence. In December of that year, after making his arrangements with judgment and generosity, he sailed for Greece, and arrived at Missolonghi on the 5th of January, 1824, where he was received with great enthusiasm. In three months he did much to produce harmony and introduce order; but he had scarcely arranged his plans to aid the nation, when he was seized with a fever, and expired on the 19th of April, 1824, soon after having celebrated, in affecting verses, the completion of his thirty-sixth year.

90. View of the Coliseum.

I WENT to see the Colisē'um by moonlight. It is the monarch, the majesty of all ruins; there is nothing like it. All the associations of the place, too, give it the most impressive character. When you enter within this stupendous circle of ruinous walls and arches, and grand terraces of masonry, rising one above another, you stand upon the arena of the old gladiatorial combats and Christian martyrdoms; and as you lift your eyes to the vast amphitheater, you meet, in imagination, the eyes of a hundred thousand Romans, assembled to witness these bloody spectacles. What a multitude and mighty array of human beings! and how little do we know in modern times of great assemblies! One, two, and three, and at its last enlargement by Constantine,[1] more than three hundred thousand persons could be seated in the Circus Maximus!

2. But to return to the Colise'um; we went up under the conduct of a guide, upon the walls and terraces, or embankments which supported the rānges of seats. The seats have lŏng since disappeared; and grass overgrows the spots where the pride, and power, and wealth, and beauty of Rome sat down to its bar-

[1] Constantine I., called the Great, was born 274 proclaimed emperor of Rome by the army 306, and died in 337.

barous entertainments. What thrŏnging life was here then—what voices, what greetings, what hŭrrying footsteps up the staircases of the eighty arches of entrance! And now, as we picked our way carefully through the decayed passages, or cautiously ascended some moldering flight of steps, or stood by the lonely walls—ourselves silent, and, for a wonder, the guide silent too—there was no sound here but of the bat, and none came from without, but the roll of a distant carriage or the convent bell from the summit of the neighboring Esquiline.

3. It is scarcely possible to describe the effect of moonlight upon this ruin. Through a hundred rents in the broken walls, through a hundred lonely arches and blackened passage-ways, it streamed in, pure, bright, sōft, lambent, and yĕt distinct and clear, as if it came there at once to reveal, and cheer, and pity the mighty desolation. But if the Colisē′um is a mournful and desolate spectacle as seen from within—without, and especially on the side which is in best preservation, it is glōrious. We passed around it; and, as we looked upward, the moon shining through its arches, from the opposite side it appeared as if it were the cŏronet of the heavens, so vast was it—or like a glorious crown upon the brow of night.

4. I feel that I do not and can not describe this mighty ruin. I can only say that I came away paralyzed, and as passive as a child. A soldier stretched out his hand for a gratuity, as we passed the guard; and when my companion said I did wrŏng to give, I told him that I should have given my cloak, if the man had asked it. Would you break any spell that worldly feeling or selfish sŏrrōw may have spread over your mind, go and see the Colisē′um by moonlight. ORVILLE DEWEY [1]

91. THE DYING GLADIATOR.

1. THE seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless, yĕt thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadōw of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 176.

Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing, but unseen.

2. And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
As man was slaughter'd by his fellŏw-man.
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody circus' geniäl laws,
And the imperial plĕasure. Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Bŏth are but theaters where the chief actors rot.

3. I see before me the glădiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him: he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won

4. He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He reck'd not of the life he lŏst, nor prize;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dācian[1] mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.
All this rush'd with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths,[2] and glut your ire!

LORD BYRON.[3]

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[1] Dacian (dā' she an), from Dacia, a country of ancient Germany forming the modern countries, Hungary, Wallachia, Moldavia, and Transylvania. Many of the gladiators came from Dacia, especially after its conquest by Trajan, in the year 103, after a war of fifteen years.—[2] Goths, a celebrated nation of Germans, warriors by profession, who, in the year 410, under their king, Alaric, plundered Rome.—[3] See Biographical Sketch, p. 292.

92. The Inquiry.

1. TELL me, ye wingèd winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sigh'd for pity as it answer'd—"No."

2. Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favor'd spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrōw never lives, and friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopp'd for a while, and sigh'd to answer—"No."

3. And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded—"No."

4. Tell me, my secret soul;—oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrōw, sin, and death?—
Is there no happy spot, where mortals may be bless'd,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whisper'd—"Yes, in Heaven!"

Charles Mackay.[1]

93. The Death of Hamilton.[2]

A SHORT time since, and he, who is the occasion of our sŏrrōws, was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glōry covered him. From that eminence he has fallen: suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him,

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 91.—[2] Alexander Hamilton, see Biographical Sketch, p. 246, note 5.

must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship; there, dim and sightless, is the eye, whose rādiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips, on whose persuasive accents we have so ŏften, and so lately hung with transpōrt!

2. From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light, in which it is clearly seen, that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory—how humble appears the majesty of grandeur! The bubble, which seemed to have so much solidity, has burst; and we again see, that all below the sun is vanity.

3. True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced, the sad and solemn procession has moved, the badge of mourning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveler his virtues (just tributes of respect, and to the living useful); but to him, moldering in his nărrōw and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! how unavailing!

4. Approach, and behold, while I lift from his sepulcher its covering! Ye admirers of his greatness! ye emulous of his talents and his fame! approach and behold him now. How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements; no fascinating thrŏng weep, and melt, and tremble at his eloquence! Amazing change! a shroud! a cŏffin! a nărrōw, subterraneous cabin!—this is all that now remains of Hamilton! And is this all that remains of Hamilton? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect!

5. My brethren, we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten? Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you, from his death-bed; and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well known

eloquence, the solemn admonition: "Mortals hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning and avoid my errors; cultivate the virtues I have recommended; choose the Saviour I have chosen; live disinterestedly; live for immortality; and would you rescue any thing from final dissolution, lay it up in God." PRESIDENT NOTT.

REV. ELIPHALET NOTT was born in Ashford, Connecticut, in 1773, and passed his youth as a teacher, thereby acquiring the means of properly educating himself. He received the degree of Master of Arts from Brown University in 1795. He soon after established himself as clergyman and principal of an academy at Cherry Valley, in the State of New York. From 1798 to his election as president of Union College, in 1803, he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, at Albany, where he delivered a discourse "On the Death of Hamilton," from which the above extract is taken. In 1854, the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Nott's presidency was celebrated at Union, at the Commencement in July. A large number of graduates assembled, and addresses were delivered by President Wayland of Brown University, and Judge Campbell of New York. Dr. Nott also spoke with his old eloquence. His numerous papers in periodicals have been chiefly anonymous. His "Addresses to Young Men," "Temperance Addresses," and a collection of "Sermons," are his only published volumes.

94. PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD.

1. SWIFTER and swifter, day by day,
Down Time's unquiet[a] cŭrrent hurl'd,[1]
Thou passest[2] on thy restless way,
Tumultuous and unstable world![3]
Thou passest on! Time hath not seen
Delay upon thy hŭrried path;[4]
And prayers[5] and tears alike have been
In vain to stay thy cōurse of wrath![6]

2. Thou passest on, and with thee go
The loves of youth,[7] the cares[8] of age;
And smiles and tears, and joy and woe,
Are on thy history's troubled page!
There,[9] every day, like yĕsterday,
Writes hopes that end in mŏckery;
But who shall tear[10] the veil away
Before the abyss of things to be?

[1] Hurled (hĕrld).—[2] Pāss' est.—[3] World (wĕrld).—[4] Pāth.—[5] Prayers (prârz).—[6] Wrāth.—[7] Yŏuth.—[8] Cares (kârz).—[9] There (thâr).—[10] Tēar

3. Thou passest on, and at thy side,
Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,
And o'er the dreams of human pride
His misty shroud forever spreads;
Where[1] all thine iron hand hath traced
Upon that gloomy scrōll to-day,
With records ages since effaced,—
Like them shall live, like them decay.

4. Thou passest on, with thee the vain,
Who spōrt upon thy flaunting[2] blaze,
Pride, framed of dust and folly's train,
Who cōurt thy love, and run thy ways:
But thou and I,—and be it so,—
Press onward to eternity;
Yĕt not togĕther let us go
To that deep-voiced but shōreless sea.

5. Thou hast thy friends,—I would have mine;
Thou hast thy thoughts,—leave me my own;
I kneel not at thy gilded shrine,
I bow not at thy slavish throne:
I see them pass without a sigh,—
They wake no swelling raptures now,
The fierce delights that fire thine eye,
The triumphs of thy haughty brow.

6. Pass on, relentless world! I grieve
No more for all that thou hast riven;
Pass on, in Gŏd's name,—only leave
The things thou never yĕt hast given—
A heart at ease, a mind at home,
Affections fix'd above thy sway,
Faith set upon a world to come,
And patience through life's little day.

GEORGE LUNT.

GEORGE LUNT, born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, was graduated at Harvard in 1824; was admitted to the bar in 1831; practiced for a while at his native place, and since 1848 has pursued the profession in Boston. He published his first volume of poems in 1839, followed in 1843 by "The Age of Gold and

[1] Where (whâr).—[2] Flâunt' ing.

other Poems," and in 1854 by "Lyric Poems, Sonnets, and Miscellanies." His novel of New England life, entitled "Eastford, or Household Sketches, by Westley Brooke," was also published in 1854.

95. Select Passages in Prose.

I. Good Use of Memory.

I can not too strŏngly urge upon the young the advantage of committing to memory the choicest passages in prose and poëtry in English literature. What we learn thoroughly when young, remains by us through life. "Sir," said the great Dr. Johnson[1] to Boswell,[2] "in my early days I read vĕry hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now. My judgment, to be sure, was not so good; but I had all the facts. I remember very well when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, 'Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come unto you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task.'"

II. Injudicious Haste in Study.—Locke.[3]

The eagerness and strŏng bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hinderance to it. It still presses into further discoveries and new objects, and cătches at the variety of knowledge, and therefore[4] often stays not lòng enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yĕt out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient view, to tell in general how the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morăss′ and there a river; woodland in one part and savannas in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it; but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature

[1] Dr. Johnson, see Biographical Sketch, p. 230.—[2] James Boswell, the friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson, born 1740, and died 1795.—[3] Locke, see p. 213, note 3.—[4] Thĕre′ fôre.

commonly lodges her trĕasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labor, and thought, and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here, care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every triviäl question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laded with jewels, as the other that traveled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be mĕasured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light toward further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our cōurse, and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

III. Studies.—Bacon.[1]

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learnèd. To spend too much time in studies, is slōth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment whōlly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar: they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give fōrth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books

[1] Bacon, see p. 213, note 1.

are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read whŏlly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man: and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

IV. Books.—Channing.[1]

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. Gŏd be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am,—no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling,—if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton[2] will crŏss my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare[3] to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

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[1] William Ellery Channing, an able writer and eminent Unitarian clergyman, was born at Newport, Rhode Island, April 7, 1780. The collection of his works embraces six volumes. His writings are distinguished for literary elegance, directness, and moral energy. He died at Bennington, Vermont, October 2, 1842.—[2] Milton, see Biographical Sketch, p. 582.—[3] Shakspeare, see Biographical Sketch, p. 348.

V. The Bible.—Hall.[1]

The Bible is the trĕasure of the poor, the sŏlace of the sick, and the support of the dying; and while other books may amuse and instruct in a lēisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of that book to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sŏrrōw which admits of no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart which no other topic of consolation can reach; while guilt, despair, and death vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration. There is something in the spirit and diction of the Bible which is found peculiarly adapted to arrest the attention of the plainest and most uncultivated minds. The simple structure of its sentences, combined with a lŏfty spirit of poĕtry—its familiar allusions to the scenes of nature and the transactions of common life—the delightful intermixture of narration with the doctrinal and preceptive parts—and the profusion of miraculous facts, which convert it into a sort of enchanted ground—its constant advertence to the Deity, whose perfections it renders almost visible and palpable—unite in bestowing upon it an interest which attaches to no other performance, and which, after assiduous and repeated perusal, invests it with much of the charm of novelty; like the great orb of day, at which we are wont[2] to gaze with unabated astonishment from infancy to old age. What other book besides the Bible could be heard in public assemblies from year to year, with an attention that never tires, and an interest that never cloys? With few exceptions, let a portion of the sacred volume be recited in a mixed multitude, and though it has been heard a thousand times, a universal stillness ensues, every eye is fixed, and every ear is awake and attentive. Select, if you can, any other composition, and let it be rendered equally familiar to the mind, and see whether it will produce this effect.

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[1] Robert Hall, an eminent Baptist clergyman, was born at Arnsby, England, in 1764. Splendid, graceful, and majestic, with a large and various erudition, and a thorough intellectual training; master alike of the sternest weapons of logic, and "the dazzling fence of rhetoric;" in style, combining the sweetness of Addison with the sublimity of Burke; he was regarded as the most eloquent preacher of modern times. He died in February, 1831, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.—[2] Wont (wŭnt).

96. Buying Books.

HOW easily one may distinguish a genuine lover of books from the worldly man! With what subdued and yĕt glowing enthusiasm does he gaze upon the cŏstly front of a thousand embattled volumes! How gently he draws them down, as if they were little children! how tenderly he handles them! He peers at the title-page, at the text, or the notes, with the nicety of a bird examining a flower. He studies the binding: the leather,—Russia, English calf, morocco; the lettering, the gilding, the edging, the hinge of the cover! He opens it, and shuts it, he holds it ŏff, and brings it nigh. It suffuses his whōle body with book-magnetism. He walks up and down, in amaze at the mysterious allotments of Providence that gives so much money to men who spend it upon their appetites, and so little to men who would spend it in benevolence, or upon their refined tastes! It is astonishing, too, how one's necessities multiply in the presence of the supply. One never knows how many things it is impossible to do without till he goes to the house-furnishing stores. One is surprised to perceive, at some bazaar, or fancy and variety store, how many *conveniences* he needs. He is satisfied that his life must have been utterly inconvenient aforetime. And thus, too, one is inwardly convicted, at a bookstore, of having lived for years without books which he is now satisfied that one can not live without!

2. Then, too, the subtle process by which the man convinces himself that he can afford to buy. No subtle manager or broker ever saw through a maze of financial embarrassments half so quick as a poor book-buyer sees his way clear to pay for what he *must* have. He promises with himself marvels of retrenchment; he will eat less, or less cŏstly viands, that he may buy more food for the mind. He will take an extra patch, and go on with his raiment another year, and buy books instead of coats. Yea, he will write books, that he may buy books. He will lecture, teach, trade—he will do any honest thing for money to buy books!

3. The appetite is insatiable. Feeding does not satisfy it. It rages by the fuel which is put upon it. As a hungry man eats

first, and pays afterward, so the book-buyer purchases, and then works at the debt afterward. This paying is rather medicinal. It cures for a time. But a relapse takes place. The same lŏng-ing, the same promises of self-denial. He promises himself to put spurs on bōth heels of his in'dustry; and then, besides all this, he will *somehow* gĕt alŏng when the time for payment comes! Ah! this SOMEHOW! That word is as big as a whŏle world, and is stuffed with all the vagaries and fantasies that Fancy ever bred upon Hope.

4. And yĕt, is there not some comfort in buying books, *to be* paid for? We have heard of a sot, who wished his neck as lŏng as the worm of a still, that he might so much the longer enjoy the flavor of the draught! Thus, it is a prolŏnged excitement of purchase, if you feel for six months in a slight doubt whether the book is honestly your own or not. Had you paid down, that would have been the end of it. There would have been no affectionate and beseeching look of your books at you, every time you saw them, saying, as plain as a book's eyes can say, "*Do not let me be taken from you.*"

5. Moreover, buying books before you can pay for them, promotes caution. You do not feel quite at liberty to take them home. You are married. Your wife keeps an account-book. She knows to a penny what you can and what you can not afford. She has no "speculation" in *her* eyes. Plain figures make desperate work with airy "*somehows.*" It is a matter of no small skill and experience to gĕt your books home, and into their proper places, undiscovered. Perhaps the blundering Express brings them to the door just at evening. "What is it, my dear?" she says to you. "Oh! nothing—a few books that I can not do without."

6. That smile! A true housewife that loves her husband, can smile a whŏle arithmetic at him in one look! Of course she insists, in the kindest way, in sympathizing with you in your literary acquisition. She cuts the strings of the bundle (and of your heart), and out comes the whole story. You have bought a complete set of cŏstly English books, full bound in calf, extra gilt! You are caught, and feel very much as if bound in calf yourself, and admirably lettered.

7. Now, this must not happen frequently. The books must

be smuggled home. Let them be sent to some near place. Then, when your wife has a headache, or is out making a call, or has lain down, run the books acrŏss the frontier and threshold, hastily undo them, stop only for one loving glance as you put them away in the closet, or behind other books on the shelf, or on the topmost shelf. Clear away the twine and wrapping-paper, and every suspicious circumstance. Be vĕry careful not to be too kind. That ŏften brings on detection. Only the other day we heard it said, somewhere, "Why, how good you have been, lately! I am really afraid that you have been carrying on mischief secretly." Our heart smote us. It was a fact. That very day we had bought a few books which "we could not do without."

8. After a while, you can bring out one volume, accidentally, and leave it on the table. "Why, my dear, *what* a beautiful book! Where *did* you borrow it?" You glance over the newspaper, with the quietest tone you can command: "*That!* oh! that is *mine*. Have you not seen it before? It has been in the house these two months;" and you rush on with anecdote and incident, and point out the binding, and that peculiar trick of gilding, and every thing else you can think of: but it all will not do; you can not rub out that roguish, ărithmĕt'ical smile. People may talk about the equality of the sexes! They are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman, will vanquish ten men. Of course you repent, and in time form a habit of repenting.

9. Another method, which will be found peculiarly effective, is, to make a *present* of some fine work to your wife. Of course, whether she or you have the name of buying it, it will go into your collection and be yours to all intents and purposes. But, it stops remark in the presentation. A wife could not reprove you for so kindly thinking of her. No matter what she suspects, she will say nothing. And then if there are three or four more works, which have come home with the gift-book—they will pass, through the favor of the other.

10. These are plĕasures denied to wealth and old bachelors. Indeed, one can not imagine the peculiar pleasure of buying books, if one is rich and stupid. There must be some pleasure, or so many would not do it. But the full flavor, the whŏle rel-

ish of delight only comes to those who are so poor that they must engineer for every book. They set down before them, and besiege them. They are captured. Each book has a secret history of ways and means. It reminds you of subtle devices by which you insured and made it yours, in spite of poverty!

H. W. Beecher.[1]

97. The Baron's Last Banquet.

I.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strŏng agony, a dying warrior lay,—
The stern old Băron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

II.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er,—
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more;
They come, and, to my bēard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I—ha! ha!—must die

III.

And what is death? I've dared him ŏft, before the Pāinim[2] spear;
Think ye he's enter'd at my gate—has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorn'd him, when the fight was raging hot;—
I'll try his might, I'll brave his power!—defy, and fear him not!

IV.

"Ho! sound the tocsin[3] from my tower, and fire the cul'verin,[4]
Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in.
Up with my banner on the wall,—the banquet-board prepare,—
Throw wide the pōrtal of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

V.

A hundred hands were busy then: the banquet fōrth was spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;

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[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 71.—[2] Pāi' nim, pagan; infidel.—[3] Tŏc'-sin, a bell for giving alarm.—[4] Cŭl' ver in, a long, slender cannon, to carry a ball a great distance.

While from the rich, dark tracery, alŏng the vaulted wall,
Lights gleam'd on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

VI.

Fast hŭrrying through the outer gate, the mail'd retainers pour'd,
On through the pōrtal's frowning arch, and thrŏng'd around the board;
While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of state,
Arm'd cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

VII.

"Fill every bēaker up, my men!—pour fŏrth the cheering wine!
There's life and strength in every drop,—thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are waxing dim:
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!

VIII.

"Ye're there, but yĕt I see you not!—draw fŏrth each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board!
I hear it faintly: Louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all!—and shout for Rudiger, 'DEFIANCE UNTO DEATH!'"

IX.

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clang'd to steel, and rose a dĕafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:
"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?

X.

"But I defy him!—let him come!" Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat—dead!

ALBERT G. GREENE.

MR. GREENE was born at Providence, Rhode Island, February 10, 1802. He was a graduate at Brown University in 1820, practiced law in his native city until 1834, since which time he has held office under the city government. One of

his earliest metrical compositions was the popular ballad of "Old Grimes." His poems, which were principally written for periodicals, have never been published in a collected form. One of his longest serious ballads, entitled "Canonchet," is published in Updike's "History of the Narraghansett Church."

98. Select Passages in Prose.

I. A True Man.—Scott.[1]

The man whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself,—whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will nēither seek an indirect advantage by a spēcious road, nor take an evil path to secure a reälly good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while he breathes, and break when he dies.

II. A True Woman.—Scott.

Her vĕry soul is in home, and in the discharge of all those quiet virtues of which home is the center. Her husband will be to her what her father is now—the object of all her care, solicitude, and affection. She will see nothing, and connect herself with nothing, but by or through him. If he be a man of sense and virtue, she will sympathize in his sŏrrōws, divert his fatigues, and share his plĕasures. If she become the portion of a churlish or negligent husband, she will suit his taste also, for she will not lŏng survive his unkindness.

III. The Power of a Word.—Landor.[2]

On words, on quibbles, if you please to call distinctions so, rest the axis of the intellectual world. A wingèd word hath stuck ineradicably in a million hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their hard pulsation. On a wingèd word hath hung the destiny of nātions. On a wingèd word hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it

[1] Sir Walter Scott, one of the ablest and most extensive writers of prose and poetry in the English language, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, August 15, 1771, and died in September, 1832.—[2] Landor, see Biographical Sketch, p. 333.

dependent for all its future happiness. It is because a word is unsusceptible of explanation, or because they who employed it were impatient of any, that enormous evils have prevailed, not only against our common sense, but against our common humanity.

IV. Moral Force of Example.—Judge McLean.

The great principles of our republican institutions can not be propagated by the sword. This can be done by mŏral fŏrce, and not physical. If we desire the political regeneration of oppressed nations, we must show them the simplicity, the grandeur, and the freedom of our own government. We must recommend it to the intelligence and virtue of other nations by its elevated and enlightened action, its purity, its justice, and the protection it affords to all its citizens, and the liberty they enjoy. And if, in this respect, we shall be faithful to the high bequests of our fathers, to ourselves, and to posterity, we shall do more to liberalize other governments, and emancipate their subjects, than could be accomplished by millions of bayonets. This moral power is what tyrants have most cause to dread. It addresses itself to the thoughts and the judgment of men. No physical force can arrest its prŏgress. Its approaches are unseen, but its consequences are deeply felt. It enters garrisons most strŏngly fortified, and operates in the palaces of kings and emperors. We should cherish this power, as essential to the preservation of our government, and as the most efficient means of ameliorating the political condition of our race. And this can only be done by a reverence for the laws, and by the exercise of an elevated pātriotism.

V. Law.—Hooker.[1]

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of Gŏd; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the vĕry least as

[1] Richard Hooker, the famous author of "Ecclesiastical Polity," was born about 1553, at the village of Heavitree, England. In 1577 he was received Master of Arts at Oxford, and two years later appointed Professor of Hebrew. He took holy orders in 1584, and about two years subsequent became master of the Temple, in London. He died in the rectory of Bishopsbourne, Kent, 1600.

feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power;—both ăngels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yĕt all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

VI. Truth and Falsehood.—Milton.[1]

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to doubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? who knows not that Truth is strŏng, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and defences that error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps; for then she speaks not true, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, until she be adjured into her own likeness.

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99. Truth and Falsehood.—An Allegory.

While the world was yĕt in its infancy, Truth[2] came among mortals from above, and Falsehood from below. Truth was the daughter of Jupiter[3] and Wisdom; Falsehood was the progeny of Folly impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to seize the dominion of the new creătion; and as their enmity and their fŏrce were well known to the celestials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the contest.

2. Truth seemed conscious of superior power and juster claim, and therefore came on towering and majestic, unassisted, and alone: Reason, indeed, always attended her, but appeared her follower rather than companion. Her march was slow and stately, but her motion was perpetually progressive; and when once she had grounded her foot, nēither gods nor men could fŏrce her to retire.

3. Falsehood always endeavored to copy the mien and atti-

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[1] Milton, see Biographical Sketch, p. 582.—[2] Truth. (trōth).—[3] Jupiter, the chief of the gods in heathen mythology.

tudes of Truth, and was very successful in the arts of mimicry. She was surrounded, animated, and supported by innumerable legions of Appetites and Passions, but, like other feeble commanders, was oblīged ŏften to receive law from her allies. Her motions were sudden, irregular, and viŏlent; for she had no steadiness nor constancy. She often gained conquests by hasty incursions, which she never hoped to keep by her own strength, but maintained by the help of the Passions, whom she generally found resolute and faithful.

4. It sometimes happened that the antagonists met in full opposition. In these encounters, Falsehood always invested her head with clouds, and commanded Fraud to place ambushes about her. In her left hand she bore the shield of Impudence, and the quiver of Sŏphistry rattled on her shoulder. All the Passions attended at her call. Vanity clapped her wings before, and Obstinacy supported her behind. Thus guarded and assisted, she sometimes advanced against Truth, and sometimes waited the attack; but always endeavored to skirmish at a distance, perpetually shifted her ground, and let fly her ărrōws in different directions; for she certainly found that her strength failed, whenever the eye of Truth darted full upon her.

5. Truth had the awful aspect though not the thunder of her father, and when the lŏng continuance of the contest brought them near to one another, Falsehood let the arms of Sophistry fall from her grasp, and, holding up the shield of Impudence with bōth her hands, sheltered herself amongst the Passions. Truth, though she was ŏften wounded, always recovered in a short time; but it was common for the slightest hurt received by Falsehood, to spread its malignity to the neighboring parts, and to burst open again when it seemed to have been cured.

6. Falsehood, in a short time, found by experience that her superiŏrity consisted only in the celerity of her cōurse, and the changes of her posture. She therefore ordered Suspicion to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to crŏss the way of Truth, who, as she never varied her point, but moved constantly upon the same line, was easily escaped by the oblīque and dĕs'ultory movements, the quick retreats and active doubles, which Falsehood always practiced, when the enemy began to raise terror by her approach.

7. By this procedure, Falsehood every hour encroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever she carried her victories, she left the Passions in full authŏrity behind her; who were so well pleased with command, that they held out with great obstinacy, when Truth came to seize their posts, and never failed to retard her prŏgress, though they could not always stop it: they yielded at last with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and sullen submission; and always inclined to revōlt when Truth ceased to awe them by her immediate presence.

8. Truth, who, when she first descended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by universal acclamation, cherished with kindness, heard with obedience, and invited to spread her influence from province to province, now found, that wherever she came, she must fŏrce her passage. Every intellect was precluded by Prejudice, and every heart preŏccupied by Passion. She, indeed, advanced, but she advanced slowly, and ŏften lŏst the conquests which she left behind her, by sudden insurrections of the Appetites, that shook ŏff their allegiance, and rānged themselves under the banner of her enemy.

9. Truth, however, did not grow weaker by the struggle, for her vigor was unconquerable; yĕt she was provoked to see herself baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom she looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but such as she owed to inconstancy, weakness, and artifice. She therefore, in the anger of disappointment, called upon her father Jupiter to reëstablish her in the skies, and leave mankind to the disorder and misery which they deserved, by submitting willingly to the usurpation of Falsehood.

10. Jupiter compassionated the world too much to grant her request, yĕt was willing to ease her labors and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to consult the Muses by what method she might obtain an easier reception, and reign without the toil of incessant war. It was then discovered that she obstructed her own prŏgress by the severity of her aspect and the solemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceased to fear her; since, by giving themselves up to Falsehood, they seldom made any săcrifice of their ease or plĕasure, because she took the shape that was most en-

gaging, and always suffered herself to be dressed and painted by Desire.

11. The Muses wove, in the loom of Pallas,[1] a loose and changeable robe, like that in which Falsehood captivated her admirers: with this they invested Truth, and named her Fiction. She now went out again to conquer with more success; for when she demanded entrance of the Passions, they often mistook her for Falsehood, and delivered up their charge; but when she had once taken possession, she was soon disrobed by Reason, and shŏne out, in her original form, with native effulgence and resistless dignity. DR. JOHNSON.[2]

100. THE PHANTOM SHIP.

I.

THE breeze had sunk to rest, the noonday sun was high,
And ocean's breast lay motionless beneath a cloudless sky.
There was silence in the air, there was silence in the deep;
And it seem'd as though that burning calm were nature's final sleep.

II.

The mid-day watch was set, beneath the blaze of light,
When there came a cry from the tall mast-head, "A sail! a sail, in sight!"
And o'er the far hori'zon a snowy speck appear'd,
And every eye was strain'd to watch the vessel as she near'd.

III.

There was no breath of air, yĕt she bounded on her way,
And the dancing waves around her prow were flashing into spray.
She answer'd not their hail, alŏngside as she pass'd:
There were none who trod her spacious deck; not a seaman on the mast;

IV.

No hand to guide her helm: yĕt on she held her cōurse;
She swept alōng that waveless sea, as with a tempest's fōrce:

[1] PALLAS, one of the names of MINERVA, the goddess of wisdom, called also ATHENA and TRITOTONIA.—[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 230.

A silence, as of death, was o'er that vessel spread:
She seem'd a thing of another world, the world where dwell the dead.

V.

She pass'd away from sight, the deadly calm was o'er,
And the spell-bound ship pursued her cōurse before the breeze once more;
And clouds acrŏss the sky obscured the noonday sun,
And the winds arose at the tempest's call, before the day was done

VI.

Midnight—and still the storm raged wrathfully and loud,
And deep in the trough of the heaving sea labor'd that vessel proud:
There was darkness all around, save where lightning flashes keen
Play'd on the crests of the broken waves, and lit the depths between.

VII.

Around her and below, the waste of waters roar'd,
And answer'd the crash of the falling masts as they cast them overboard.
At every billōw's shock her quivering timbers strain;
And as she rose on a crested wave, that strānge ship pass'd again.

VIII.

And o'er that stormy sea she flew before the gale,
Yĕt she had not struck her lightest spar, nor furl'd her lŏftiest sail.
Another blinding flash, and nearer yet she seem'd,
And a pale blue light alŏng her sails and o'er her rigging gleam'd.

IX.

But it show'd no seaman's form, no hand her cōurse to guide;
And to their signals of distress the winds alone replied.
The Phantom Ship pass'd on, driven o'er her pathless way,
But helplessly the sinking wreck amid the breakers lay.

X.

The angry tempest ceased, the winds were hush'd to sleep,
And calm and bright the sun again shŏne out upon the deep.
But that gallant ship no more shall roam the ocean free;
She has reach'd her final haven, beneath the dark blue sea.

XI.

And many a hardy seaman, who fears nor storm nor fight,
Yĕt trembles when the Phantom Ship drives past his watch at night;
For it augurs death and dānger: it bodes a watery grave,
With sea-weeds for his pillōw—for his shroud, the wandering wave.

ANON.

101. COUNT FATHOM'S ADVENTURE.

FATHOM departed from the village that same afternoon under the auspices of his conductor, and found himself benighted in the midst of a fŏrest, far from the habitations of men. The darkness of the night, the silence and solitude of the place, the indistinct images of the trees that appeared on every side stretching their extravagant arms athwart the gloom, conspired with the dejection of spirits occasioned by his lŏss to disturb his fancy, and raise strānge phantoms in his imagination. Although he was not naturally superstitious, his mind began to be invaded with an awful hŏrror, that gradually prevailed over all the consolations of reason and philosophy; nor was his heart free from the terrors of assassination.

2. In order to dissipate these disagreeable reveries, he had recourse to the conversation of his guide, by whom he was entertained with the history of divers travelers who had been robbed and murdered by ruffians, whose retreat was in the recesses of that vĕry wood. In the midst of this communication, which did not at all tend to the elevation of our hero's spirits, the conductor made an excuse for dropping behind, while our traveler jogged on in expectation of being joined again by him in a few minutes. He was, however, disappointed in that hope: the sound of the horse's feet by degrees grew more and more faint, and at last altogĕther died away.

3. Alarmed at this circumstance, Fathom halted in the road, and listened with the most fearful attention; but his sense of hearing was saluted with naught but the dismal sighings of the trees, that seemed to foretell an approaching storm. Accordingly, the heavens contracted a more dreary aspect, the lightning

began to gleam, the thunder to roll, and the tempest, raising its voice to a tremendous roar, descended in a tŏrrent of rain.

4. In this emergency, the fortitude of our hero was almost quite overcome. So many concurring circumstances of dānger and distress might have appalled the most undaunted breast; what impression then must they have made upon the mind of Ferdinand, who was by no means a man to set fear at defiance! Indeed, he had well-nigh lŏst the use of his reflection, and was actually invaded to the skin, before he could recollect himself so far as to quit the road, and seek for shelter among the thickets that surrounded him.

5. Having rode some furlŏngs into the fŏrest, he took his station under a tuft of tall trees, that screened him from the storm, and in that situation called a council with himself, to deliberate upon his next excursion. He persuaded himself that his guide had deserted him for the present, in order to give intelligence of a traveler to some gang of robbers with whom he was connected; and that he must of necessity fall a prey to those banditti, unless he should have the good fortune to elude their search, and disentangle himself from the mazes of the wood.

6. Hărrōwed with these apprehensions, he resolved to commit himself to the mercy of the hŭrricane, as of two evils the least, and penetrate straight forward through some devious opening, until he should be delivered from the fŏrest. For this purpose he turned his horse's head in a line quite contrary to the direction of the high road which he had left, on the supposition that the robbers would pursue that tract in quest of him, and that they would never dream of his deserting the highway to traverse an unknown forest amidst the darkness of such a boisterous night.

7. After he had continued in this prŏgress through a succession of groves, and bogs, and thorns, and brakes, by which not only his clothes, but also his skin suffered in a grievous manner, while every nerve quivered with eagerness and dismay, he at length reached an open plain, and pursuing his cōurse, in full hope of arriving at some village where his life would be safe, he descried a rushlight, at a distance, which he looked upon as the star of his good fortune; and riding toward it at full speed, arrived at the door of a lone cottage, into which he was admitted

by an old woman, who, understanding he was a bewildered trav eler, received him with great hospitality.

8. When he learned from his hōstess that there was not another house within three leagues, and that she could accommodate him with a tolerable bed, and his horse with lodging and oats, he thanked Heaven for his good fortune in stumbling upon this humble habitation, and determined to pass the night under the protection of the old cottager, who gave him to understand, that her husband, who was a fagot-maker, had gŏne to the next town to dispose of his merchandise, and that in all probability he would not return till the next morning, on account of the tempestuous night.

9. Ferdinand sounded the beldam with a thousand artful interrogations, and she answered with such an appearance of truth and simplicity, that he concluded his person was quite secure; and, after having been regaled with a dish of eggs and bacon, desired she would conduct him into the chămber where she proposed he should take his repose. He was accordingly ushered up by a sort of ladder into an apartment furnished with a standing bed, and almost half filled with trusses of straw. He seemed extremely well pleased with his lodging, which in reality exceeded his expectations; and his kind landlady, cautioning him against letting the candle approach the combustibles, took her leave, and locked the door on the outside.

102. Count Fathom's Adventure—concluded.

FATHOM, whose own principles taught him to be suspicious, and ever upon his guard against the treachery of his fellōw-creatures, could have dispensed with this instance of her care in confining her guest to her chămber; and began to be seized with strange fancies, when he observed that there was no bolt on the inside of the door, by which he might secure himself from intrusion. In consequence of these suggestions, he proposed to take an accurate sur'vey of every object in the apartment, and, in the cōurse of his inqui'ry, had the mortification to find the dead body of a man, still warm, who had been lately stabbed, and concealed beneath several bundles of straw.

2. Such a discovery could not fail to fill the breast of our hero with unspeakable hŏrror; for he concluded that he himself would undergo the same fate before morning, without the interposition of a mīracle in his favor. In the first transpōrts of his dread he ran to the windōw, with a view to escape by that outlet, and found his flight effectually obstructed by divers strŏng bars of iron. Then his heart began to palpitate, his hair to bristle up and his knees to totter: his thoughts teemed with presages o death and destruction; his conscience rose up in judgment against him; and he underwent a severe paroxysm of dismay and distraction. His spirits were agitated into a state of fermentation that produced an energy akin to that which is inspired by brandy or other strong liquors; and, by an impulse that seemed supernatural, he was immediately hŭrried into mĕasures for his own preservation.

3. What upon a less in'teresting occasion his imagination durst not propose, he now executed without scruple or remorse. He undressed the corpse that lay bleeding among the straw, and conveying it to the bed in his arms, deposited it in the attitude of a person who sleeps at his ease; then he extinguished the light, took possession of the place from whence the body had been removed, and, holding a pistol ready cocked in each hand, waited for the sequel with that determined purpose which is ŏften the immediate production of despair.

4. About midnight he heard the sound of feet ascending the ladder; the door was sŏftly opened; he saw the shadōw of two men stalking toward the bed; a dark lantern being unshrouded, directed their aim to the supposed sleeper; and he that held it thrust a poniard to his heart. The fōrce of the blow made a compression on the chest, and a sort of groan issued from the windpipe of the defunct: the stroke was repeated without producing a repetition of the note, so that the assassins concluded the work was effectually done, and retired for the present, with a design to return and rifle the deceased at their lēisure.

5. Never had our hero spent a moment in such agony as he felt during this operation. The whōle surface of his body was covered with a cold sweat, and his nerves were relaxed with a universal palsy. In short, he remained in a trance, that in all probability contributed to his safety; for had he retained the use

of his senses, he might have been discovered by the transpōrts of his fear. The first use he made of his retrieved recollection, was to perceive that the assassins had left the door open in their retreat; and he would have instantly availed himself of this their neglect, by sallying out upon them at the hazard of his life, had not he been restrained by a conversation he overheard in the room below, importing that the ruffians were going to set out upon another expedition, in hopes of finding more prey.

6. They accordingly departed, after having laid strŏng injunctions on the old woman to keep the door fast locked during their absence; and Ferdinand took his resolution without further delay. So soon as, by his conjecture, the robbers were at a sufficient distance from the house, he rose from his lurking-place, moved sŏftly toward the bed, and rummaging the pockets of the deceased, found a purse well stored with dŭcats, of which, togĕther with a silver watch and a diamond ring, he immediately possessed himself without scruple; and then, descending with great care and circumspection into the lower apartment, stood before the old beldam, before she had the least intimation of his approach.

7. Accustomed as she was to the trade of blood, the hoary hag did not behold this apparition without giving signs of infinite terror and astonishment. Believing it was no other than the spirit of her second guest, who had been murdered, she fell upon her knees, and began to recommend herself to the protection of the saints, crŏssing herself with as much devotion as if she had been entitled to the particular care and attention of Heaven. Nor did her anxiety abate when she was undeceived in this her supposition, and understood it was no phantom, but the real substance of the strānger; who, without staying to upbraid her with the enormity of her crimes, commanded her, on pain of immediate death, to produce his horse; to which being conducted, he set her on the saddle without delay, and mounting behind, invested her with the management of the reins, swearing, in a most peremptory tone, that the only chance for her life was in directing him to the next town; and that as soon as she should give him the least cause to doubt her fidelity in the performance of that task, he would on the instant act the part of her executioner.

8. This declaration had its effect on the withered Hĕcăte, who, with many supplications for mercy and forgiveness, promised to guide him in safety to a certain village at the distance of two leagues, where he might lodge in security, and be provided with a fresh horse, or other conveniences for pursuing his route. On these conditions he told her she might deserve his clemency; and they accordingly took their departure togĕther, she being placed astride upon the saddle, holding the bridle in one hand, and a switch in the other, and our adventurer sitting on the crupper superintending her conduct, and keeping the muzzle of a pistol close to her ear. In this ĕquipage[2] they traveled acrŏss part of the same wood in which his guide had forsaken him; and it is not to be supposed that he passed his time in the most agreeable reverie, while he found himself involved in the labyrinth of those shades, which he considered as the haunts of robbery and assassination.

9. Common fear was a comfortable sensation to what he felt in this excursion.[3] The first steps he had taken for his preservation were the effect of mere instinct, while his faculties were extinguished or suppressed by despair; but now, as his reflection began to recur, he was haunted by the most intolerable apprehensions. Every whisper of the wind through the thickets was swelled into the hoarse menaces of murder; the shaking of the boughs was construed into the brandishing of poniards; and every shadōw of a tree became the apparition of a ruffian eager for blood. In short, at each of these occŭrrences he felt what was infinitely more tormenting than the stab of a real dagger; and at every fresh fillip of his fear, he acted as a remembrancer to his conductress in a new volley of imprecations, importing, that her life was absolutely connected with his opinion of his own safety.

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[1] Hecate, represented in mythology as a mysterious divinity who ruled in heaven, on the earth, and in the sea, bestowing on mortals wealth, victory, wisdom; good luck to sailors and hunters, and prosperity to youth and to the flocks of cattle. She was afterward, however, regarded by the Athenians and others as a spectral being, regardless of demons and terrible phantoms from the lower world, who taught sorcery, witchcraft, and dwelt at places where two roads crossed, on tombs, and near the blood of murdered persons.—[2] Equipage (ĕk′ we pāj) [3] Excursion (eks kĕr′ shun).

10. Human nature could not lŏng subsist under such compli cated terror; but at last he found himself clear of the fŏrest, and was blessed with a distant view of an inhabited place. He yielded to the first importunity of the beldam, whom he dismissed at a vĕry small distance from the village, after he had earnestly exhorted her to quit such an atrōcious cōurse of life, and atone for her past crimes by săcrificing her associates to the demands of justice. She did not fail to vow a perfect reformation, and to prostrate herself before him for the favor she had found; then she betook herself to her habitation, with the full purpose of advising her fellōw-murderers to repair with all dispatch to the village and impeach our hero; who, wisely distrusting her professions, stayed no lŏnger in the place than to hire a guide for the next stage, which brought him to the city of Chalons-sur-Marne.[1] SMOLLETT.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT was born in the county of Dumbarton, Scotland, in 1721. His father, a younger son of Sir James Smollett, of Bonhill, having died early, he was educated by his grandfather, in Glasgow, for the medical profession. At nineteen, his grandfather having died without making a provision for him, the young author proceeded to London with his first work, "The Regicide," which he attempted to bring out at the theaters. Foiled in this juvenile effort, in 1741 he became a surgeon's mate in the navy, and was present in the unfortunate expedition to Carthagena, spent some time elsewhere in the West Indies, and returned to England in 1746. Thenceforth he resided chiefly in London, and became an author for life. His first novel, "Roderick Random," appeared in 1748. From this date to that of his last production, SMOLLETT improved in taste and judgment, but his power of invention, his native humor, and his knowledge of life and character, are as conspicuous in this as in any of his works. He had fine poetic talents, but wrote no extended poem. His novel of "Count Fathom" appeared in 1753. The above scene, extracted from this work, is universally regarded as a masterpiece of interest; a mixture of the terrible and the probable that has never been surpassed. The writing is as fine as the conception. In 1770, SMOLLETT was compelled to seek for health in a warm climate. He took up his residence in a cottage near Leghorn. Here, just before his death, in the autumn of 1771, he finished his "Humphrey Clinker," the most rich, varied, and agreeable of all his novels.

103. DARKNESS.

1. I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars

[1] Chalons-sur-Marne (shà lŏng' sẽr marn), a city of France, capital of the department of Marne, on the right bank of the river Marne, 90 miles E. of Paris.

Did wander, darkling, in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions, in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light.
And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crownèd kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for bēacons: cities were consumed,
And men were găther'd round their blazing homes,
To look once more into each other's face.
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes and their mountain torch.

2 A fearful hope was all the world contain'd:
Fŏrests were set on fire; but, hour by hour,
They fell and faded; and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men, by the despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect, as, by fits,
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenchèd hands, and smiled;
And others hŭrried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up,
With mad disquietude, on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again,
With curses, cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth, and howl'd. The wild birds shriek d,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings: the wildest brutes
Came tame, and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.

3. And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again:—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,

Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails. Men
Died; and their bones were tombless as their flesh:
The meager by the meager were devour'd.
Even dogs assail'd their masters,—all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the drooping dead
Lured their lank jaws: himself sought out no food,
But, with a piteous, and perpetual moan,
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.

4. The crowd was famish'd by degrees. But two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies. They met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage. They raked up,
And, shivering, scraped, with their cold, skeleton hands,
The feeble ashes; and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame,
Which was a mŏckery. Then they lifted
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died;
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was, upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend.

5. The world was void:
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless;
A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths.
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss, without a surge,—

The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd: Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—she was the universe. LORD BYRON.[1]

104. THE RATTLESNAKE.[2]

"HE does not come—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contem'plating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful rānge of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful were the green and garniture of that little copse of wood! The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower, gleaming from its green, and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the center of a clump, around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and, with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey' that which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yĕt failed to fill her thought. Her mind wandered—her soul was far away; and the objects in her vision were far other than those which occupied her imagination.

2. Things grew indistinct beneath her eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or glided away before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yĕt bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head; and the blacksnake, with the rapidity of an ărrōw, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance. And yĕt, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing eye of the maiden, her eye was yet singularly fixed—fastened, as it were, to a single

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 292.—[2] From "The Yemassee." The heroine, Bess Mathews, in the woods waits the coming of her lover.

spot—gāthered and controled by a single object, and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascination.

3. Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes,—bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glŏssiest green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye communed vacantly with these; fastened by a star-like shining glance, a subtle ray, that shot out from the circle of green leaves—seeming to be their vĕry eye—and sending out a lurid luster that seemed to stream acrŏss the space between, and find its way into her own eyes. Very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness, of the sweetest, strāngest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away, only to return; and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze: but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright, and gorgeous, gleaming in their midst, and still fastened, with strange fondness, upon her own. How beautiful with wondrous intensity did it gleam and dilate, growing larger and more lustrous with every ray which it sent fōrth!

4. And her own glance became intense, fixed also; but with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her, and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright white gleam; but ever as she aimed to stretch fōrth her hand, and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings, and a shrill scream from the tree above her,—such a scream as the mŏck-bird makes, when angrily it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her and forbăde her effort. More than once, in her sur'vey of this strānge object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence.

5. But the star-like eye was yĕt upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick, like that of a bird, now steady in its place,

and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up toward her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waving hŭrriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy. But, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own: there it grew, fixed—a vĕry principle of light; and such a light—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as găthers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception.

6. She felt dizzy, for, as she looked, a cloud of colors—bright, gay, vărious colors—floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momently more and more insecure: her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before.

7. She strove to move from before the beautiful but tĕrrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now găthered suddenly to her aid; and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partly in the attempt, and threw her arms backward, her hands grasping the neighboring tree,—feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up

with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dăngerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glōrious hues had become associated.

8. She was, at length, conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her dănger; but tĕrror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of spōrt, the insidious rĕptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to găther himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, toward her, the eye still peering deeply into her own;—the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving fōrth that paralyzing sound, which, once heard, is remembered forever. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite, her terrors. Now, with his flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its lŏng form toward her,—its fatal teeth, unfolding on ēither side of its upper jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death; while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing, with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight

9. Could she have fled! She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gŏne! and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arching neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contem'plating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death-note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momently approaching to the blow. Meanwhile the stillness became death-like with all surrounding objects. The bird had gŏne, with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, its full length, and the fatal

teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life-blood in her veins.

10. The tĕrrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the dānger. She sees that the spōrt of the terrible rĕptīle is at an end. She can not now mistake the hŏrrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed; her lips are sealed. Once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their ŏffice. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair, that, a last effort, she succeeds to scream,—a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony: she sinks down upon the grass before her enemy,—her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs forever upon them. She sees him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully, like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed, as about to strike,—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the lŏng tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth; and she sees no more. Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

11. In that moment the cŏpse parted; and an ărrōw, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alŏngside the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot in season, on the way to the Block-House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay tŏssing in agony upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous rĕptīle made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle vīolently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like

circumstances, he turned desperately round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden. W. G. Simms.

William Gilmore Simms was born at Charleston, South Carolina, April 17, 1806. His mother died while he was an infant, and his father, failing soon after as a merchant, emigrated to the West, leaving him to the care of an aged and penurious grandmother, who withheld the appropriations necessary for his education. His love of books, industry, and richly endowed intellect, however, triumphed over every obstacle. He wrote for the press, at an early age, on a great variety of subjects, and was admitted to the bar, in his native city, at the age of twenty-one. He did not long practice law, but turned its peculiar training to the uses of literature. He became editor and proprietor of the "Charleston City Gazette," which, though conducted with industry and spirit, proved a failure, owing to his opposition to the then popular doctrine of nullification. He published his first book, "Lyrical and other Poems," in 1825, when about eighteen years of age, followed the same year by "Early Lays." "Atalantis," the third work following, a successful poem with the publishers, a rarity at the time, was published in New York, in 1832. It is written in smooth blank verse, interspersed with frequent lyrics. The next year appeared in New York his first tale, "Martin Faber," written in the intense passionate style, which secured at once public attention. Since that period he has written numerous novels, histories, biographies, and poems, and has contributed largely to reviews and magazines. In 1849 he became editor of "The Southern Quarterly Review," which was revived by his able contributions and personal influence. His writings are characterized by their earnestness, sincerity, and thoroughness. His shorter stories are his best works. Though somewhat wanting in elegance, they have unity, completeness, and strength. Mr. Simms has his summer residence at Charleston, and a plantation at Midway, where he passes his winters. He received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Alabama. He has been for several years a prominent member of the legislature of his native State.

105. Roger Ascham[1] and Lady Jane Grey.[2]

Ascham. Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth.

[1] Roger Ascham, a man of great learning, the instructor of Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1515, and died in 1568.—[2] Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, descended from the royal family of England by both parents, was born in 1537. The Duke of Northumberland having prevailed on Edward VI. to name her his successor, married his son, Lord Guilford Dudley, to her; and, the nation having declared in favor of Mary, they were both executed, after a phantom royalty of nine days, on the 12th of February, 1554. Lady Jane was only in her seventeenth year, and was remarkable for her skill in the

Gŏd hath willed it: submit in thankfulness. Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is inspired by honor in a higher: it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds. Alas! alas!

Jane. What aileth my virtuous Ascham? what is amiss? why do I tremble?

Ascham. I remember a sort of prophecy, made three years ago: it is a prophecy of thy condition and of my feelings on it. Recollectest thou who wrote, sitting upon the sea-beach the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses?—

> "Invisibly bright water! so like air,
> On looking down I fear'd thou couldst not bear
> My little bark, of all light barks most light;
> And look'd again, and drew me from the sight,
> And, hanging back, breathed each fresh gale aghast,
> And held the bench, not to go on so fast."

Jane. I was very childish when I composed them; and, if I had thought any more about the matter, I should have hoped you had been too generous to keep them in your memory as witnesses against me.

Ascham. Nay, they are not much amiss for so young a girl, and there being so few of them, I did not reprove thee. Half an hour, I thought, might have been spent more unprofitably; and I now shall believe it firmly, if thou wilt but be led by them to meditate a little on the similarity of situation in which thou then wert to what thou art now in.

Jane. I will do it, and whatever else you command; for I am weak by nature and vĕry timorous, unless where a strŏng sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me. There Gŏd acteth, and not his creature. Those were with me at sea who would have been attentive to me if I had seemed to be afraid, even though worshipful men and women were in the company; so that something more powerful threw my fear overboard. Yĕt I never will go again upon the water.

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classical, Oriental, and modern languages, and for the sweetness of her disposition.

Ascham. Exercise that beauteous couple, that mind and body much and variously, but at home, at home, Jane! indoors, and about things indoors; for Gŏd is there, too. We have rocks and quicksands on the banks of our Thames,[1] O lady! such as Ocean never heard of; and many (who knows how soon!) may be ingulfed in the cŭrrent under their garden walls.

Jane. Thoroughly do I now understand you. Yĕs, indeed, I have read evil things of cōurts; but I think nobody can go out bad who entereth good, if timely and true warning shall have been given.

Ascham. I see pĕrils on perils which thou dost not see, albeit thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence; but it is because thy tender heart, having always leant affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil. I once persuaded thee to reflect much; let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee.

Jane. I have well bethought me of my duties: oh, how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But tell me, would you command me never more to read Cicero,[2] and Epictetus,[3] and Plutarch,[4] and Polybius?[5] The others I do resign; they are good for the arbor and for the gravel-walk; yet leave unto me, I beseech you, my friend and father, leave unto me for my fireside and for my pillōw, truth, eloquence, coŭrage, constancy.

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[1] Thames (tĕmz), the principal, though not the longest river of England.—[2] Cicero, see p. 143, note 4.—[3] Epicte'tus, a stoic philosopher, the moralist of Rome, lived about 90 years after Christ. His moral writings are justly very celebrated.—[4] Plutarch, an eminent ancient philosopher and writer, author of "Parallel Lives," which contains the biography of forty-six distinguished Greeks and Romans, was born in Chæronea, a city of Bœotia, about 50 years after Christ. His writings, comprehended under the title of "Moralia" or "Ethical Works," amount to upward of sixty. They are pervaded by a kind, humane disposition, and a love of every thing that is ennobling and excellent.—[5] Polyb'ius, a celebrated Greek historian and statesman, was born in Arcadia, B. C. 203. He wrote a "Universal History" in forty books, of which we have only five complete, and an abridgment of twelve others.

Ascham. Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed. Thou spotless, undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well. These are the men for men; these are to fashion the bright and blessèd creatures whom Gŏd one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband.

Jane. I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection; I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forgĕt, at times—unworthy supplicant!—the prayers I should have ŏffered for myself. Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

Ascham. Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous; but time will harden him: time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

Jane. He is contented with me and with home.

Ascham. Ah, Jane! Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

Jane. He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him: I will read them to him every morning; I will open new worlds to him richer than those discovered by the Spaniard; I will conduct him to trĕasures—oh what treasures!—on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

Ascham. Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him—be his faery, his page, his every thing that love and poĕtry have invented,—but watch him well; spōrt with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets round his cheek; and if ever he meditate on power, go tŏss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discōurse. Teach him to live unto Gŏd and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their sŏftness and tenderness from the shade. LANDOR.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born in Warwick, England, on the 30th of January, 1775, and was educated at Rugby and Oxford. He first resided at Swansea, in Wales, dependent on his father for a small income, where he commenced his "Imaginary Conversations," a work which alone establishes his fame. His first publication was a small volume of poems, dated 1793. On succeeding to the family estate he became entirely independent, and was enabled to indulge to the fullest his propensity to literature. He left England in 1806, married in 1814, and went to Italy the following year, where he chiefly resided till his re-

turn to England, about 1830. His collected works, of prose and verse, were published in 1846, in two large volumes. Mr. LANDOR is a poet of great originality and power. But he is most favorably known now, as he will be by posterity, for his prose productions, which, written in pure nervous English, are full of thoughts that fasten themselves on the mind, and are "a joy forever." His "Imaginary Conversations," from which the preceding dialogue was selected, is a very valuable work. It is rich in scholarship; full of imagination, wit, and humor; correct, concise, and pure in style; various in interest, and universal in sympathy

106. ODE TO ADVERSITY.

1. DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain;
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

2. When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

3. Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe:
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

4. Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:

Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping sŏft the sadly-pleasing tear.

5. Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chāstening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon[1] terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the im'pious thou art seen),
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Hŏrror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

6. Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philosophic train be there
To sŏften, not to wound, my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact, my own defects to scan;
What others are, to feel; and know myself a man.

THOMAS GRAY

THOMAS GRAY, the son of a scrivener in London, was born there in 1716. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. When his college education was completed, HORACE WALPOLE induced him to accompany him in a tour through France and Italy; but a misunderstanding taking place, GRAY returned to England in 1741. His father being dead, he went to Cambridge to take his degree in civil law, though he was possessed of sufficient means to enable him to dispense with the labor of his profession. He settled himself at Cambridge for the remainder of his days, only leaving home when he made tours to Wales, Scotland, and the lakes of Westmoreland, and when he passed three years in London for access to the library of the British Museum. His life thenceforth was that of a scholar. His "Ode to Eton College," published in 1747, attracted little notice; but the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," which appeared in 1749, became at once, as it will always continue to be, one of the most popular of all poems. Most of his odes were written in the course of three years following 1753; and the publication of the collection in 1757 fully established his reputation. His poems, flowing from an intense, though not fertile imagination, inspired by the most delicate poetic feeling, and elaborated into exquisite terseness of diction, are among the most splendid ornaments of English literature. His

[1] GORGON: the gorgons, in heathen mythology, were frightful beings, that had hissing serpents instead of hair upon their heads; and they had wings, brazen claws, and enormous teeth Their names were STHENO, EURYALE, and MEDUSA. The head of the latter was so frightful that every one who looked at it was changed into stone.

"Letters," published after his death, are admirable specimens of English style, full of quiet humor, astute, though fastidious criticism, and containing some of the most picturesque pieces of descriptive composition in the language. He became professor of modern history at Cambridge, in 1768. He died by a severe attack of the gout in 1771.

107. Parrhasius[1] and the Captive.

1. THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,
A gray-hair'd and majestical old man,
Chain'd to a pillar. It was almost night,
And the last seller from his place had gŏne,
And not a sound was heard but of a dog
Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,
As the faint captive chānged his weary feet.

2. He had stood there since morning, and had borne
From every eye in Ath'ens the cold gaze
Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted him
For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came
And roughly struck his palm upon his breast,
And touch'd his unheal'd wounds, and with a sneer
Pass'd on; and when, with weariness o'erspent,
He bow'd his head in a forgĕtful sleep,
The inhuman soldier smote him, and, with threats
Of torture to his children, summon'd back
The ebbing blood into his pallid face.

3. 'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun
Tipp'd with a golden fire the many domes
Of Ath'ens, and a yĕllōw atmosphere
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
Through which the captive gazed. He had borne up
With a stout heart that lŏng and weary day,
Haughtily patient of his many wrŏngs;

[1] "Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, among those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

But now he was alone, and from his nerves
The needless strength departed, and he lean'd
Prone on his massy chain, and let his thoughts
Thrŏng on him as they would.

4. Unmark'd of him,
Parrhasius' at the nearest pillar stood,
Gazing upon his grief. The Athenian's cheek
Flush'd as he mĕasured with a painter's eye
The moving picture. The abandon'd limbs,
Stain'd with the oozing blood, were laced with veins
Swollen to purple fullness; the gray hair,
Thin and disorder'd, hung about his eyes;
And as a thought of wilder bitterness
Rose in his memory, his lips grew white,
And the fast workings of his bloodless face
Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart.

5. The golden light into the painter's room
Stream'd richly, and the hidden colors stole
From the dark pictures radiantly fŏrth,
And in the sŏft and dewy atmosphere
Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.
The walls were hung with armor, and about
In the dim corners stood the sculptured forms
Of Cytheris,[2] and Dian,[3] and stern Jove,[4]

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[1] PARRHASIUS, a distinguished painter of antiquity, born about the year 460 B. C., was a native of Ephesus, though others say he was an Athenian, where he flourished in the time of SOCRATES, and was the rival of ZEUXIS. The latter painted grapes so naturally that birds came to pick them. PARRHASIUS having exhibited a piece, ZEUXIS said, "Remove your *curtain* that we may see your painting." The curtain was the painting. ZEUXIS acknowledged his defeat, saying, "ZEUXIS has deceived birds, but PARRHASIUS has deceived ZEUXIS." He was so excessively vain as to wear a crown of gold, and to carry a staff studded with gold nails, to indicate that he was the prince of painters.—[2] CYTHERIS, a celebrated courtesan, the mistress of Antony, and subsequently of the poet Gallus, who mentions her in his poems under the name of LYCORIS.—[3] DIANA (dī ā′ na), an ancient Italian divinity, whom the Romans identified with the Greek ARTEMIS. According to the most ancient accounts, she was the daughter of Jupiter and Leto, and the twin sister of Apollo.—[4] JOVE, Jupiter, the supreme deity of the Romans, called ZEUS by the Greeks.

And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque lŏng shadōws, full and true,
And, like a vail of filmy mellowness,
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.

6. Parrhasius stood, gazing forgĕtfully
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus[1] lay,
Chain'd to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian[2] festering in his flesh;
And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and pluck'd the shadōws fōrth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye,
Flash'd with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the wing'd god's, breathing from his flight.

7. "Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skillful, and the shadōws lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

8. "Ha! bind him on his back!
Look!—as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now—bend him to the rack!
Press down the poison'd links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

9. "So—let him writhe! How lŏng
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!

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[1] PROME'THEUS, in heathen mythology, was son of the Titan Sapetus and Clymene. His name signifies *forethought*. For offenses against JUPITER, he was chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where an eagle consumed in the daytime his liver, which was restored in each succeeding night.—[2] Lemnian, from Lemnos, now Stalimni, an island of the Greek Archipelago, where the lame Hephæstus, or Vulcan, the god of fire, is said to have fallen, when Jupiter hurled him down from heaven. Hence the workshop of the god is sometimes placed in this island.

What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-hair'd, and so strŏng!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gŏds! if I could but paint a dying groan!

10. "'Pity' thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine

11. "'Hereafter!' Ay—*hereafter!*
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
To check the skeptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-mŏrrōw with that stōry—
And I may take some sŏfter path to glōry.

12. "No, no, old man! we die
Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, even as they!
Strain well thy fainting eye—
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

13. "Yĕt there's a deathless *name!*
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shŏne,
By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!

14. "Ay—though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be madden'd first—
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

15. "All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!

O heavens!—but I appall
Your heart, old man! forgive——ha! on your lives
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

16. "Vain—vain—give o'er! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!
Gŏds! if he do not die
But for *one* moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

17. "Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death!
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him!—so—he's dead."

18. How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unrein'd *ambition!* Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pŏmp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor and forgĕt
The thirst of which we perish! Yĕt hath life
Many a falser idol. There are hopes
Promising well; and love-touch'd dreams for some;
And passions, many a wild one; and fair schemes
For gold and plĕasure—yet will only this
Balk not the soul—Ambition only, gives,
Even of bitterness, a beaker *full!*

19. Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
Troubled at best—Love is a lamp unseen,
Burning to waste, or, if its light is found,
Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken—
Gain is a grŏveling care, and Folly tires,
And Quiet is a hunger never fed—

And from Love's vĕry bosom, and from Gain,
Or Folly, or a Friend, or from Repose—
From all but keen AMBITION—will the soul
Snatch the first moment of forgĕtfulness
To wander like a restless child away.

20. Oh, if there were not better hopes than these—
Were there no palm beyŏnd a feverish fame—
If the proud wealth flung back upon the heart
Must canker in its cŏffers—if the links
Falsehood hath broken will unite no more—
If the deep-yearning love, that hath not found
Its like in the cold world, must waste in tears—
If truth, and fervor, and devotedness,
Finding no worthy altar, must return
And die of their own fullness—if beyŏnd
The grave there is no heaven in whose wide air
The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
May spend itself—WHAT THRICE-MŎCK'D FOOLS ARE WE!

N. P. WILLIS.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, one of the most voluminous and successful of American writers, was born in Portland, Maine, on the 20th of January, 1807. His father, a distinguished journalist, removed to Boston when he was six years of age. He was prepared for college at the Latin School of Boston and at the Phillips Academy at Andover. He graduated with high honors at Yale in 1827. While in college, he distinguished himself by a series of sacred poems, and gained the prize of fifty dollars for the best poem, offered by Lockwood, the publisher of "The Album." After his graduation he edited "The Legendary," a series of volumes of tales, and then established the "American Monthly Magazine," which, after two years and a half, was merged in the "New York Mirror," and the literary fraternity of N. P. WILLIS and GEORGE P. MORRIS began. Immediately after the partnership was formed, he set sail for a tour in Europe, palatable and piquant reports of which appeared in the "Mirror," entitled "Pencilings by the Way." This first and extended residence abroad led our traveler through all the capitals of Europe, and even to "the poetic altars of the Orient." In 1835, after residing two years in London, and contributing to the "New Monthly Magazine" tales and sketches, republished under the title of "Inklings of Adventure," he married Mary Leighton Stacy, the daughter of a distinguished officer who had won high honors at Waterloo, and was then Commissary-general in command of the arsenal, Woolwich. In 1837, he returned to his native land, and established himself at "Glenmary," in Central New York, near the village of Owego. The portrait of this happy home and the landscape around, is drawn in "Letters from under a Bridge." In 1839, he became one of the editors of "The Corsair," a literary gazette, and made a short trip to England. On his return home, "The Corsair" having been discontinued

he revived, with his former partner, Gen. Morris, the "Mirror." Upon the death of his wife, in 1844, he again visited Europe for the improvement of his health. Soon after, the "Mirror" having passed into other hands, the partners established "The Home Journal," a paper eminently successful, upon which they are still employed. In October, 1846, he married Cornelia, only daughter of the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of Massachusetts, since which time he has resided at "Idlewild," a romantic place, which he has cultivated and embellished, near Newburg, on the Hudson. His poems have recently been published in an elegant octavo volume, illustrated by Leutze. More recently, a uniform collection of his prose writings, in twelve volumes, of some five hundred pages each, has come from the press. His last and most extensive novel, "Paul Fane," abounds in that dainty analysis of certain subtle traits of character and social manner, in which he is alway so singularly successful. Mr Willis is equally happy as a writer of prose and verse. With a felicitous style, a warm and exuberant fancy, and a ready and sparkling wit, he wins the admiration of readers of the most refined sentiment and the daintiest fancy, and at the same time commands the full sympathy of the masses.

108. Ambition.

1 WHY should I serve thee, when I know so well
Thy promises are ne'er fulfill'd? No cheat
Or low impostor comes to me more bare
Of that on which we would rest our belief
Than thou—not only to my sight disclosed
By mine own lŏsses, but those who have worn
Thy yoke the lŏngest, and received of thee
Thy richest gifts, declare them drŏss and poor.
Yĕt do I find so keen an appetite
For thy most empty banquet, that I still
Hunt round thy table for its meanest crumbs.

2. We do thee homage in our daily walks,
Ordering our dress and gait as to thy whim.
When we would speak for but the interchange
Of casual thought, if there be listeners near,
At thy command we mĕasure every word:
If we sit silent, yĕt beneath some eye
Regarding us, then doth our care adjust
Each fold and feature, lest it thee offend.
Within the house of prayer, while we do kneel,
If not supreme, thou second art in power,
Abating from the heart thought of the flesh.

But when it cometh to life's chosen task,
Chānging its purpose and its true design,
For thee we bear the burden—put at risk
All Gŏd hath loan'd us to be used for him,
And pay a price to be enroll'd thy slaves!

3. Where dost thou sit enthroned? What secret power
Is this of thine that doth throughout prevail
All heights—all depths unto our being's end?
It takes a tithe of virtue; to its aim
Turneth each vice, uniting to one draught
What were abhŏrrent on another road.
It is my close companion—to the gate
Of Heaven it lurketh after when I soar,
Or by the doors of Hell, gŏne on before,
It stands and beckons when I do descend.
I can not be alone! The silent path
Of the mid-fŏrest, where no foot doth tread
But sŏftly mine, or the close-bolted room,
Alike do, as I enter, let it in.
Oh! subtle foe, who now I rather give
Thy humbler, truer name, Self-lovè, by thee
How many wounds I have, and how great lŏss!

4. I may not reach thee. Can I separate
From my full mind its Memory? or at will
Pluck from Imagination her swift wings?
So am I helpless mid a guilty soul.
If I can bind ambition, why not pierce
The sack of hatred's venom? or cut ŏff
The talons keen of covetousness? Try
To raise a dam and boundary between
The sense of beauty and the evil eye!

5. Enchurch affection—call the raven back
When it hath left the ark, gŏne to and fro!
Sweep out each dusty spot within my soul,
And there, henceforth, be pure—let not the thought
Nor secret act be to the test unclean!
I may not conquer them—they, separate,
Have power and strŏng dominion over me;

Yĕt is there not one that delights to roam
This bosom, but my Father holds its chain!

GOLD PEN.

109. SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEARE is, above all writers,—at least above all modern writers,—the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpracticed by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions; they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whōle system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too ŏften an individual: in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.

2. It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides,[2] that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yĕt his real power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the prŏgress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue: and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like

[1] See p. 148.—[2] EURIPIDES, one of the three great Greek tragedians, was born in Salamis, whither his parents retired during the occupation of Attica by Xerxes, on the day of the glorious victory near that island, B. C. 480. He was highly learned and accomplished, and on terms of intimacy with Socrates. He gained two victories in the Eleusinian and Thesean athletic games when only seventeen years old; received the third prize for his first tragedy, which appeared in his twenty-fifth year, and the first prize on two subsequent occasions. According to some authorities, EURIPIDES wrote 92 tragedies, according to others, 75. Of these 19 are extant. He died B. C. 406, at the age of seventy-five, and was buried at Pella.

the pedant in Hiĕr'ocles,[1] who, when he ŏffered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

3. It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ăncient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theater, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is ŏften so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occŭrrences.

4. Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with vĭolence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical[2] joy and outrageous sŏrrōw; to distress them as nothing[3] human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is the business of a modern drămatist. For this, probability is vĭolated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved.

5. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the drămas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a

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[1] Hier'ocles, a Platonic philosopher of Alexandria, who wrote, among other things, many facetious stories.—[2] Hy per bŏl' ic al, exaggerating or diminishing greatly.—[3] Nothing (nŭth' ing.)

cause of happiness or calamity. This, therefore,[1] is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the prŏgress of the passions.

6. Shakspeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sŏrrōw, mingled with endless variety of proportion, and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the cōurse of the world, in which the lŏss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveler is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

7. Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sŏrrōw not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter. That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is alway an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct the end of poëtry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drāma may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy can not be denied, because it includes bōth in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than ēither to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low coöperate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.[2]

8. The fōrce of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution

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[1] Thĕre' fōre.—[2] Con cat e nā' tion, connection by links; a series of links united, or of things depending on each other.

from the chānges made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, vĕry little modified by particular forms, their plĕasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable. The adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yĕt soon fading to a dim tinct,[1] without any remains of former luster; but the discriminations of true passion are the colors of nature; they pervade the whōle mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities nēither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another; but the rock alway continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dis'soluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.

DR. JOHNSON.[2]

110. HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS.[3]

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as liĕf the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the vĕry tŏrrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion', you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,—to very rags,—to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant:[4] it out-herods Herod.[5] Pray you, avoid it.

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[1] Tinct (tĭngkt), spot; stain; color —[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 230. —[3] See Rules for the Use of Emphasis, p. 32.—[4] Tĕr' ma gant, a boisterous, brawling woman.—[5] HEROD: there were four persons of this name, all of whom are mentioned in the New Testament. The Herod who sent out and slew all the children in Bethlehem [Matthew, chap.

2. Be not too tame nēither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so over-done is from the purpose of playing; whose end, bŏth at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;—to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the vĕry age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone or come tardy ŏff, though it make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whŏle theater of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, nēither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well,—they imitated humanity so abominably!

SHAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, one of the greatest of all poets, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick county, England, in April, 1564. His father, JOHN SHAKSPEARE, a woolcomber or glover, rose to be high bailiff and chief alderman of Stratford. William is supposed to have received his early education at the grammar-school in his native town. We have no trace how he was employed between his school-days and manhood. Some hold that he was an attorney's clerk. Doubtless he was a hard, though perhaps an irregular student. He married ANNE HATHAWAY in 1582, and soon after became connected with the Blackfriar's Theater, in London, to which city he removed in 1586 or 1587. Two years subsequent he was a joint proprietor of that theater, with four others below him in the list. Though we know nothing of the date of his first play, he had most probably begun to write long before he left Stratford. Of his thirty-seven plays, the existence of thirty-one is defined by contemporary records. He became rich in the theaters, with which he ceased to be connected about 1609. He had previously purchased the principal house in his native town, where he

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ii. v. 16] was Herod the Great, king of the Jews. Herod that beheaded John the Baptist [Mark vi. 27] was Herod Antipas, son of Herod the Great. Herod who persecuted the Christians [Acts xii. 20] was Herod Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, and nephew of Herod Antipas. The last of the four was Herod Agrippa II. [Acts xxv. xxvi.], before whom Paul pleaded, and "almost persuaded to be a Christian." All of these noted characters were men of cruelty and blood, and particularly Herod the Great. To "*out-herod Herod*" is to surpass Herod in his enormities, and Shakspeare uses this strong language to express his abhorrence of the style of speaking which he condemns.

passed the residue of his life, and died in April, 1616. We can only refer students that wish to know more of this great poet, to his writings, an extended description of which is rendered unnecessary by the selection immediately preceding the above. It is not too much to say, with JEFFREY, that he is "more full of wisdom and ridicule and sagacity than all the moralists and satirists that ever existed—he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world; and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Every thing in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequaled perfection; but every thing so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle, or disturb, or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellencies, like those of nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator."

111. CARDINAL WOLSEY,[1] ON BEING CAST OFF BY KING HENRY VIII.

1. NAY, then, farewell,
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall

[1] THOMAS WOLSEY, well known in history as Cardinal Wolsey, was born at Ipswich, England, in 1471. He obtained an excellent education, and a brilliant student reputation at Magdalen College, Oxford. The turning point in his career was his appointment as one of the chaplains of Henry VII. He exercised an extraordinary influence over Henry VIII. in the early part of his reign. He became king's almoner, after which preferment flowed in upon him. Possessed of lucrative livings in England and France, in 1514 he was made bishop of Lincoln, in 1515 cardinal, the next year legate *a Latere*, a commission that made him virtually pope of England, and almost at the same time he received the high ministerial and judicial office of lord chancellor. He was defeated in his chief aspiration, to become pope of Rome. His overthrow was caused by his unwillingness to become the king's champion through his entire course, when HENRY was divorced from the sister of CHARLES

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a lŏng farewell, to all my greatness!

2. This is the state of man: to-day he puts fŏrth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frŏst, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks—good, easy man—full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glōry;
But far beyŏnd my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

3 Vain pŏmp and glōry of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again!

4. Cromwell,[1] I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast fŏrced me,

V., of Spain. He died in the abbey of Leicester, on the 28th of November, 1530. SHAKSPEARE gives his qualities and defects with matchless truth and beauty, as follows:

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he was unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely."

[1] THOMAS CROMWELL, a statesman and adherent of Wolsey, and afterward of Henry VIII., beheaded in 1540.

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard,—say, then, I taught thee,—
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glōry,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.

5. Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me!
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the ānge̊ls: how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee,—
Corruption wins not more than honesty;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy Gŏd's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessèd martyr! Serve the king;
And,——Prithee, lead me in:
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O, Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies! SHAKSPEARE.[1]

112. NATIONAL SONG.

1 YE sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights, which unstain'd from your sires had descended,
May you lŏng taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended.
Mid the reign of mild Peace may your nation increase,

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 348.

With the glōry of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

2. In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shōres are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd,
To incense the legitimate powers of the ocean.
But should pirates invade, though in thunder array'd,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

3. The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in stōry,
'Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And envelop'd the sun of Amĕrican glōry.
But let traitors be told, who their country have sold,
And barter'd their Gŏd for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

4. While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And society's base threats with wide dissolution,
May Peace, like the dove who return'd from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution.
But though peace is our aim, yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

5. 'Tis the fire of the flint each Amĕrican warms:
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision;
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms;
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.
While, with pātriot pride, to our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves

6. Our mountains are crown'd with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have noŭrish'd,

But lŏng e'er our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flŏurish'd.
Should invasion impend, every grove would descend
From the hilltops they shaded our shŏres to defend.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

7. Let our pātriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm,
Lest our liberty's growth should be check'd by corrosion;
Then let clouds thicken round us; we heed not the storm;
Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion.
Foes assail us in vain, though their fleets bridge the main,
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain,
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

8. Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its pōrtal would WASHINGTON[1] stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword from the sleep of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct with its point every flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

9. Let Fame to the world sound Amĕrica's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever,
Her pride is her ADAMS;[2] her laws are his choice,
And shall flŏurish till Liberty slumbers forever.
Then unite heart and hand, like LEONIDAS'[3] band,
And swear to the Gŏd of the ocean and land,
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves!

R. T. PAINE.

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[1] WASHINGTON, see p. 205, note 2.—[2] JOHN ADAMS, a celebrated American statesman, the second president of the United States, one of the chief movers of the Revolution, "the column of Congress, the pillar of support to the Declaration of Independence, and its ablest advocate and defender," was born at Braintree, Massachusetts, on the 19th of October, 1735, and died on the 4th of July, 1826.—[3] LEONIDAS, the first of the name, king of Sparta, immortalized by his glorious defence of the pass of Thermopylæ against Xerxes, reigned from 491 to 480 B. C.

Robert Treat Paine, jr., once regarded as among the great masters of English verse, was born at Taunton, Massachusetts, on the 9th of December, 1773. His father, an eminent lawyer, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, held many honorable offices under the State and national governments. The family removed to Boston when the poet was about seven years old, where he received his early education. He entered Harvard University in 1788, where his career was brilliant and honorable: no member of his class was so familiar with elegant English literature, or with the ancient languages; and his poetical exercises won many and just praises. He was assigned the post of poet at the college exhibition in the autumn of 1791, and at the Commencement in the following year. After receiving his diploma he entered the counting-room of Mr. James Tisdale, in Boston; but, as he was no way suited to the pursuit of business, he soon after abandoned the place, to rely upon his pen for the means of living. In 1794 he established the "Federal Orrery," a political and literary gazette, which he conducted for two years. At the opening of the Federal-street Theater, Boston, in 1794, he furnished a prize prologue, and afterward became intimate with persons connected with the stage, which led to his marriage to Miss Baker, an actress, in 1795. This having rendered him unpopular, he unfortunately became intemperate. His poetical abilities, however, again led to his temporary elevation. For the "Invention of Letters," written at the request of the president of Harvard University, he received fifteen hundred dollars; for "The Ruling Passion," a poem recited before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, but little less; and for the above poem, which he entitled "Adams and Liberty," seven hundred and fifty dollars. He read law with Chief-Justice Parsons, was admitted in 1802, and commenced practice with great success; but he unfortunately soon after returned to his unsettled mode of life, and died on the 13th of November, 1811. His works were collected by Charles Prentiss, and published at Boston, in 1812, in one large 8vo. volume. Paine wrote with remarkable facility. On exhibiting the above poem, at the house of a friend, it was pronounced imperfect, as the name of Washington was omitted. The poet mused a moment, called for a pen, and immediately wrote the 8th stanza, which is, perhaps, the best in the song.

113. The Marseilles Hymn.

1. YE sons of France, awake to glōry!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hōary,—
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While liberty and peace lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging swōrd unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

2. Now, now, the dāngerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings, confederate raise
The dŏgs of war, let loose, are howling,
And, lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless fŏrce, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging swōrd unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

4. With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded—
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gŏds, would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they lŏnger lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging swōrd unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

4. O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too lŏng the world has wept, bewailing,
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our swōrd and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

ROUGET DE LISLE.

JOSEPH ROUGET DE LISLE was born May 10th, 1760, at Lons-le-Saunier, in the department of Jura. He was an officer in the French Revolution, and ever

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cherished republican principles. He is best known as the author of the "Marseillaise," or "Marseilles Hymn," which he wrote and set to music in one night, at Strasburg, in the winter of 1791–1792. This became the national song of the French patriots, and was famous in Europe and America. Its author, however, was imprisoned in the Reign of Terror, and only escaped the scaffold by the fall of Robespierre. On the restoration of the Bourbons it was suppressed but the revolution of 1830 called it up anew, and LOUIS PHILIPPE bestowed on the author a pension of fifteen hundred francs from his private purse. ROUGET DE LISLE published other pieces, both in prose and verse. He died in 1836

114. PAUL FLEMMING RESOLVES.

AND now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There[1] was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest[2] kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing[3] there to move the heart to devotion; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak,—weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees and wept. And oh! how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride, and unrequited love, were in those tears, through which he read on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription: "LOOK NOT MOURNFULLY INTO THE PAST: IT COMES NOT BACK AGAIN. WISELY IMPROVE THE PRESENT: IT IS THINE. GO FŌRTH TO MEET THE SHADOWY FUTURE, WITHOUT FEAR, AND WITH A MANLY HEART."

2. It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yĕt spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no lŏnger there, but an ān̆gel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright, morning heaven, he said, "I WILL BE STRONG!"

3. Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful lŏngings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven

[1] There (thâr).—[2] Rudest (rōd' est).—[3] Nothing (nŭth' ing).

touches them, and the features crumble and fall togĕther, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last[1] time into the great tomb of the past,[2] with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard[3] the great gate of the past shut behind him as the divine poet did the gate of paradise, when the ăngel pointed him the way up the holy mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

4. In the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth,[4] the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden chănges may have been lŏng at work within us, but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently[5] without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming, and from that hour fŏrth he resolved that he would no lōnger veer with every shifting wind of circumstance; no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed: no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the present wisely, alike forgĕtful of the past, and careless[6] of what the mysterious future might bring. And from that moment he was calm,[7] and strŏng; he was reconciled with himself!

5. His thoughts turned to his distant home beyŏnd the sea. An indescribable, sweet feeling rose within him. "Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps," said he; "and be a man among men, and no lōnger a dreamer among shadōws. Henceförth be mine a life of action and reälity! I will work[8] in my own sphere nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is life—

'Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!'

[1] Låst.—[2] Påst.—[3] Heard (hĕrd).—[4] Earth (ĕrth).—[5] Ap pär′ ent ly.—[6] Cär′ less.—[7] Cälm.— Work (wĕrk).

6. "Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the lŏng and intricate prŏcess of experience? Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then come listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain, a more noble history than the child's stŏry, with which the book began." H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in the city of Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807. He entered Bowdoin College at fourteen, and graduated in due course. He soon after commenced the study of law, in the office of his father, the Hon. STEPHEN LONGFELLOW, but being appointed professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, in 1826, he sailed for Europe to prepare himself for the duties of his office, where he passed three years and a half. On his return, he entered upon the labors of instruction. Mr. LONGFELLOW being elected professor of modern languages and literature in Harvard College, in 1835, resigned his place in Brunswick, and went a second time to Europe, to make himself better acquainted with the subjects of his studies in Denmark, Sweden, and Germany. On his return home, in 1836, he immediately entered upon his labors at Cambridge, where he has since resided. In 1854 he resigned his professorship at Harvard. His earliest poems were written for "The United States Gazette," printed in Boston, while he was an under-graduate, from which period he has been recognized as among the first writers of prose and verse of the nineteenth century. During his subsequent residence at Brunswick, he wrote several elegant and very able papers for the "North American Review," translated "Coplas de Manrique," and published "Outre Mer," a collection of agreeable tales and sketches, chiefly written during his first residence abroad. "Hyperion," a romance, appeared in 1839, and "Kavanagh," another prose work, in 1848. The first collection of his poems was published in 1839, entitled "Voices of the Night." His "Ballads and other Poems" followed in 1841; "The Spanish Student," a play, in 1843; "Poems on Slavery," in 1844; "The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems," in 1845; "Evangeline, a Tale of Arcadie," in 1847; "The Sea and Fireside," in 1849; "The Golden Legend," in 1851; and "Hiawatha," in 1855. In 1845 he published "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," the most complete and satisfactory work of the kind that has ever appeared in any language. "The Skeleton in Armor" is one of the longest and most unique of his original poems. "Hiawatha," his longest poem, which is purely original and American, has been republished in England, and has met with a popularity, both in Europe and America, not surpassed by any poem of the present century. The high finish, gracefulness, and vivid beauty of his style, and the moral purity and earnest humanity portrayed in his verse, excite the sympathy and reach the heart of the public.

115. Procrastination.

1. BE wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:[1]
Next day the fatal pre'cedent[2] will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after[3] year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies[4] of a moment leaves
The vast[5] concerns[6] of an eternal[7] scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

2. Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears[8]
The palm, "that all men are about to live,"
Forever on the brink of being born;
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel,[9] and their pride
On this reversion[10] takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose,[11] they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce[12] in human wisdom to do more.

3. All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his in'famous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;

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[1] De fēr'.—[2] Prĕc' e dent, that which, going before, is a rule or example for following times or practice.—[3] After (åft' er).—[4] Mercies (mĕr'-sez).—[5] Våst.—[6] Concerns (kon sĕrnz').—[7] E tĕr' nal.—[8] Bears (bårz).—[9] Drivel (drĭv' vl), slaver; be weak or foolish.—[10] Re vĕr' sion, act of reverting or changing.—[11] Purpose (pĕr' pos).—[12] Scārce.

In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.

4 And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through[1] their[2] wounded hearts the sudden dread:
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where[3] past[4] the shaft[5] no trace is found,
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no fŭrrōw from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

EDWARD YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG, author of the "Night Thoughts," was born at his father's parsonage, in Hampshire, England, in 1681. He was educated at Winchester School, and at All Souls College, Oxford. In 1712 he commenced public life as a courtier and poet, and continued both characters till he was past eighty. From 1708 he held a fellowship at Oxford. In 1730 his college presented him to he rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, valued at £300 a year. In 1731 he married a widow, the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, which proved a happy union. Lady ELIZABETH YOUNG died in 1741; and her husband is supposed to have begun soon afterward the composition of the "Night Thoughts." Of his numerous works published previous to this period, the best are his satires, which were collected in 1728, under the title of "The Love of Fame the Universal Passion," and "The Revenge," a tragedy, which appeared in 1721. Sixty years of labor and industry had strengthened and enriched his genius, and augmented the brilliancy of his fancy, preparatory to writing "Night Thoughts." The publication of this poem, taking place in sections, was completed in 1746. It is written in a highly artificial style, and has more of epigramatic point than any other work in the language. Though often brilliant at the expense of higher and more important qualities, the poet introduces many noble and sublime passages, and enforces the truths of religion with a commanding energy and persuasion. The fertility of his fancy, the pregnancy of his wit and knowledge, the striking and felicitous combinations everywhere presented, are truly remarkable YOUNG died in April, 1765, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

116. BEAUTY.

THE high and divine beauty which can be loved without effeminacy, is that which is found in combination with the human will, and never separate. Beauty is the mark Gŏd sets

[1] Through (thrŏ).—[2] Their (thâr).—[3] Where (whâr).—[4] Påst.—[5] Shåft.

upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine.

2. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do; but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself. "All those things for which men plow, build, or sail, obey virtue," said an ancient historian. "The winds and waves," said Gibbon,[1] "are alway on the side of the ablest navigators." So are the sun and moon and all the stars of heaven.

3. When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas[2] and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried,[3] in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus[4] nears the shore of America,—before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane—the sea behind, and the purple mountains of the Indian[5] Archipelago[6] around,—can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm-groves and savannahs as fit drapery?

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[1] Gibbon, see Biographical Sketch, p. 77.—[2] Leonidas, see p. 353, note 3.—[3] Arnold Winkelried, a Switzer of the fourteenth century, the glory of whose heroic, voluntary death, is not surpassed in the annals of history. In the battle of Shempach, perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy-armed lines of the Austrians, he ran with extended arms, and gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp, thus opened a passage for his countrymen, who, with hatchets and hammers, slaughtered the mailed men-at-arms, and won the victory.—[4] Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, was born in Genoa, about the year 1435 or 1436, and died at Seville, Spain, on the 20th of May, 1506.—[5] Indian (ĭnd' yan).—[6] Archipelago (ar ke pĕl' a go).

4. Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions. When Sir Harry Vane[1] was dragged up the Tower-hill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, "You never sat on so glōrious a seat." Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the pātriot Lord Russell[2] to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. "But," to use the simple narrative of his biographer, "the multitude imagined they saw liberty and virtue sitting by his side."

5. In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or hĕroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the vīolet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere.

EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, a son of the Rev. WILLIAM EMERSON, was born in Boston, about the year 1803, took his degree of bachelor of arts at Harvard College in 1821, studied theology, and, in 1829, was ordained the colleague of the late Rev. HENRY WARE, jr., over the second Unitarian church of his native city; but subsequently, becoming independent of the control of set regulations of religious worship, retired to Concord, where, in 1835, he purchased the house in which he has since resided, except two excursions in Europe, during the latter of which, in 1847, he delivered a course of lectures in London, and other parts of England. He has been a contributor to "The North American Review" and "The Christian Examiner," and was two years editor of "The Dial," established in Boston, by Mr. RIPLEY, in 1840. He published several orations and addresses in 1837-38-39-40, and in 1841 the first series of his "Essays," in 1844 the second series of his "Essays," in 1846 a collection of his "Poems," in 1851

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[1] Sir HENRY VANE, a republican and religionist, was born at Hadlow, in Kent, England, in 1612. He was among the earliest of those whom religious opinion induced to seek a home in America. He was appointed governor of Massachusetts in 1635, returned to England the following year, married there, entered parliament, opposed the king, became one of the council of state on the establishment of the commonwealth, and, after the restoration, was condemned for treason, and beheaded June 14. 1662. He wrote several works, chiefly religious.—[2] Lord WILLIAM RUSSELL, born on the 29th of September, 1639, and beheaded on the 21st of July, 1683.

"Representative Men," in 1852, in connection with W. H. Channing and James Freeman Clarke, "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," and in 1856 'English Traits." Mr. Emerson is an able lecturer, a most distinguished essayist, and an eminent poet. He perceives the evils in society, the falsehoods of popular opinions, and the unhappy tendencies of common feelings. He is an original and independent thinker, and commands attention both by the novelty of his views and the graces and peculiarities of his style.

117. The Closing Year.

1. 'TIS midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yĕt, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirr'd
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yŏn cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his agèd locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gŏne from the earth forever.

2. 'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chāmbers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have pass'd away,
And left no shadōw of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The cŏffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms, that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has pass'd to nothingness.

3 The year
Has gŏne, and, with it, many a glōrious thrŏng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadōw in each heart. In its swift cōurse,
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful—
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strŏng man—and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thrŏng'd
The bright and joyous—and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the sŏng
And reckless shout resounded.

4. It pass'd o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
Flash'd in the light of mid-day,—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shiver'd, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crush'd and moldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yĕt, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

5. Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent cōurse, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can sōar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hŭrricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

6. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast

Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blacken'd cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations,—and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void: yet Time—
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought. G. D. PRENTICE.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE was born at Preston, in Connecticut, December 18th, 1802, and was educated at Brown University, in Providence, where he graduated in 1823. In 1828 he commenced "The New England Weekly Review," at Hartford, which he edited for two years, when, resigning its management to Mr. WHITTIER, he removed to Louisville, Kentucky, where he has since conducted the "Journal," of that city, one of the most popular gazettes ever published in this country. His numerous poetical writings have never been published collectively.

118. DEATH OF THE OLD TRAPPER.

THE trapper was placed on a rude seat, which had been made with studied care, to support his frame in an upright and easy attitude. The first glance of the eye told his former friends that the old man was at length called upon to pay the last tribute of nature. His eye was glazed, and apparently as devoid of sight as of expression. His features were a little more sunken and strongly marked than formerly; but there, all change, so far as exterior was concerned, might be said to have ceased.

2. His approaching end was not to be ascribed to any positive disease, but had been a gradual and mild decay of the phys-

ical powers. Life, it is true, still lingered in his system; but it was as if at times entirely ready to depart, and then it would appear to reänimate the sinking form, reluctant to give up the possession of a tenement that had never been corrupted by vice or undermined by disease. It would have been no vīolent fancy to have imagined that the spirit fluttered about the plăcid lips of the old woodsman, reluctant to depart from a shell that had so lŏng given it an honest and honorable shelter.

3. His body was placed so as to let the light of the setting sun fall full upon the solemn features. His head was bare, the lŏng, thin locks of gray fluttering lightly in the evening breeze. His rifle lay upon his knee, and the other accouterments of the chase were placed at his side, within reach of his hand. Between his feet lay the figure of a hound, with its head crouching to the earth, as if it slumbered; and so perfectly easy and natural was its position, that a second glance was necessary to tell Middleton he saw only the skin of Hector, stuffed, by Indian tenderness and ingenuity, in a manner to represent the living animal.

4. The old man was reaping the rewards of a life remarkable for temperance and activity, in a tranquil and plăcid death. His vigor, in a manner, endured to the vĕry last. Decay, when it did occur, was rapid, but free from pain. He had hunted with the tribe in the spring, and even throughout most of the summer; when his limbs suddenly refused to perform their customary ŏffices. A sympathizing weakness took possession of all his faculties; and the Pawnees believed they were going to lose, in this unexpected manner, a sage and counsellor whom they had begun bōth to love and respect.

5. But, as we have already said, the immortal occupant seemed unwilling to desert its tenement. The lamp of life flickered, without becoming extinguished. On the morning of the day on which Middleton arrived, there was a general reviving of the powers of the whōle man. His tongue was again heard in whōlesome maxims, and his eye from time to time recognized the persons of his friends. It merely proved to be a brief and final intercourse with the world, on the part of one who had already been considered, as to mental communion, to have taken his leave of it forever.

6. When he had placed his guests in front of the dying man,

Hard-Heart, after a pause, that proceeded as much from sŏrrōw as decorum, leaned a little forward, and demanded—"Does my father hear the words of his son?" "Speak," returned the trapper, in tones that issued from his chest, but which were rendered awfully distinct by the stillness that reigned in the place. "I am about to depart from the village of the Loups, and shortly shall be beyŏnd the reach of your voice."

7. "Let the wise chief have no cares for his journey," continued Hard-Heart, with an earnest solicitude that led him to forgĕt, for the moment, that others were waiting to address his adopted parent; "a hundred Loups shall clear his path from briers." "Pawnee, I die, as I have lived, a Christian man!" resumed the trapper, with a fōrce of voice that had the same startling effect on his hearers as is produced by the trumpet, when its blast rises suddenly and freely on the air, after its obstructed sounds have been heard struggling in the distance: "as I came into life so will I leave it. Horses and arms are not needed to stand in the presence of the Great Spirit of my people. He knows my color, and according to my gifts will he judge my deeds."

8. "My father will tell my young men how many Mingoes he has struck, and what acts of valor and justice he has done, that they may know how to imitate him." "A boastful tongue is not heard in the heaven of a white man!" solemnly returned the old man. "What I have done He has seen. His eyes are alway open. That which has been well done will He remember; wherein I have been wrŏng will He not forget to chastise, though He will do the same in mercy. No, my son, a pale-face may not sing his own praises, and hope to have them acceptable before his Gŏd!"

9. A little disappointed, the young partisan stepped modestly back, making way for the recent comers to approach. Middleton took one of the meager hands of the trapper, and struggling to command his voice, he succeeded in announcing his presence. The old man listened like one whose thoughts were dwelling on a vĕry different subject; but when the other had succeeded in making him understand that he was present, an expression of joyful recognition passed over his faded features. "I hope you have not so soon forgotten those whom you so materially

served!" Middleton concluded. "It would pain me to think my hold on your memory was so light."

10. "Little that I have ever seen is forgotten," returned the trapper: "I am at the close of many weary days, but there is not one among them all that I could wish to overlook. I remember you, with the whōle of your company; ay, and your gran'ther, that went before you. I am glad that you have come back upon these plains, for I had need of one who speaks the English, since little faith can be put in the traders of these regions. Will you do a favor to an old and dying man?" "Name it," said Middleton; "it shall be done." "It is a far journey to send such trifles," resumed the old man, who spoke at short intervals, as strength and breath permitted; "a far and weary journey is the same; but kindnesses and friendships are things not to be forgotten. There is a settlement among the Otsego hills—"

11. "I know the place," interrupted Middleton, observing that he spoke with increasing difficulty; "proceed to tell me what you would have done." "Take this rifle, and pouch, and horn, and send them to the person whose name is graven on the plates of the stock,—a trader cut the letters with his knife,—for it is lŏng that I have intended to send him such a token of my love!" "It shall be sò. Is there more that you could wish?" "Little else have I to bestow. My traps I give to my Indian son; for honestly and kindly has he kept his faith. Let him stand before me." Middleton explained to the chief what the trapper had said, and relinquished his own place to the other.

12. "Pawnee," continued the old man, alway changing his language to suit the person he addressed, and not unfrequently according to the ideas he expressed, "it is a custom of my people for the father to leave his blessing with the son before he shuts his eyes forever. This blessing I give to you: take it; for the prayers of a Christian man will never make the path of a just warrior to the blessèd prāiries either lŏnger or more tangled. May the Gŏd of a white man look on your deeds with friendly eyes, and may you never commit an act that shall cause him to darken his face. I know not whether we shall ever meet again. There are many traditions concerning the place of Good Spirits. It is not for one like me, old and experienced though I am, to

set up my opinions against a nation's. You believe in the blessèd prairies, and I have faith in the sayings of my fathers. If bŏth are true, our parting will be final; but if it should prove that the same meaning is hid under different words, we shall yĕt stand togĕther, Pawnee, before the face of your Wahcondah, who will then be no other than my God.

13. "There is much to be said in favor of bŏth religions, for each seems suited to its own people, and no doubt it was so intended. I fear I have not altogĕther followed the gifts of my color, inasmuch as I find it a little painful to give up forever the use of the rifle, and the comforts of the chase. But then the fault has been my own, seeing that it could not have been His. Ay, Hector," he continued, leaning forward a little, and feeling for the ears of the hound, "our parting has come at last, dŏg, and it will be a lŏng hunt. You have been an honest, and a bold, and a faithful hound. Pawnee, you can not slay the pup on my grave, for where a Christian dog falls there he lies forever; but you can be kind to him after I am gŏne, for the love you bear his master."

14. "The words of my father are in my ears," returned the young partisan, making a grave and respectful gesture of assent. "Do you hear what the chief has promisèd, dŏg?" demanded the trapper, making an effort to attract the notice of the insensible effigy of his hound. Receiving no answering look, nor hearing any friendly whine, the old man felt for the mouth, and endeavored to fŏrce his hand between the cold lips. The truth then flashed upon him, although he was far from perceiving the whŏle extent of the deception. Falling back in his seat, he hung his head, like one who felt a severe and unexpected shock. Profiting by this momentary forgĕtfulness, two young Indians removed the skin with the same delicacy of feeling that had induced them to attempt the pious fraud.

119. Death of the Old Trapper—concluded.

"THE dŏg is dead," muttered the trapper, after a pause of many minutes; "a hound has his time as well as a man; and well has he filled his days! "Captain," he added, making

an effort to wave his hand for Middleton, "I am glad you have come; for though kind, and well meaning according to the gifts of their color, these Indians are not the men to lay the head of a white man in his grave. I have been thinking, too, of this dog at my feet: it will not do to set fōrth the opinion that a Christian can expect to meet his hound again; still there can be little harm in placing what is left of so faithful a servant nigh the bones of his master." "It shall be as you desire." "I'm glad you think with me in this matter. In order, then, to save labor, lay the pup at my feet; or, for that matter, put him side by side. A hunter need never be ashamed to be found in company with his dog!" "I charge myself with your wish."

2. The old man made a lŏng, and apparently a musing pause. At times he raised his eyes wistfully, as if he would again address Middleton, but some innate feeling appeared alway to suppress his words. The other, who observed his hesitation, inquired in a way most likely to encourage him to proceed, whether there was aught else that he could wish to have done. "I am without kith or kin in the wide world!" the trapper answered: "when I am gŏne there will be an end of my race. We have never been chiefs; but honest, and useful in our way, I hope it can not be denied we have alway proved ourselves. My father lies buried near the sea, and the bones of his son will whiten on the prāiries." "Name the spot, and your remains shall be placed by the side of your father," interrupted Middleton.

3. "Not so, not so, Captain. Let me sleep where I have lived —beyŏnd the din of the settlements! Still I see no need why the grave of an honest man should be hid, like a red-skin in his ambushment. I paid a man in the settlements to make and put a graven stone at the head of my father's resting-place. It was of the value of twelve beaver-skins, and cunningly and curiously was it carved! Then it told to all comers that the body of such a Christian lay beneath; and it spoke of his manner of life, of his years, and of his honesty. When we had done with the Frenchers, in the old war, I made a journey to the spot, in order to see that all was rightly performed, and glad I am to say, the workman had not forgotten his faith."

4. "And such a stone you would have at your grave?" "I!

no, no, I have no son but Hard-Heart, and it is little that an Indian knows of white fashions and usages. Besides, I am his debtor already, seeing it is so little I have done since I have lived in his tribe. The rifle might bring the value of such a thing—but then I know it will give the boy plĕasure to hang the piece in his hall, for many is the deer and the bird that he has seen it destroy. No, no, the gun must be sent to him whose name is graven on the stock!"

5. "But there is one who would gladly prove his affection in the way you wish; he who owes you not only his own deliverance from so many dāngers, but who inherits a heavy debt of gratitude from his ancestors. The stone shall be put at the head of your grave." The old man extended his emaciated hand, and gave the other a squeeze of thanks. "I thought you might be willing to do it, but I was backward in asking the favor," he said, "seeing that you are not of my kin. Put no boastful words on the same, but just the name, the age, and the time of the death, with something from the holy book; no more, no more. My name will then not be altogether lŏst on 'arth; I need no more."

6. Middleton intimated his assent, and then followed a pause that was only interrupted by distant and broken sentences from the dying man. He appeared now to have closed his accounts with the world, and to await merely for the final summons to quit it. Middleton and Hard-Heart placed themselves on the opposite sides of his seat, and watched with melancholy solicitude the variations of his countenance. For two hours there was no vĕry sensible alteration. The expression of his faded and time-worn features was that of a calm and dignified repose. From time to time he spoke, uttering some brief sentence in the way of advice, or asking some simple questions concerning those in whose fortunes he still took a friendly interest. During the whōle of that solemn and anxious period, each individual of the tribe kept his place, in the most self-restrained patience. When the old man spoke, all bent their heads to listen; and when his words were uttered, they seemed to ponder on their wisdom and usefulness.

7. As the flame drew nigher to the socket his voice was hushed, and there were moments when his attendants doubted

whether he still belŏnged to the living. Middleton, who watched each wavering expression of his weather-beaten visage with the interest of a keen observer of human nature, sŏftened by the tenderness of personal regard, fancied he could read the workings of the old man's soul in the strŏng lineäments of his countenance. Perhaps what the enlightened soldier took for the delusion of mistaken opinion did actually occur—for who has returned from that unknown world to explain by what forms, and in what manner, he was introduced into its awful precincts? Without pretending to explain what must ever be a mystery to the quick, we shall simply relate facts as they occurred.

8. The trapper had remained nearly motionless for an hour. His eyes alone had occasionally opened and shut. When opened, his gaze seemed fastened on the clouds which hung around the western hori'zon, reflecting the bright colors, and giving form and loveliness to the glŏrious tints of an American sunset. The hour—the calm beauty of the season—the occasion—all conspired to fill the spectators with solemn awe. Suddenly, while musing on the remarkable position in which he was placed, Middleton felt the hand, which he held, grasp his own with incredible power, and the old man, supported on ēither side by his friends, rose upright to his feet. For a moment he looked about him, as if to invite all in his presence to listen (the lingering remnant of human frailty), and then, with a fine military elevation of the head, and with a voice that might be heard in every part of that numerous assembly, he pronounced the word—"HERE!"

9. A movement so entirely unexpected, and the air of grandeur and humility which were so remarkably united in the mien of the trapper, togĕther with the clear and uncommon fŏrce of his utterance, produced a short period of confusion in the faculties of all present. When Middleton and Hard-Heart, each of whom had involuntarily extended a hand to support the form of the old man, turned to him again, they found that the subject of their interest was removed forever beyŏnd the necessity of their care. They mournfully placed the body in its seat, and the voice of the old Indian, who arose to announce the termination of the scene to the tribe, seemed a sort of echo from that invisible world to which the meek spirit of the trapper had just departed. "A valiant, a just, and a wise warrior has gŏne on the

path which will lead him to the blessèd grounds of his people!" he said. "When the voice of the Wahcondah called him, he was ready to answer. Go, my children; remember the just chief of the pale-faces, and clear your own tracks from briers!"

10. The grave was made beneath the shade of some noble oaks. It has been carefully watched to the present hour by the Pawnees of the Loup, and is often shown to the traveler and the trader as a spot where a just white man sleeps. In due time the stone was placed at its head, with the simple inscription which the trapper had himself requested. The only liberty taken by Middleton was to add—"MAY NO WANTON HAND EVER DISTURB HIS REMAINS." JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER, the celebrated American novelist, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789. His father, Judge WILLIAM COOPER, born in Pennsylvania, became possessed, in 1785, of a large tract of land near Otsego Lake, in the State of New York, where, in the spring of 1786, he erected the first house in Cooperstown. In 1795 and 1799 he was elected to represent that district in Congress. Here the novelist chiefly passed his boyhood to his thirteenth year, and became perfectly conversant with frontier life. At that early age he entered Yale College, where he remained three years, when he obtained a midshipman's commission and entered the navy. He passed the six following years in that service, and thus became master of the second great field of his future literary career. In 1811 he resigned his commission, married Miss Delancey, a descendant of one of the oldest and most influential families in America, and settled down to a home life in Westchester, near New York, where he resided for a short time before removing to Cooperstown. Here he wrote his first book, "Precaution." This was followed, in 1821, by "The Spy," one of the best of all historical romances. It was almost immediately republished in all parts of Europe. It was followed, two years later, by "The Pioneers." "The Pilot," the first of his sea novels, next appeared. It is one of the most remarkable novels of the time, and everywhere obtained instant and high applause. In 1826 he visited Europe, where his reputation was already well established as one of the greatest writers of romantic fiction which our age has produced. He passed several years abroad, and was warmly welcomed in every country he visited. His literary activity was not impaired by his change of scene, as several of his best works were written while traveling. He returned home in 1833. "The Prairie," from which the above touching and effective scene was taken, the first of his works in Europe, published in 1827, was one of the most successful of the novelist's productions. Leather-stocking closes his career in its pages. "Pressed upon by time, he has ceased to be the hunter and the warrior, and has become a trapper of the great West. The sound of the ax has driven him from his beloved forests to seek a refuge, by a species of desperate resignation, on the denuded plains that stretch to the Rocky Mountains. Here he passes the few closing years of his life, dying, as he has lived, a philosopher of the wilderness, with few of the failings, none of the vices, and all the nature and truth of his position." Mr COOPER's writings are, throughout, distinguished by purity and brilliancy of no common merit. He was alike remarkable for his fine commanding person, his manly, resolute, independent nature, and his noble, generous heart. He died at Cooperstown, September 14, 1851.

120. The Holy Dead.

1. THEY dread no storm that lowers
No pĕrish'd joys bewail;
They pluck no thorn-clad flowers,
Nor drink of streams that fail:
There[1] is no tear-drop in their eye,
No chānge upon their brow;
Their plăcid bosom heaves no sigh,
Though all earth's idols bow.

2. Who are so greatly blest?
From whom hath sŏrrōw fled?
Who share[2] such deep, unbroken rest,
Where all things toil? *The dead!*
The holy dead. Why weep ye so
Above yŏn sable bier?
Thrice blessèd! they have done with woe,
The living claim the tear.

3. Go to their sleeping bowers,
Deck their low couch of clay
With earliest spring's sŏft breathing flowers;
And when they fade away,
Think of the amăranth'ĭne[3] wreath,
The garlands never dim,
And tell me why thou fly'st from death,
Or hīd'st thy friends from him.

4. We dream, but they awake;
Dread visions mar our rest;
Through thorns and snares[4] our way we take,
And yĕt we mourn the blest!
For spirits round the Eternal Throne
How vain the tears we shed!
They are the living, they alone,
Whom thus we call *the dead.* Mrs. Sigourney.[5]

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[1] There (thâr).—[2] Shâre.—[3] Am a rănth' ine, from amaranth, an imaginary flower that never fades: hence, unfading.—[4] Snares (snârz).—[5] See Biographical Sketch, p. 106.

121. The Poet and his Critics.

THE poĕm was at length published. Alas, who that knows the heart of an author—of an aspiring one—will need be told what were the feelings of Maldura, when day after day, week after week passed on, and still no tidings of his book. To think it had failed, was wormwood to his soul. "No, that was impossible." Still the suspense, the uncertainty of its fate were insupportable. At last, to relieve his distress, he fastened the blame on his unfortunate publisher; though how he was in fault he knew not. Full of this thought, he was just sallying fōrth to vent his spleen on him, when his servant announced the Count Piccini.

2. "Now," thought Maldura, "I shall hear my fate: and he was not mistaken; for the Count was a kind of talking gazette. The poem was soon introduced, and Piccini rattled on with all he had heard of it. He had lately been piqued[1] by Maldura, and cared not to spare him. After a few hollōw professions of regard, and a careless remark about the pain it gave him to repeat unpleasant things, Piccini proceeded to pour them out one upon another with ruthless volubility. Then, stopping as if to take breath, he continued, "I see you are surprised at all this; but indeed, my friend, I can not help thinking it principally owing to your not having suppressed your name; for your high reputation, it seems, had raised such extravagant expectations as none but a first-rate genius could satisfy."

3. "By which," observed Maldura, "I am to conclude that my work has failed?" "Why, no—not exactly that; it has only not been praised—that is, I mean in the way you might have wished. But do not be depressed; there's no knowing but the tide may yĕt turn in your favor." "Then I suppose the book is hardly as yet known?" "I beg your pardon—quite the contrary. When your friend the Marquis introduced it at his last conversazione[2] every one present seemed quite *au fait*[3] on it, at least they all talked as if they had read it."

4. Maldura bit his lips. "Pray, who were the company?"

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[1] Piqued (pēkt), offended.—[2] Conversazione (kŏn ver sät ze ŏ' na), a meeting for conversation.—[3] Au fait (ō fā'), expert; well instructed.

"Oh, all your friends, I assure you: Guattani, Martello, Pessuti, the mathematician, Alfieri, Benuci, the Venetian Castelli, and the old Ferrarese Carnesecchi: these were the principal, but there were twenty others who had each something to say." Maldura could not but perceive the malice of this enumeration; but he checked his rising choler. "Well," said he, "if I understand you, there was but one opinion respecting my poem with all this company?"

5. "Oh, by no means. Their opinions were as vārious as their characters." "Well, Pessuti—what said he?" "Why you know he's a mathematician, and should not regard him. But yĕt, to do him justice, he is a vĕry nice critic, and not unskilled in poëtry." "Go on, Sir, I can bear it." "Why then, it was Pessuti's opinion that the poem had more learning than genius." "Proceed, Sir." "Martello denied it bŏth; but he, you know, is á disappointed author. Guattani differed but little from Pessuti as to its learning, but contended that you certainly showed great invention in your fable—which was like nothing that ever did, or could happen. But I fear I annoy you."

6. "Go on, I beg, Sir." "The next who spoke was old Carnesecchi, who confessed that he had no doubt he should have been delighted with the poem, could he have taken hold of it; but it was so *en regle*,[1] and like a hundred others, that it put him in mind of what is called a polished gentleman, who talks and bows, and slips through a great crowd without leaving any impression. Another person, whose name I have forgotten, praised the versification, but objected to the thoughts."

7. "Because they were absurd?" "Oh, no, for the opposite reason—because they had all been lŏng ago known to be good. Castelli thought that a bad reason; for his part, he said, he liked them all the better for that—it was like shaking hands with an old acquaintance in every line. Another observed, that at least no critical court could lawfully condemn them, as they could each plead an *alibi*.[2] Not an *alibi*, said a third, but a *double;* so they should be burnt for sorcery. With all my heart, said a

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[1] En regle, according to rule; set; stiff.—[2] Al'i bi, elsewhere. *To plead an alibi* is to show that the accused was in some other place when the crime was committed.

fourth; but not the poor author, for he has certainly satisfied us that he is no conjuror.

8. "Then Castelli—but, 'faith, I don't know how to proceed." "You are over-delicate, Sir. Speak out, I pray you." "Well, Benuci finished by the most extravagant eulogy I ever heard." Maldura took breath. "For he compared your hero to the Apollo Belvedere,[1] your hĕroine to the Venus[2] de Medicis, and your subordinate characters to the Diana,[3] the Hercules,[4] the Antĭn'oüs,[5] and twenty other celebrated antiques; declared them all equally well wrought, and beautiful—and like them too, equally cold, hard, and motionless. In short, he maintained that you were the boldest and most original poet he had ever known; for none but a hardy genius, who consulted nobody's taste but his own, would have dared, like you, to draw his animal life from a statue gallery, and his vegetable from a hortus siccus."[6]

9. Maldura's heart stiffened within him, but his pride controlled him, and he masked his thoughts with something like composure. Yĕt he dared not trust himself to speak, but stood looking at Piccini, as if waiting for him to go on. "I believe that's all," said the count, carelessly twirling his hat, and rising to take leave. Maldura roused himself, and, making an effort, said, "No, Sir, there is one person whom you have only named —Alfieri; what did he say?" "Nothing!" Piccini pronounced this word with a graver tone than usual: it was his fiercest bolt, and he knew that a show of feeling would send it home. Then, after pausing a moment, he hŭrried out of the room.

Washington Allston.

Washington Allston, universally acknowledged as of the first eminence among American painters, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, November

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[1] Apollo Belvedere, a statue of the Greek divinity Apollo. In this the god is represented with commanding but serene majesty; sublime intellect and physical beauty are combined in the most wonderful manner. It was discovered in 1503 at Rettuno, and is now in the vatican at Rome.—[2] Venus de Medicis, a statue admired as the perfection of female beauty. It was discovered in the villa of Adrian, at Tivoli, the favorite country-seat of the ancient Romans, and carried to Florence in 1695.—[3] Diana, see p. 337, note 3.—[4] Hercules, the most celebrated of all the heroes of antiquity.—[5] Antinous (an tin' o us), a beautiful youth, celebrated as the companion and favorite of Adrian, the Roman emperor, drowned in 132.—[6] Hortus siccus, a dry or unproductive garden

5th, 1779. He received his early education at the school of Mr. ROBERT ROGERS, in Newport, Rhode Island, entered Harvard College in 1796, and received his baccalaureate degree in 1800. Immediately after leaving college he chose his vocation, and as our country at that time furnished few facilities for the study of the fine arts, he embarked for London in 1801, and became a student of the Royal Academy, of which Benjamin West, the distinguished American painter, was then president. Here he remained three years, and then, after a sojourn at Paris, went to Rome, where he resided four years, and became the intimate associate of COLERIDGE. In 1809 he returned to America for a period of two years, which he passed in Boston, where he married the sister of the Rev. Dr. CHANNING. In 1811 he went a second time to England, where his reputation as a painter was now well established. He received by his picture of the "Dead Man raised by the Bones of Elisha" a prize of two hundred guineas, at the British Institute, where the first artists in the world were his competitors. Here he published a small volume, "The Sylphs of the Seasons, and other Poems," which was reprinted in Boston the same year. This year his wife died, an event which affected him deeply. He returned home in 1818, and resumed his residence at Boston. In 1830 he married a sister of RICHARD H. DANA, and removed to Cambridgeport. His lectures on art were commenced about the same period, four only of which were completed, and these did not appear until after his decease. Besides his lectures, his poems, and many short pieces which have since been given to the public, Mr. ALLSTON was the author of "Monaldi," a story of extraordinary power and interest, from which the above extract is taken. He died very suddenly, on the night of the 8th of July, 1843, leaving but one painting incomplete, "Belshazzar's Feast, or the Handwriting on the Wall," upon which he had been engaged at intervals for nearly twenty years.

122. To a Skylark.

1. HAIL to thee, blīthe spirit!—bird thou never wert,—
That from heaven, or near it, pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

2. Higher still, and higher, from the earth thou springèst
Like a cloud of fire; the blue deep thou wingèst,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever, singèst.

3. In the golden lightening of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening, thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

4. The pale purple even melts around thy flight:
Like a star of heavęn, in the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yĕt I hear thy shrill delight.

5. Keen are the ărrōws of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp nărrōws in the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

6. All the earth and air with thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare, from one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

7. What thou art we know not: what is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

8. Like a poet hidden in the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden, till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

9. Like a high-born maiden in a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

10. Like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view

11. Like a rose embower'd in its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd, till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

12. Sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers, all that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

13. Teach us, sprite or bird, what sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard praise of love or wine
That panted fōrth a flood of rapture so divine.

14. Chorus hymenē'al, or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all but an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

15. What objects are the fountains of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains? what shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

16. With thy clear keen joyance languor can not be:
Shadōw of annoyance never came near thee:
Thou lovèst; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

17. Waking or asleep, thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

18. We look before and after, and pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest sŏngs are those that tell of saddest thought.

19. Yĕt if we could scorn hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

20 Better than all mĕasures of delight and sound,
Better than all trĕasures that in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

21. Teach me half the gladness that thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness from my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, a poet of admirable genius, the son and heir of a wealthy baronet in Sussex, England, was born in that county in 1792. He was educated first at Eton, and afterward at Oxford, where he studied hard, but irregularly; incessantly speculated, thought, and read; became entangled in metaphysical difficulties, and, at the age of seventeen, published, with a direct appeal to the heads of the colleges, a pamphlet entitled "The Necessity of Atheism." He was immediately expelled; and his friends being disgusted with him, he was cast on the world a prey to the undisciplined ardor of youth and passion. At the age of eighteen he printed his poem of "Queen Mab," in which singular poetic beauties are interspersed with many speculative absurdities. Shortly after this he married a young woman of humble station in life, which completed his alienation from his family. After a tour on the continent, during which he visited some of the most magnificent scenes of Switzerland, he settled near Windsor Forest, where he composed his poem, "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," which contains descriptive passages excelled by none of his subsequent works. His domestic unhappiness soon after induced him to separate from his wife, and the unhappy woman destroyed herself. This event subjected him to much misrepresentation, and by a decree of chancery he was deprived of the guardianship of his two children, on the ground of immorality and atheism. Not long after his wife's death he married the daughter of GODWIN, authoress of "Frankenstein," and other novels. They resided for a few months in Buckinghamshire, where they made themselves beloved by their charity for the poor. Here he composed the "Revolt of Islam," a poem still more energetic than "Alastor." In the spring of 1818 he and his family removed to Italy, where they at length settled themselves at Pisa. In that country, with health already failing, SHELLEY produced some of his principal works, in a period of four years. In July, 1822, when he had not quite completed his 29th year, he was drowned in a storm which he encountered in his yacht on the Gulf of Spezzia. In accordance with his own desire, his body was burned, un

der the direction of LORD BYRON and other friends; and the ashes were carried to Rome and deposited in the Protestant burial-ground, near those of a child he had lost in that city. A complete edition of "Shelley's Poetical Works," with notes by his widow, has been published. The above ode to the Skylark bears, perhaps, as pure a poetical stamp as any of his productions. It was written as his mind prompted, listening to the caroling of the bird aloft in the azure sky of Italy.

123. NORVAL.

Enter first GLENALVON; *and soon after*, NORVAL. *The latter seems looking off at some distant object.*

Glenalvon. His port I love; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd. [*Aside.*
[*Aloud.*] Has Norval seen the troops?
Norval. The setting sun
With yĕllōw rādiance lighten'd all the vale,
And as the warriors moved, each polish'd helm,
Corslet, ŏr spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climbed, and, halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering they seem'd
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.
Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host
In sounds more lŏfty talks of glōrious war.
Norv. If I should e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prŏmpts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.
Glen. You wrŏng yourself, brave sir; your martial deeds
Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me, Norval,
Lord Randolph's favor now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honor: seem not to command,
Else they will hardly brook your late-sprung power,
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.
Norv. Sir, I have been accustom'd, all my days,
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth;
And though I have been told that there are men

Who bŏrrōw friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yĕt in such language I am little skill'd;
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norv. My pride!

Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper;
Your pride's excessive. Yĕt, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

Norv. A shepherd's scorn! [*Crosses left.*

Glen. [*Right.*] Why yes, if you presume
To bend on soldiers those disdainful eyes
As if you took the mĕasure of their minds,
And said in secret, You're no match for me,
What will become of you?

Norv. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?

Norv. Didst thou not hear?

Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus; but such as thou—

Norv. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. Norval.

Norv. So I am;
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and basely false
Is the vain-glōrious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Norv. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, or bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile; but, as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds. [*Crosses R.*
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallōw valor.

And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. [*L.*] Dost thou not know Glenalvon born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?

Norv. Villain, no more!
Draw, and defend thy life. I did design
To have defied thee in another cause;
But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrŏngs!

[*Both draw their swords.*

Enter Lord Randolph, *R.*

Lord Randolph. Hold! I command you bōth! the man that stirs
Makes me his foe.

Norv. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous condescending!
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!

Norv. Now you may scŏff in safety. [*Both sheathe their swords*

Lord R. [*R.*] Speak not thus,
Taunting each other, but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel; then I judge betwixt you.

Norv. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak; and will not, can not speak
The opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage; but even him
And his high arbitration I'd reject!
Within my bosom reigns another lord—
Honor! sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favors, and let Norval go
Hence as he came; alone—but not dishonor'd!

Lord R. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice:
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banner o'er her frighted fields;
Suspend your purpose till your country's arms

Repel the bold invader; then decide
The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Norv. And I. [LORD R. *retires.*

Glen. Norval,
Let not our vāriance mar the social hour,
Nor wrŏng the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yĕt wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Norv. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment;
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

[*Exeunt* GLEN., NORV.

HOME.

JOHN HOME, author of "Douglas" and various other tragedies, was born at Leith, Scotland, in 1722. He entered the Church, and succeeded BLAIR, author of "The Grave," as minister of Athelstaneford. After writing "Douglas," so violent a storm was raised by the fact that a Presbyterian minister had written a play, that he was obliged to resign his living. Lord BUTE rewarded him with the sinecure office of conservator of Scots privileges at Campvere, and on the accession of GEORGE III., in 1760, he secured a pension for the poet of £300 per annum. With an income of some £600, and the friendship of DAVID HUME, BLAIR, ROBERTSON, and other distinguished men, HOME's life was passed in happy tranquillity. He died in 1808, aged eighty-six.

124. BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.[1]

I.

THE warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his lŏng-imprison'd sire;

[1] BERNARDO DEL CARPIO, a celebrated Spanish champion, after many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, Count SALDANA, whom King ALPHONSO, of Asturias, had long retained in prison, at last took up arms in despair. He maintained so destructive a war that the king's subjects united in demanding SALDANA'S release. ALPHONSO therefore offered BERNARDO the person of his father in exchange for the castle of Carrio. BERNARDO immediately gave up his stronghold with all his captives; and rode forth with the king to meet his father, who he was assured was on his way from prison. The remainder of the story is related in the ballad. But little is known of BERNARDO'S history after this event

"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—Oh! break my father's chain!"

II.

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransom'd man, this day
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

III.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land:
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in věry truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearn'd so lŏng to see."

IV.

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's hue came and went:
He reach'd that gray-hair'd chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

V.

That hand was cold—a frozen thing,—it dropp'd from his like lead!
He look'd up to the face above,—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—the brow was fix'd and white:
He met, at last, his father's eyes,—but in them was no sight!

VI.

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed;—but who could paint that gaze?
They hush'd their věry hearts, that saw its hŏrror and amaze:—
They might have chain'd him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

VII.

"FATHER!" at length he murmur'd low, and wept like childhood then:
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!
He thought on all his glōrious hopes, and all his young renown,—
He flung his falchion[1] from his side, and in the dust sat down.

VIII.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for, now;
My king is false—my hope betray'd! My father—Oh! the worth,
The glōry, and the loveliness, are pass'd away from earth!

IX.

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee, yĕt!
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then;—for thee my fields were won;
And thou hast perish'd in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

X.

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wilder'd looks of all the courtier train;
And, with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead:

XI.

"Came I not fōrth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me, what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought,—give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

XII.

"Into these glassy eyes put light;—be still! keep down thine ire!—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak,—this earth is not my sire:

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[1] Falchion (fâl' chun)

Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed!—
Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on thy head!"

XIII.

He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell;—upon the silent face
He cast one lŏng, deep, troubled look, then turn'd from that sad place:
His hope was crush'd, his after fate untold in martial strain:—
His banner led the spears no more, amidst the hills of Spain.

MRS. HEMANS.

MRS. HEMANS (Felicia Dorothea Browne), the daughter of a Liverpool merchant, was born in that town on the 25th of September, 1793. Her father, soon after experiencing some reverses, removed with his family to Wales, and there the young poetess imbibed that love of nature which is displayed in all her works. She wrote verses from her childhood, and published a poetical volume in her fourteenth year. Her second volume, "The Domestic Affections," which appeared in 1812, established her poetical reputation. In the same year she married Captain HEMANS, who, after some years, went to reside on the Continent, his wife remaining at home with her five sons. She became more and more devoted to study and composition. In 1819 she won a prize of £50, offered by some patriotic Scots for the best poem on Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, and in June, 1821, she obtained the prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature for the best poem on the subject of Dartmoor. She succeeded well in narrative and dramatic poetry, though the character of her genius was decidedly lyrical and reflective. Her numerous poems are admirable for purity of sentiment and gentle pathos; and her personal character was amiable, modest, and exemplary. After several changes of residence, she died in Dublin, on the 16th of May, 1835

125. SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

I.

PATRIOTISM.—SCOTT.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own—my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a fŏreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel's raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concenter'd all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

II.

AMBITION.—BYRON.

HE who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The lŏftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow:
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glōry glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head;
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

III.

INDEPENDENCE.—THOMSON.

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You can not rob me of free Nature's grace;
You can not shut the windōws of the sky,
Through which Aurora[1] shows her brightening face;
You can not bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibers brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, naught can me bereave!

IV.

THE CAPTIVE'S DREAMS.—MRS. HEMANS.

I DREAM of all things free! of a gallant, gallant bark,
That sweeps through storm and sea like an ărrōw to its mark;

[1] Ēōs, in Latin AURŌRA, the goddess of the morning red. It is said, in mythology, at the close of every night she rose from the couch of her spouse, TITHONUS, and on a chariot drawn by the swift horses Lampus and Phaēthon, ascended up to heaven from the river Oceanus, to announce the coming light of the sun to gods as well as to mortals: hence, the dawning light; the morning.

Of a stag that o'er the hills goes bounding in its glee;
Of a thousand flashing rills,—of all things glad and free.
I dream of some proud bird, a bright-eyed mountain king:
In my visions I have heard the rushing of his wing.
I follŏw some wild river, on whose breast no sail may be;
Dark woods around it shiver,—I dream of all things free:
Of a happy fŏrest child, with the fawns and flowers at play,
Of an Indian midst the wild, with the stars to guide his way;
Of a chief his warriors leading; of an archer's greenwood tree:
My heart in chains is bleeding, and I dream of all things free!

V.

WILLIAM TELL.—BRYANT.

CHAINS may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,
Tell, of the iron heart! they could not tame!
For thou wert of the mountains; they proclaim
The everlasting creed of liberty.
That creed is written on the untrampled snow,
Thunder'd by tŏrrents which no power can hold,
Save that of Gŏd, when he sends fŏrth his cold,
And breathed by winds that through the free heaven blow
Thou, while thy prison walls were dark around,
Didst meditate the lesson Nature taught,
And to thy brief captivity was brought
A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.
The bitter cup they mingled, strengthen'd thee
For the great work to set thy country free.

VI.

TELL ON SWITZERLAND.—KNOWLES.[1]

ONCE Switzerland was free! With what a pride
I used to walk these hills,—look up to Heaven,
And bless Gŏd that it was so! It was free
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free!

---

[1] JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, an English poet, is the most successful of modern tragic dramatists. His first play, "Virginius," appeared in 1820, and had an extraordinary run of success. All his plays have been collected and republished, of which, perhaps, none is more popular than "William Tell," from which the above was extracted.

Free as our tŏrrents are, that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys, without asking leave;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In vĕry presence of the regal sun!
How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its very storms. Ay, ŏften have I sat
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring,—I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.—
You know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two abreast to pass? O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat alŏng
And while gust follow'd gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the hŏrrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wish'd me there;—the thought that mine was free
Has check'd that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thraldom to that furious wind,
Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

VII.

How Sleep the Brave.—Collins.[1]

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallōw'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,

[1] Collins, see Biographical Sketch, p. 492.

To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

VIII.

THE GREEKS AT THERMOPYLÆ.—BYRON

THEY fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seem'd sighing;
The waters murmur'd of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay:
Their spirits wrapp'd the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain:
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Roll'd mingling with their fame forever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
The land is glōry's still and theirs.
'Tis still a watchword to the earth:
When man would do a deed of worth,
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head;
He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lŏst, or freedom won.

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126. GREECE.

1. HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of dānger and distress,
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And mark'd the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose, that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the plăcid cheek—
And but for that sad, shrouded eye,

That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now
And but for that chill, chāngeless brow,
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yĕt dwells upon—
Yĕs, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,—
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so sŏftly seal'd,
The first—last look by death reveal'd!

2. Such is the aspect of this shōre;
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no mōre!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth.

3. Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glōry's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave!
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?[1]
These waters blue that round you lave,

[1] Thermopylæ (ther mŏp' e le), a famous pass of Greece, about five miles long, and originally from 50 to 60 yards in width. It is hemmed in on one side by precipitous rocks of from 400 to 600 feet in height, and on the other side by the sea and an impassable morass. Here Leonidas and his 300 Spartans died in defending Greece against the invasion of Xerxes, B. C. 489.

O servile ŏffspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shōre is this
The gulf, the rock, of Salamis![1]
These scenes, their stōry not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own:
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame;
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled ŏft, is ever won.

4. Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!
Attest it, many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command—
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse, to strānger's eye,
The graves of those that can not die!
'Twere lŏng to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendor to disgrace:
Enough, no fŏreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell.
Yes! self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway. BYRON.[2]

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[1] Sāl' a mis, an island of Greece, in the Gulf of Ægina, ten miles W. of Athens. Its shape is very irregular; the surface is mountainous, and wooded in some parts. In the channel between it and the main land, the Greeks, under THEMISTOCLES, gained a memorable naval victory over the Persians, B. C. 480. SOLON and EURIPIDES were natives of Salamis.—[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 292.

127. Song of the Greeks, 1822.

1 AGAIN to the battle, Achaians![1]
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land,—the first garden of Liberty's tree,—
It has been, and shall *yĕt* be, the land of the free;
For the crŏss of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's[2] slaves
May be wash'd out in blood from our forefathers' graves
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glōry restore us.

2. Ah! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous[3] lances
Are stretch'd in our aid?—Be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone;
For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragg'd from our altars,
By our massacred pātriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we *will* be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glōrious.

3. A breath of submission we breathe not:
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not:
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us;
But they *shall* not to slavery doom us:
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves:—
But we've smote them already with fire on the *waves*,
And new triumphs on *land* are before us;—
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

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[1] Achaians (a kā' anz), the people of Achaia, a department of the kingdom of Greece.—[2] Mahomet, a false prophet of Arabia, who, by the mere force of his genius and his convictions, subdued many nations to his religion, his laws, and his scepter; and whose authority at the present time is acknowledged by nearly two hundred millions of souls. He was born in 570, and died on the 8th of June, 632.—[3] Chivalrous (shĭv' al rus).

4. This day—shall ye blush for its stōry;
Or brighten your lives with its glōry?—
Our women—oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from, and named for, the god-like of earth.
Strike home!—and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

5. Old Greece lightens up with emotion!
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new hăllōw their Helicon's[1] spring.
Our hearths[2] shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold, and extinguish'd in sadness;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that deliver'd their charms,—
When the blood of yŏn Mussulman cravens
Shall have crimson'd the bēaks of our ravens!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.[3]

128. MARCO BOZZARIS.

1. AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and cōurt, he bore
The trōphies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his sŏng of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then press'd that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

[1] Helicon (hĕl′ e kon), a famous mountain in Bœotia, in Greece, from which flows a fountain, and where resided the Muses.—[2] Hearths (hårths).—[3] See Biographical Sketch, p. 137.

2. At midnight, in the fŏrest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's[1] day,
And now, there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

3. An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they *come!* the Greek! the *Greek!*"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"*Strike*—till the last arm'd foe *expires;*
STRIKE—for your *altars* and your fires;
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires;
GOD—and your native land!"

4. They fought—like brave men, lŏng and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving cŏmrādes saw
His smile, when rang their proud huzza,

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[1] Platæa (plā tē'a), a ruined city of Greece, in Bœotia, seven miles S W. of Thebes. Near it, B. C. 479, the Greeks, under Pausanias, totally defeated and nearly annihilated the grand Persian army, under Mardonius, who was killed in the action. Here, also, fell MARCO BOZZARIS, in an attack upon the Turkish camp, August 20th, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were: "TO DIE FOR LIBERTY IS A PLEASURE, NOT A PAIN."

And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

5. Come to the bridal chāmber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath
Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-sŏng, and dance, and wine,—
And thou art terrible!—The tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

6. But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hŏllōw tones are heard
The thanks of millions yĕt to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glōry's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!

HALLECK.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK was born at Guilford, in Connecticut, August, 1795, and at the age of eighteen entered the banking-house of JACOB BARKER, in New York, with which he was associated several years, subsequently performing the duties of a book-keeper in the private office of JOHN JACOB ASTOR. Soon after the decease of that noted millionaire, in 1848, he retired to his birthplace, where he has since resided. He evinced a taste for poetry and wrote verses at a very early period. "Twilight," his first offering to the "Evening Post," appeared in October, 1818. The year following he gained his first celebrity in literature as a town wit, by producing, with his friend DRAKE, several

witty and satirical pieces, which appeared in the columns of the "Evening Post" with the signature of *Croaker & Co.;* and his fame was fully established by the publication of a volume of his poems in 1827. His poetry is characterized by its music and perfection of versification, and its vigor and healthy sentiment

129. Conversations after Marriage.[1]

Enter Lady Teazle *and* Sir Peter.[2]

Sir Peter. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teazle. [*Right.*] Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing; and what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know vĕry well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir P. [*Left.*] Vĕry well, ma'am, very well—so a husband is to have no influence, no authŏrity?

Lady T. Authŏrity! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Panthēon[3] into a green-house.

Lady T. Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir P. Zounds! madam—if you had been born to this, I

[1] From "The School for Scandal."—[2] The following conversations are admirable exercises in *Personation*, see p. 60.—[3] Pan thē' on, a magnificent temple at Rome, dedicated to all the gods. It is now converted into a church. It was built or embellished by Agrippa, son-in-law to Augustus, is of a round or cylindrical form, with a spherical dome, and 144 feet in diameter.

shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forgĕt what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a vĕry disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir P. Yĕs, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style,—the daughter of a plain country squīre. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambor, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

Lady T. Oh yĕs! I remember it vĕry well, and a curious life I led,—my daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dŏg.

Sir P. Yĕs, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements;—to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan[1] with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase. [*Crosses, L.*

Sir P. [*R.*] I am glad you have so good a memory. Yĕs, madam, these were the recreätions I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*[2]—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

Lady T. [*L.*] No—I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then; and there is but one thing more you can make me add to the obligation, and that is—

Sir P. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem!

---

[1] Pope Joan, a game at cards.—[2] Vis-à-vis (vĭz' ä vē'), a carriage in which two persons sit face to face.

Sir P. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint. [*Crosses, L.*

Lady T. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir P. [*L.*] 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay;[1] there again—taste. Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir P. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle[2] who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir P. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir P. Grace, indeed!

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[1] Ay (āl).—[2] Hurdle (hẽr dl), a sort of sledge used to draw traitors to execution.

Lady T. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir P. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-by to you. [*Exit* LADY TEAZLE.

Sir P. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yĕt, with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authŏrity! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing every thing in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*

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130. CONVERSATIONS AFTER MARRIAGE—CONCLUDED.

Enter LADY TEAZLE *and* SIR PETER.

Lady Teazle. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarreling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir Peter. [*Left.*] Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

Lady T. [*Right.*] I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir P. Two hundred pounds! What, ain't I to be in a good humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it [*gives her notes*]; but seal me a bond of repayment.

Lady T. Oh no; there—my note of hand will do as well.

[*Offering her hand.*

Sir P. And you shall no lŏnger reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you:—but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady T. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarreling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir P. Well; then let our future contest be, who shall be most oblīging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you: you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallănt' you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellōw, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir. P. Yĕs, yes, and you were kind and attentive—

Lady T. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir P. Indeed!

Lady T. Ay; and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir P. Thank you.

Lady T. And I dared say you'd make a vĕry good sort of a husband.

Sir P. And you prophesied right: and we shall now be the happiest couple—

Lady T. And never differ again?

Sir P. No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper vĕry seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

Lady T. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir P. Now see, my ăngel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love.

Sir P. There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the vĕry thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

Sir P. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. No, I am sure I don't, but if you will be so peevish—

Sir P. There now! who begins first?

Lady T. Why you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir P. No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

Lady T. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir P. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir P. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

Lady T. So much the better.

Sir P. No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural[1] coquette,[2] that had refused half the honest squires in the neighborhood.

Lady T. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him. [*Crosses L.*

Sir P. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married. [*Crosses R.*

Sir P. [*L.*] I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of every thing. I believe you capable of every thing that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are—not without grounds.

Lady T. [*R.*] Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir P. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please! Yes, madam, or a divorce!—I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady T. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and

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[1] Rural (rŏ' ral).—[2] Coquette (ko kĕt').

never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you; so, bye—bye. [*Exit* LADY TEAZLE.

Sir P. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [*Exit*

SHERIDAN.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, the celebrated orator, statesman, and comic play-writer, was born at Dublin in 1751. His father, THOMAS SHERIDAN, was well known as an actor, elocutionist, and author of a pronouncing dictionary RICHARD, an idle and mischievous boy, passed at school for a hopeless blockhead. He left Harrow at the age of eighteen, studied law with indifferent success in the Middle Temple, and, when barely of age, made a runaway marriage with Miss LINLEY, a beautiful and accomplished singer. His earliest comedy "The Rivals," a humorous and lively play, appeared in 1775, when the author was little more than twenty-three years old. About the same period he became one of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theater. His farce of "St. Patrick's Day," and opera of "The Duenna," appeared in 1776; and "The School for Scandal," which in plot, character, incident, dialogue, humor, and wit, perhaps, surpasses any comedy of modern times, was played in 1777. His last play, "The Critic," appeared in 1779. He obtained a seat in parliament in 1780. He worked hard for the House of Commons, and, in his great efforts, was one of the most showy and striking of parliamentary orators. His famous speech on the trial of WARREN HASTINGS produced an impression on the public mind never, perhaps, surpassed. Losing his wife in 1792, he married again, in 1796, a lady with whom he received £5000; and with this money, and £15,000 from shares in the theater, he purchased an estate, but his sottish habits soon dispelled his dreams of splendor, and finally reduced him to penury. He was treasurer of the navy during the ministry of Fox and GRENVILLE; but after 1812 he was no longer able to speak in the house. He died in 1816, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

131. A CURTAIN LECTURE OF MRS. CAUDLE.[1]

BAH! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil.—Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella.—Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say

[1] This lesson presents an excellent field for the display of what may be called the *colloquial style* of reading. Anger generally expresses itself with rapidity, and the character of a *scold* is best sustained by great volubility of language.

do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense! you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh! you DO hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house.

2. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me; *he* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yĕsterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There: do you hear it? Worse and worse. Cats and dŏgs, and for six weeks: always six weeks; and no umbrella!—I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-mŏrrōw! They shan't go through such weather; I am determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn any thing (the blessèd creatures!), sooner than go and gĕt wet! And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing: who, indeed, but their father. People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

3. But I know why you lent the umbrella: oh! yes, I know vĕry well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-mŏrrōw: you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; no, sir: if it comes down in bucketsful, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours! A cab, indeed! Cŏst me sixteen-pence, at least. Sixteen-pence! two-and-eight-pence; for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas!

4. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow—I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold: it always does; but what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up, for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a

pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yĕs, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of cōurse!

5. Nice clothes I get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bŏnnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't I wear 'em, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, Sir; I'm not going out a dowdy, to please you, or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't ŏften that I step over the threshold:—indeed, I might as well be a slave at once: better, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady.

6. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windōws. Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-mŏrrōw! How I am to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell; but if I die, I'll do it.—No, Sir; I won't borrow an umbrella: no; and you shan't *buy* one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. Ha! And it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gŏne without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you! Oh! it's all vĕry well for you; you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creätion! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

7. I know that walk to-mŏrrōw will be the death of me. But that's what you want: then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used; but then, Sir, then you'll be happy. Oh! don't tell me! I know you will: else you'd never have lent the umbrella!—You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed: you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt, for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

8. And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella. Oh! don't tell me that I said I *would* go; that's nothing to do with it,—nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her: and the little money we're to have, we shan't

have at all;—because we're no umbrella.—The children, too! (dear things!) they'll be sopping wet: for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure! But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me they shouldn't (you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an ăngel!); they *shall* go to school: mark that! and if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault; I DIDN'T LEND THE UMBRELLA. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

DOUGLAS JERROLD was born in London on the 3d of January, 1803. His father, SAMUEL JERROLD, was manager of the two theaters of Sheerness and Southend, and in these sea-places much of his childhood was passed. His school-days were few, and the results of his studies unimportant. At eleven years of age he became a midshipman in the British navy, and served about two years, thus acquiring nautical experience, which he used in writing "Black-eyed Susan," one of his most successful plays. A mere boy when he came ashore, he went to London, became an apprentice in a printing-office, and went through the ordinary course of a printer's life. At this time, though the hours of labor were long, he studied very hard, and wrote pieces for the magazines. Emboldened by success, he wrote numerous plays for the theaters before he was twenty years old. Among the greatest and maturest of his comedies are "The Prisoner of War," "Bubbles of a Day," "Time works Wonders," "St. Cupid," and "The Heart of Gold." His chief brilliant and original prose writings, except "A Man made of Money," were first prepared for magazines. "Men of Character" appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine,"—"The Chronicles of Clovernook," in the "Illuminated Magazine," of which he was founder and editor,—and "The Story of a Feather," "Punch's Letters to his Son," and "The Caudle Lectures" in "Punch," of which he was the originator. The last literary event in his life was his assuming the editorship of "Lloyd's Newspaper," which rose under his hand to great circulation and celebrity. He died, from disease of the heart, on the 8th of June, 1857.

132. SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

I.

EXHORTATION TO COURAGE.

BUT wherefore[1] do you droop? Why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye;
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging hŏrror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrōw their behaviors from the great,

[1] Wherefore (whâr' fôr).

Grow great by your example; and put on
The dauntless[1] spirit of resolution;
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there, and make him tremble there?—
Oh, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displĕasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh!

II.

FAME.—POPE.

NOR Fame I slight, nor for her favors call:
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase cŏst so dear a price
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice,
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follōw still where Fortune leads the way,—
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fallen ruins of another's fame,—
Then teach me, Heaven, to scorn the guilty bays,[2]
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown:
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

III.

VALUE OF REPUTATION.—SHAKSPEARE.

GOOD name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash;—'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;—
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

IV.

PLEASURE.—BURNS.[3]

BUT plĕasures are like poppies spread,—
You seize the flower—its bloom is shed;

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[1] Dăunt' less.—[2] Bays (bāz), a prize; an honorary crown or garland.—
[3] ROBERT BURNS, the great peasant poet of Scotland, was born near Ayr,

Or like the snow-falls in the river,—
A moment white—then lŏst forever;
Or like the boreälis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.

V.

PLEASURE.—YOUNG.

GIVE Plĕasure's name to naught but what has pass'd
The authentic seal of Reason, and defies
The tooth of Time; when past, a *pleasure* still;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be prized, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present joy.
Some joys the future overcast, and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity; some give
Abhorr'd Annihilation[1] dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Consult thy whŏle existence, and be safe;
That ŏracle will put all doubt to flight.

VI.

TIME NEVER RETURNS.

MARK how it snows! how fast the valley fills,
And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear;
Yĕt the warm sunbeams, bounding from the hills,
Shall melt the veil away, and the young green appear:
But, when old age has on your temples shed
Her silver frŏst, there's no returning sun:
Swift flies our summer, swift our autumn's fled,
When youth and love and spring and golden joys are gone.

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in the district of Kyle, on the 25th of January, 1759. He almost always wrote directly from nature. His poetry is replete with fire, humor, and pathos, combined with perfect simplicity and naturalness. His brightest effusions were born of his toils, aspirations, and sufferings. He died on the 21st of July, 1796.—[1] An ni hi lā' tion, destruction; act of reducing to nothing.

VII.

INGRATITUDE.—SHAKSPEARE.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind: thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky: thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.
Though thou the waters warp, thy tooth is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

VIII.

SEVERITY AND GENTLENESS.—GOLD PEN.

WHILE slumber bound mine eyes, last night,
Methought that from some lŏfty height
An eagle touch'd me in his flight!
I seized the bird, and struggling tried
To imprison him fast by my side:
Lŏng did he furious battle wage!
Hurt, I ŏft struck at him in rage!
But while I wounded him the more,
Deeper my bleeding side he tore,
Until at length, I, strāngely moved,
Stroked his fierce head as one who loved;
When lo, he ceased—he laid at rest,
Peaceful, serene upon my breast,
And I saw in the vision fair,
Now 'twas a dove that nestled there!

IX.

MERCY.—SHAKSPEARE.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blessèth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shows the fŏrce of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the fear and dread of kings?
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to Gŏd himself;
And earthly power doth then show likèst God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the cōurse of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

X.

MAN.—YOUNG.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strānge extremes
From different natures marvellously mix'd,
Connection ex'quisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereäl,[1] sullied, and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonor'd, still divine:
Dim miniature[2] of greatness absolute!
An heir of glōry! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lŏst! At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own: how Reason reels!
Oh what a mĭracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! What joy, what dread,
Alternately transpōrted and alarm'd!

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[1] E thē're al, formed of ether or thin air; celestial; heavenly.—
[2] Miniature (mĭn'e tūr), a representation of nature on a very small scale; likeness or picture.

What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An ăngel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angĕls can't confine me there!
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal!

133. Blennerhassett's Temptation.

A PLAIN man, who knew nothing of the curious transmutations[1] which the wit of man can work, would be vĕry apt to wonder by what kind of legerdemain[2] Aaron Burr[3] had contrived to shuffle himself down to the bottom of the pack, as an ac'cessory, and turn up poor Blennerhassett as principal, in this treason. Who, then, is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has borne in this transaction? He is its author, its projector, its active ĕx'ecūter. Bold, ardent, restless, and aspiring, his brain conceived it, his hand brought it into action.

2. Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country, to find quiet in ours. On his arrival in Amĕrica, he retired, even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western fŏrests. But he brought with him taste, and science, and wealth; and "lo, the desert smiled!" Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery that Shenstone[4] might have en-

[1] Trans mu tā' tion, a change into another substance or form.—[2] Leger-demain (lej er de mān'), sleight of hand; trick.—[3] Aaron Burr was born in Newark, N. J., February 5, 1756. His military talents secured for him the high position of lieutenant-colonel in the army of the Revolution; after which he acquired a prominent position as a great lawyer in New York, where he was made attorney-general in 1789. He was a member of the United States Senate from 1791 to 1797, where he was the leader of the republican party. He was made vice-president in 1800; killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel in 1804; was tried on a charge of treasonable designs against Mexico, at Richmond, Va., in 1807, of which he was finally acquitted; and died on Staten Island, September 14, 1836. His debauchery, and his unscrupulous conduct as a statesman, deprived him of all sympathy, and he left, accordingly, but an ill fame behind him.—[4] William Shenstone, a pleasing writer both of prose and verse, noted for his taste in landscape-gardening, was born in Shropshire, England, in 1714, and died in 1763.

ried, blooms around him. Music that might have charmed Calypso[1] and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its trĕasures before him. A philosophical apparātus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence, shed their mingled delights around him. And, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyŏnd her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of several children.

3. The *evidence* would convince you, Sir, that this is but a faint picture of the reäl life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity,—this feast of the mind, this pure banquet[2] of the heart,—the destroyer comes. He comes to turn this paradise into a hell. Yĕt the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A strānger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address.

4. The conquest[3] was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no designs itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guards before its breast. Every door and pōrtal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers! The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in chānging the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affections. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own coŭrage;—a daring and desperate thirst for glōry; an ardor, panting for all the storm, and bustle, and hŭrricane of life.

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[1] Calypso, a fabled nymph, who inhabited the island of Ogygia, on which Ulysses was shipwrecked.—[2] Banquet (bång' kwet).—[3] Conquest (kŏng kwest).

5. In a short time, the whōle man is chānged, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene: it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its frāgrance upon the air in vain—he likes it not. His ear no lŏnger drinks the rich melody of music: it lŏngs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the ānge smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diādems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors,—of Cromwell,[1] and Cæsar,[2] and Bonaparte.[3] His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly,"—we find her shivering, at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the tŏrrents that froze as they fell.

6. Yĕt this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness—thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another,—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drāma of guilt and treason—this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere ac'cessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, nēither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revōlting to reason! WILLIAM WIRT.

WILLIAM WIRT, an able American lawyer and miscellaneous writer, was born in Bladensburg, Maryland, November 8th, 1772. He was a private tutor at

[1] OLIVER CROMWELL, a great warrior and statesman, Lord Protector of England, was born on the 25th of April, 1599, and died on the 3d of September, 1659.—[2] CÆSAR, see p. 209, note 4.—[3] BONAPARTE, see p. 205, note 1.

fifteen; studied law; was admitted to the bar, in his twentieth year; removed to Richmond, Virginia, where he met with eminent success in his profession, and became chancellor and district-attorney. In 1817, in the presidency of MONROE, he became Attorney-general of the United States, an office which he held for twelve years. His defence of BLENNERHASSETT, in the famous trial of AARON BURR for treason, in 1807, from which the above extract is taken, won for him a great reputation for fervid eloquence. On his retirement from office, in 1829, he took up his permanent residence at Baltimore, where he became actively engaged in the practice of the law. He was the author of the "Old Bachelor," "The British Spy," "Life of Patrick Henry," &c. He died February 18th, 1834.

134. BATTLE OF WARSAW.

1. O SACRED truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued oppression pour'd to northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors, and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn!
Tumultuous hŏrror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland and to man.

2. Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid;
O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yĕt, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live, with her to die!

3. He said, and on the rampart heights array'd
His trusty warriors—few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a hŏrrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low, murmuring sounds alŏng their banners fly,
Revenge or death!—the watchword and reply:
Then peal'd the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm.

4. In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:
Oh, bloodiest picture in the "book of time!"

Sarmatia[1] fell, unwept, without a crime!
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career:
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko[2] fell!

5. The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air!
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smoldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call:
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious nature shudder'd at the cry. CAMPBELL

135. SCENE—HAMLET AND HIS MOTHER.[4]

Hamlet. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

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[1] Sarmatia, the classical name of Poland. For many centuries Poland existed as an independent and powerful State, but having fallen a prey to internal dissensions, it was violently seized by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and divided between them. The first partition took place in 1772, a second in 1793, and a third in 1795. The Poles have made several attempts to recover their liberty, the last of which was in 1830.—[2] THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO, a noble Pole, was born in 1756. When young, he served the United States in their war of independence against England, where he rose to the rank of general. He returned to Poland, and signalized himself at the head of one of her armies in 1792 and 1793; and when the Poles rose against their oppressors in 1794, he was made their generalissimo, and their dictator. He was wounded and taken prisoner by the Russians at the fatal battle of Maciovice, October 1st, 1794, and the complete downfall of his country soon followed. He closed his unstained and noble life in Switzerland, in 1817.—[3] See Biographical Sketch, p. 137.—[4] The father of HAMLET was king of Denmark, and was murdered by his own brother, who, within a short time after the murder, married Hamlet's mother. The ghost of Hamlet's father

Hamlet. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue
Hamlet. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Hamlet. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Hamlet. No, by the rood,[1] not so:
You are the queen; your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.
Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do?—thou wilt not murder me?
Hamlet. Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damnèd custom have not brazed it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Hamlet. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicer's oath! Oh, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

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had, in a previous scene, informed his son of his uncle's guilt, and exhorted him to avenge the murder. Hamlet, doubtful of the relation of the ghost, and fearful that it might be only the tale of a wicked spirit, laid a plot to convince himself of his uncle's participation in the murder; and the scene here given occurs after the successful issue of the plot, and he becomes fully convinced that his uncle was the murderer of his father.—[1] Rood, the cross, or an image of Christ on the cross, with the Virgin Mary and a saint, or St. John, on each side of it.

With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ah me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Hamlet. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;[1]
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's[2] curls; the front of Jove[3] himself;
An eye like Mars,[4] to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,[5]
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every gŏd did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband.—Look you, now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You can not call it love, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this?
Queen. Oh, speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my vĕry soul;
And there I see such black and grainèd spots,
As will not leave their tinct.[6] Oh, speak to me no more!
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

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[1] The two pictures were the likeness of his father, worn by Hamlet, and the likeness of his uncle, worn by Hamlet's mother.—[2] HYPERION was the father of Aurora, and the Sun and Moon; or, as Shakspeare represents, this is a name of APOLLO, the god of day, who was distinguished for his beauty.—[3] JOVE, see p. 337, note 4.—[4] MARS, an ancient Roman god, who, at an early period, was identified with the Greek ARES, or the god delighting in bloody war. Next to JUPITER, MARS enjoyed the highest honors at Rome.—[5] MERCURY, in *mythology*, the messenger and interpreter of the gods, and the god of eloquence and of commerce, called HERMES by the Greeks.—[6] Tinct (tingkt), spot; stain; color.

Hamlet. A murderer and a villain:
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precēdent lord:—a vice of kings:
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diädem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more!
Hamlet. A king
Of shreds and patches;—— [*Enter* GHOST.
Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?
Queen. Alas, he's mad!
Hamlet. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
Oh, say!
Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Hamlet. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Whereon do you look?
Hamlet. On him! on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Hamlet. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Hamlet. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.
Hamlet. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the pōrta.!

[*Exit* Ghost

Queen. This is the vĕry coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creätion, ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Hamlet. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Hamlet. Oh, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night: once more, good-night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you. Shakspeare.[1]

136. Public Virtue.

I HOPE, that in all that relates to personal firmness, all that concerns a just appreciation of the insignificance of human life,—whatever may be attempted to threaten or alarm a soul not easily swayed by opposition, or awed or intimidated by mĕnace, —a stout heart and a steady eye, that can survey', unmoved and undaunted, any mere personal perils that assail this poor, transient, perishing frame,—I may, without disparagement, compare with other men.

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 348.

2. But there is a sort of coŭrage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess,—a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I can not covet. I can not lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I can not, I have not the courage to do. I can not interpose the power with which I may be invested—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my ag'grandīzement, but for my country's good—to check her onward march to greatness and glōry. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that.

3. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a trust, lie down, and place my body acrŏss the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of coŭrage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prŏmpts the pātriot to ŏffer himself a voluntary sācrifice to his country's good.

4. Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest coŭrage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, ēgotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes, in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions can not see beyŏnd the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself.

5. The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a pātriotism, which, soaring toward heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transpōrting thought of the good and the glōry of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism, which, cătching its inspirations from the immortal Gŏd, and leaving at an imměasurable distance below all lesser, grŏveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prŏmpts to deeds of self-sācrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself,—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest, of all public virtues. HENRY CLAY.

HENRY CLAY, a distinguished statesman of the United States, was born at the *Slashes*, Hanover county, Virginia, on the 12th of April, 1777. His father, a

clergyman, died in 1781, and HENRY acquired the rudiments of an education at a log school-house. At an early age he became clerk of the Court of Chancery in Richmond. He commenced the study of law at the age of nineteen, was admitted to the bar at the close of one year, and removed to Lexington, Ky., where he practiced his profession with great success. In 1803 he was elected to the legislature of his State, and in 1806 and 1809, was appointed to fill vacancies in the national senate. In 1811 he was chosen a member of the House of Representatives, and was at once elected speaker, which office he retained until his appointment, in January, 1814, as one of the commissioners to negotiate the Treaty of Ghent. On his return he was reëlected to Congress; and, in 1823, was again elected speaker of the House. During the presidency of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS he was secretary of state. In 1831 he was elected United States senator from Kentucky, and was soon after nominated a candidate for the presidency, but was defeated. In 1836 he was reëlected to the United States Senate, and served until 1842. In 1844 he was again nominated to the presidency, and again defeated. He was returned to the U. S. Senate in 1849, and died on the 29th of June, 1852, at the age of 75 years. He was ever an advocate of "protection to American industry" by a sufficient tariff, and of "internal improvements." He was in favor of the war in 1812, of the recognition of the South American republics, and of the independence of Greece. Some of his noblest oratorical efforts were delivered in support of these measures. His speeches are sincere, impassioned, and distinguished for their eminent practicalness. Full, flowing, sensuous, his style of oratory was modulated by a voice of sustained sweetness and power, and a heart of chivalrous courtesy. His life and speeches, compiled and edited by MALLORY, in two volumes, 8vo., appeared in 1843; and his "Life and Times," and entire works, by CALVIN COLTON, have since been published in New York.

137. WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND FRANKLIN'S STAFF.[1]

THE sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh, Sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the plowshare! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! Washington and Franklin! What other two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time?

2. Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race,—ever manifest-

[1] From an address in the U. S. House of Representatives, on the reception of these memorials by Congress.

ing, amidst its hŏrrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity; in peace, soothing the ferōcious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that vĕry sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ăncient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.[2]

3. Franklin! The mechanic of his own fortune; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive scepter of oppression: while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-creăted Nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inex'orable cruelty and merciless rapăcity of war.

4. And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to Gŏd, to that Constitution under the authŏrity of which we are here assembled, as the Representatives of the North Amĕrican People, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated Republic—these sacred symbols of our golden age.

5. May they be deposited among the archives of our govern-

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[2] Orpheus, a mythical personage, was regarded by the Greeks as the most celebrated of the early poets who lived before the time of Homer. Presented with the lyre of Apollo, and instructed by the Muses in its use, he enchanted with its music not only the wild beasts, but the trees and rocks upon Olympus, so that they moved from their places to follow the sound of his golden harp.

ment! And may every Amĕrican, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled ŏffering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world; and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our belovèd country, from age to age, till time shall be no more!

J. Q. Adams.

John Quincy Adams, a distinguished American statesman and scholar, son of John Adams, the second president of the United States, was born at Braintree, Massachusetts, on the 11th of July, 1767. He was cradled in the Revolution, and when but nine years old heard the first reading of the Declaration of Independence from the old State House in Boston. His early education devolved principally on his noble and accomplished mother. In 1778, in his eleventh year, he accompanied his father on his mission to France; and during that and the following year he was at school in Paris. In 1780 he entered the public school of Amsterdam, and subsequently the University of Leyden. In 1781 he was made private secretary to the Hon. Francis Dana, Minister to Russia. He joined his father in Holland in 1783, and returned home in 1785. He entered an advanced class at Harvard, and took his degree in 1787, the year after his admission. In 1790 he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of law at Boston, which he continued, varying his occupation by communications for the "Centinel," signed Publicola and Marcellus, until his appointment as Minister to the Hague, in 1794, by Washington. He was elected to the State Senate in 1801, and in 1803 a member of the Senate of the United States, and sat until 1808. He had previously, in 1806, been appointed professor of rhetoric in Harvard, and continued the discharge of his duties until his resignation, in 1809, to accept the mission to Russia, offered him by Madison. He published his college lectures, in two octavo volumes, in 1810. He was called from his brilliant Russian diplomatic career in 1815, to aid in negotiating the treaty of peace with England at Ghent, and was appointed minister to that country in the same year. In 1817 he returned home, was appointed secretary of state by Monroe, and remained in that office eight years, when he was himself chosen to the presidency. He remained in office one term, and was immediately after elected a member of the House of Representatives from his native State, a position which he retained till his death. In the sixty-fifth year of active public service, he died in the capitol at Washington—in the scene of his chief triumphs—suddenly, on the 23d of February, 1848. His last words were, "This is the end of earth—I am content." Through his long and active political career, Mr. Adams retained a fondness for literature. He was, altogether, one of the most remarkable men of this century. His various and voluminous works exhibit a marked nationality, and a wisdom which astonishes by its universality and profoundness.

138. A Forest Nook.

1. A NOOK within the fŏrest; overhead
The branches arch, and shape a pleasant bower,
Breaking white cloud, blue sky, and sunshine bright,

Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,
And flecks of gold; a sŏft cool emerald tint
Colors the air, as though the delicate leaves
Emitted self-born light. What splendid walls
And what a gorgeous roof[1] carved by the hand
Of glōrious Nature!

2. Here the spruce[2] thrusts in
Its bristling plume, tipp'd with its pale-green points;
The scallop'd beech leaf, and the birch's, cut
Into firm rugged edges, interlace:
While here and there,[3] through[4] clefts, the laurel lifts
Its snowy chalices half-brimm'd with dew,
As though to hoard it for the haunting[5] elves
The moonlight calls to this their festal hall.
A thick, rich, grassy[6] carpet clothes the earth,[7]
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The fern[8] displays
Its fluted wreath, beaded beneath with drops
Of richest brown; the wild-rose spreads its breast
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging fir
Has dropp'd its dark, lŏng cone.

3. The scorching glare[9]
Without, makes this green nest a grateful haunt
For summer's radiant things; the butterfly
Fluttering within and resting on some flower,
Fans his rich velvet form; the toiling bee
Shoots by, with sounding hum and mist-like wings;
The robin perches[10] on the bending spray
With shrill, quick chirp;[11] and like a flake of fire
The redbird seeks the shelter of the leaves.
And now and then a flutter overhead
In the thick green, betrays some wandering wing
Coming and going, yĕt conceal'd from sight.
A shrill, loud outcry—on yŏn highest bough
Sits the gray squirrel,[12] in his burlesque wrath[13]
Stamping and chattering fiercely: now he drops

[1] Rōof.—[2] Spruce (sprōs).—[3] There (thār).—[4] Through (thrō).—[5] Hăunt'ing.—[6] Grăss' y.—[7] Earth (ĕrth).—[8] Fērn.—[9] Glāre.—[10] Pērch' es.—[11] Chirp (chĕrp).—[12] Squirrel (skwĕr' rel).—[13] Wrăth.

A hoarded nut, then at my smiling gaze
Buries himself within the foliage.

4. The insect tribe are here: the ant toils on
With its white burden; in its netted web
Gray glistening o'er the bush, the spider lurks,[1]
A close crouch'd ball, out-darting as a hum
Tells its trapp'd prey, and looping quick its threads,
Chains into helplessness the buzzing wings.
The wood-tick taps its tiny muffled drum
To the shrill cricket-fife, and swelling loud,
The grasshopper its swelling bugle winds.
Those breaths of Nature, the light fluttering airs,[2]
Like gentle respirations, come and go,
Lift on its crimson stem the maple leaf,
Displaying its white lining underneath,
And sprinkle from the tree-tops golden rain
Of sunshine on the velvet sward below.

5. Such nooks[3] as this are common in the woods:
And all these sights and sounds the commonest
In Nature, when she wears[4] her summer prime.
Yĕt by them pass[5] not lightly: to the wise
They tell the beauty and the harmony
Of e'en the lowliest things that Gŏd has made;
That his familiar earth and sky are full
Of his ineffable power and majesty;
That in the humble objects, seen too ŏft
To be regarded, is such wondrous grace,
The art of man is vain to imitate;
That the low flower our careless foot[6] treads down
Is a rich shrine of incense delicate,
And rādiant beauty, and that Gŏd hath form'd
All, from the cloud-wreath'd mountain, to the grain
Of silver sand the bubbling spring casts[7] up,
With deepest forethought and severest care.[8]
And thus these noteless lovely things are types
Of his perfection and divinity.

STREET.[9]

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[1] Lurks (lĕrks).—[2] Airs (ârz).—[3] Nŏoks.—[4] Wears (wârz).—[5] Pâss.—[6] Foot (fût).—[7] Câsts.—[8] Câre.—[9] See Biographical Sketch, p. 202.

139. Forest Trees.

I HAVE paused more than once in the wilderness of Amĕrica, to contem'plate the traces of some blast of wind, which seemed to have rushed down from the clouds, and ripped its way through the bosom of the woodlands; rooting up, shivering, and splintering the stoutest trees, and leaving a lŏng track of desolation. There is something awful in the vast havoc made among these gigantic plants; and in considering their magnificent remains, so rudely torn and mangled, hurled down to perish prematurely on their native soil, I was conscious of a strŏng movement of sympathy with the wood-nymphs, grieving to be dispossessed of their ān'cient habitations.

2. I recollect also hearing a traveler of poĕtical temperament, expressing the kind of hŏrror which he felt in beholding, on the banks of the Missouri, an oak of prodigious size, which had been in a manner overpowered by an enormous wild grape-vine. The vine had clasped its huge folds round the trunk, and from thence had wound about every branch and twig, until the mighty tree had withered in its embrace. It seemed like Laöc'oön[1] struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the monster Python.[2] It was the lion of trees perishing in the embraces of a vegetable Boa.

3. I am fond of listening to the conversation of English gentlemen on rural concerns, and of noticing with what taste and discrimination, and what strŏng, unaffected interest, they will discuss topics, which, in other countries, are abandoned to mere woodmen or rustic cultivators. I have heard a noble earl

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[1] La ŏc' o ŏn, a Trojan, and a priest of Apollo, who tried to dissuade his countrymen from drawing into the city the wooden horse of the Greeks, which finally caused the overthrow of Troy. When preparing to sacrifice a bull to Neptune, two fearful serpents suddenly rushed upon him and his two sons and strangled them. His death formed the subject of many ancient works of art; and a magnificent group, representing the father and his two sons entwined by the two serpents, is still extant, and preserved in the Vatican, at Rome.—[2] Python, a celebrated serpent that lived in the caves of Mount Parnassus, but was slain by Apollo, who founded the Pythian games in commemoration of his victory, and received, in consequence, the surname *Pythius*. This, however, was not one of the serpents that destroyed Laocoon.

descant′ on park and fŏrest scenery, with the science and feeling of a painter. He dwelt on the shape and beauty of particular trees on his estate with as much pride and technical precision as though he had been discussing the merits of statues in his collection. I found that he had gŏne considerable distances to examine trees which were celebrated among rural amateurs′; for it seems that trees, like horses, have their established points of excellence, and that there are some in England which enjoy very extensive celebrity from being perfect in their kind.

4. There is something nobly simple and pure in such a taste. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have this strŏng relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glōrious sons of the fŏrest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and free-born, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He can not expect to sit in its shade nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the ideä that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lŏfty pile, and shall keep on floŭrishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind, lŏng after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.

5. Indeed, it is the nature of such occupations to lift the thought above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and breathe fŏrth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The āncient and hereditary groves, too, that embower this island, are most of them full of stōry. They are haunted by the recollections of the great spirits of past ages, who have sought for relaxation among them, from the tumult of arms, or the toils of state, or have wooed the muse beneath their shade.

6. It is becoming, then, for the high and generous spirits of an āncient nation to cherish these sacred groves that surround their ancestral mansions, and to perpetuate them to their de-

scendants. Brought up, as I have been, in republican habits and principles, I can feel nothing of the servile reverence for titled rank, merely because it is titled. But I trust I am nēither churl nor bigot in my creed. I do see and feel how hereditary distinction, when it falls to the lot of a generous mind, may elevate that mind into true nobility.

7. It is one of the effects of hereditary rank, when it falls thus happily, that it multiplies the duties, and, as it were, extends the existence of the possessor. He does not feel himself a mere individual link in creātion, responsible only for his own brief term of being. He carries back his existence in proud recollection, and he extends it forward in honorable anticipation. He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity. To bōth does he consider himself involved in deep responsibilities. As he has received much from those that have gŏne before, so he feels bound to transmit much to those who are to come after him.

8. His domestic undertakings seem to imply a lŏnger existence than those of ordinary men. None are so apt to build and plant for future centuries, as noble-spirited men who have received their heritages from foregoing ages. I can easily imagine, therefore, the fondness and pride with which I have noticed English gentlemen, of generous temperaments, but high aristocratic feelings, contem'plating those magnificent trees, which rise like towers and pyramids from the midst of their paternal lands. There is an affinity between all natures, animate and inanimate. The oak, in the pride and lustihood of its growth, seems to me to take its rānge with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man.

9. With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct toward heaven, bearing up its leafy honors from the impurities of earth, and supporting them alōft in free air and glōrious sunshine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman *should be;* a refuge for the weak,—a shelter for the oppressed,—a defence for the defenceless; warding ŏff from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power. He who is *this*, is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who is *otherwise*, abuses his eminent advantages;—abuses the grandeur and prosperity which he has drawn from the bosom of his

country. Should tempests arise, and he be laid prostrate by the storm, who would mourn over his fall? Should he be borne down by the oppressive hand of power, who would murmur at his fate?—"WHY CUMBERETH HE THE GROUND?" IRVING.

140. GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

1. THE groves were Gŏd's first temples. Ere man learn'd
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,[2]
And spread the roof[3] above them,—ere he framed
The lŏfty vault, to găther and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And ŏffer'd to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,
Mingled their mŏssy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that sway'd at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bow'd
His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah! why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ăncient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadŏw of this agèd wood,
Offer one hymn; thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

2. Father, thy hand
Hath rear'd these venerable columns: thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun

See Biographical Sketch, p. 114.—[2] Architrave (ărk'i trăv), in architecture, one of the parts of an order above the column which lies immediately upon it.—[3] Rŏof.

Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

3. Here are seen
No traces of man's pŏmp or pride; no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to chānge the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here; thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the sŏft winds
That run alŏng the summits of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.

4. Here is continual worship; nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yŏn clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells sŏftly fŏrth, and visits the strŏng roots
Of half the mighty fŏrest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does.

5. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyŏnd the deep,
E'er wore his crown as lŏftily as he
Wears the green cŏronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare

Of the broad sun. That delicate fŏrest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

6. My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great mĭracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creätion, finish'd, yet renew'd
Forever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die: but see, again,
How, on the faltering footsteps of decay,
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms. These lŏfty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Molder beneath them.

7. Oh! there is not lŏst
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yĕt,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mŏcks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death; yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulcher, and blooms and smiles,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own noŭrishment. For he came fŏrth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

8. There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seem'd
Less agèd than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been holy men,
Who deem'd it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and, in thy presence, reassure
My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,

UNIVE... CALIFO...

The passions, at thy plainer footsteps, shrink,
And tremble, and are still.

9. O Gŏd! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots[1] the woods,
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities;—who forgĕts not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by!
Oh! from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath[2]
Of the mad, unchain'd elements, to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives. BRYANT.

141. TRUST IN GOD.

1. HOW beautiful this dome of sky!
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fix'd
At Thy command, how awful! Shall the soul,
Human and rătional, repōrt of Thee
Even less than these? Be mute who will, who can,
Yĕt I will praise Thee with impassion'd voice:
My lips, that may forgĕt Thee in the crowd,
Can not forget Thee here, where Thou hast built,
For Thy own glōry, in the wilderness.

2. Me didst Thou constitute a priest of Thine,
In such a temple as we now behold
Rear'd for Thy presence; therefore am I bound
To worship here—and everywhere—as one

[1] Up rŏot'.—[2] Wrăth. —[3] See Biographical Sketch, p. 118.

Not doom'd to ignorance, though fŏrced to tread,
From childhood up, the ways of poverty,
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
And from debasement rescued. By Thy grace
The particle divine remain'd unquench'd;
And, mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to floŭrish deathless flowers,
From Paradise transplanted. Wintry age
Impends: the frŏst will găther round my heart,
And if they wither, I am worse than dead.

3. Come labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath; come disease and want,
And sad exclusion through decay of sense;
But leave me unabated trust in Thee;
And let Thy favor, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things,
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
And will possess my pōrtion in content.

4. And what are things eternal?—Powers depart,
Possessions vanish, and opinions chānge,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat:
But by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
And subject nēither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists;—immutably survive,
For our support, the mĕasures and the forms,
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies;
Whose kingdom is where time and space are not.
Of other converse, which mind, soul, and heart,
Do, with united urgency, require,
What more, that may not perish?

5. Thou, dread Sōurce,
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all,
That, in the scale of being, fill their place,
Above all human region, or below,
Set and sustain'd;—Thou, who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that Thyself,
Therein, with our simplicity awhile,

Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturb'd,—
Who, from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restorest us, daily, to the powers of sense,
And reason's steadfast rule,—Thou, Thou alone,
Art everlasting.

6 This universe shall pass away,—a frame
Glōrious! because the shadōw of Thy might,—
A step, or link, for intercōurse with Thee.
Ah! if the time must come, in which my feet
No more shall stray where meditation leads,
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
Loved haunts like these, the unimprison'd mind
May yĕt have scope to rānge among her own,
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.

7. If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
Still it may be allow'd me to remember
What visionary powers of eye and soul,
In youth, were mine; when station'd on the top
Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld
The sun rise up, from distant climes return'd,
Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring the day,
His bounteous gift! or saw him, toward the deep
Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds
Attended! Then my spirit was entranced[1]
With joy exalted to beatitude;[2]
The mĕasure of my soul was fill'd with bliss,
And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with light,
With pŏmp, with glōry, with magnificence!

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the greatest of metaphysical poets, and one of the purest and most blameless of men, was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland county, England, on the 7th of April, 1770. He read much in boyhood, and wrote some verses. He received his early education at the endowed school of Hawkshead; entered St. Johns College, Cambridge, in 1787; and though he disliked the system of the university, and attended little to the studies of the

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Entranced (en trånst'), enchanted; put into an ecstasy.—[2] Be åt' i-tude, highest happiness; blessedness; glory.

place, graduated with his degree of B. A. in 1791. In the close of the same year he went to France, where he passed nearly a year; and there he wrote the poem called "Descriptive Sketches," which, with "The Evening Walk," was published in 1793. In 1795 he received a legacy of £900 from his friend, RAISLEY CALVERT, and at the close of the same began to live with his sister, their first residence being at Racedown, Dorsetshire. He here made the acquaintance of COLERIDGE, and wrote many of the fine passages that afterward appeared in "The Excursion." In the autumn of 1798 he published the first edition of his "Lyrical Ballads," and then went to Germany with his sister and COLERIDGE; and, the party separating, Miss WORDSWORTH and her brother passed the winter at Goslar, in Hanover. Here were written "Lucy Gray" and several beautiful pieces. His long residence among the lakes of his native district began immediately after his return to England. His second volume of "Lyrical Ballads" appeared at the close of 1800, with a reprint of the first. In 1802 he married MARY HUTCHINSON, of Penrith, to whose amiability his poems pay warm and beautiful tributes. In the spring of 1813, after various changes of residence, he took up his abode at Rydal Mount, two miles from Grasmere, which was his home for thirty-seven years, and the scene of his death. There, too, he was appointed distributor of stamps for Westmoreland; an office which was executed by a clerk, and yielded about £500 a year. In the summer of 1814 was published "The Excursion," a poem which, if judged by its best passages, without regard to design, has hardly an equal in our language. The following year appeared "The White Doe of Rylstone," a work which, while it evinces the author's incapacity to plan or conduct a sustained narrative, is instinct with dreamy loveliness. From his fiftieth to his eightieth year the poet traveled much, suffered a great deal, and wrote but little. In 1842 he resigned his distributorship in favor of one of his two sons, and received from Sir ROBERT PEEL a pension of £300 a year. In 1843 he was appointed poet-laureate. He died on the 23d of April, 1850.

142. SCENE FROM THE LADY OF LYONS.[1]

MELNOTTE'S *cottage*—WIDOW *bustling about. A table spread for supper.*

Widow. So—I think that looks vĕry neat. He sent me a line, so blotted that I can scarcely read it, to say he would be here almost immediately. She must have loved him well indeed, to have forgotten his birth; for though he was introduced to her in disguise, he is too honorable not to have revealed to her the artifice which her love only could forgive. Well, I do not wonder at it; for though my son is not a prince, he ought to be one, and that's almost as good. [*Knock at the door.*] Ah! here they are.

[1] CLAUDE MELNOTTE, who had received many indignities to his slighted love, from PAULINE, married her under the false appearance of an Italian prince. He afterward repents his bitter revenge; makes immediate amends; and, impelled by affection, virtue, and a laudable ambition, finally conquers a position, and becomes, in fact, her husband.

Enter MELNOTTE *and* PAULINE.

Widow. Oh, my boy—the pride of my heart!—welcome, welcome! I beg pardon, Ma'am, but I do love him so!

Pauline. Good woman, I really—Why, Prince, what is this?—does the old woman know you? Oh, I guess you have done her some service. Another proof of your kind heart, is it not?

Melnotte. Of my kind heart, ay!

Pauline. So, you know the prince?

Widow. Know him, Madame?—Ah, I begin to fear it is you who know him not!

Pauline. Do you think she is mad? Can we stay here, my lord? I think there's something vĕry wild about her.

Melnotte. Madame, I—No, I can not tell her! My knees knock togĕther: what a coward is a man who has lŏst his honor! Speak to her—speak to her—[*to his mother*]—tell her that—O Heaven, that I were dead!

Pauline. How confused he looks!—this strănge place—this woman—what can it mean? I half suspect—Who are you, Madame?—who are you? Can't you speak? are you struck dumb?

Widow. Claude, you have not deceived her?—Ah, shame upon you! I thought that, before you went to the altar, she was to have known all?

Pauline. All! what? My blood freezes in my veins!

Widow. Poor lady!—dare I tell her, Claude?

[MELNOTTE *makes a sign of assent.*

Know you not then, Madame, that this young man is of poor though honest parents? Know you not that you are wedded to my son, Claude Melnotte?

Pauline. Your son! hold! hold! do not speak to me—[*approaches* MELNOTTE *and lays her hand on his arm.*] Is this a jest? Is it? I know it is: only speak—one word—one look—one smile. I can not believe—I, who loved thee so—I can not believe that thou art such a—No, I will not wrŏng thee by a harsh word.—Speak!

Melnotte. Leave us—have pity on her, on me: leave us.

Widow. O Claude! that I should live to see thee bowed by shame! thee, of whom I was so proud! [*Exit* WIDOW

Pauline. Her son! her son!

Melnotte. Now, lady, hear me.

Pauline. Hear thee

Ay, speak. Her son! have fiends a parent? Speak,
That thou mayst silence curses—Speak!

Melnotte. No, curse me:

Thy curse would blast me less than thy forgiveness.

Pauline [*laughing wildly*]. "This is thy palace, where the perfumed light
Steals through the mist of alabaster lămps,
And every air is heavy with the sighs
Of ŏrange-groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains, that gush fōrth
I' the midst of roses!" Dost thou like the picture?
THIS is my bridal home, and THOU my bridegroom!
O fool!—O dupe!—O wretch!—I see it all—
The by-word and the jeer of every tongue
In Lyons! Hast thou in thy heart one touch
Of human kindness? If thou hast, why, kill me,
And save thy wife from madness. No, it can not,
It can not be! this is some hŏrrid dream:
I shall wake soon. [*Touching him.*] Art flesh? art man? or but
The shadōws seen in sleep?—It is too reäl.
What have I done to thee—how sinn'd against thee,
That thou shouldst crush me thus?

Melnotte. Pauline! by pride

Angels have fallen ere thy time; by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mold—
The evil spirit of a bitter love,
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
From my first years, my soul was fill'd with thee:
I saw thee, midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmark'd by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
I saw thee! and the passionate heart of man
Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy;
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer! Well! this love,

Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope:
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens, sprung from kings,
Have stoop'd from their high sphere; how Love, like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the scepter. Thus I made my home
In the sŏft palace of a fairy Future!
My father died; and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin jailers of the daring heart—
Low Birth and iron Fortune. Thy bright image,
Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of glōry,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters men! For thee I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages:
For thee I sought to bŏrrōw from each Grace,
And every Muse, such attributes as lend
Ideäl charms to Love. I thought of thee,
And Passion taught me poësy—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty!—Art became the shadōw
Of the dear star-light of thy haunting eyes!
Men call'd me vain—some mad: I heeded not,
But still toil'd on—hoped on—for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!

Pauline. Has he a magic to exorcise hate?

Melnotte. At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into sŏng,
And sent them to thee,—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.
The name—appended by the burning heart
That lŏng'd to show its idol what bright things
It had creäted—yea, the enthusiast's name
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn
That vĕry hour,—when passion, turn'd to wrath,

Resembled hatred most—when thy disdain
Made my whōle soul a chaos,—in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
It turn'd and stung thee!

Pauline. Love, Sir, hath no sting.
What was the slight of a poor powerless girl,
To the deep wrŏng of this most vile revenge?
Oh, how I loved this man!—a serf!—a slave!

Melnotte. Hold, lady!—No, not slave! Despair is free.
I will not tell thee of the throes—the struggles—
The anguish—the remorse. No—let it pass!
And let me come to such most poor atonement
Yĕt in my power. Pauline!— [*Approaching her with great emotion, and about to take her hand.*

Pauline. No, touch me not!
I know my fate. You are, by law, my tyrant;
And I—O Heaven!—a peasant's wife! I'll work,
Toil, drudge; do what thou wilt; but touch me not:
Let my wrŏngs make me sacred!

Melnotte. Do not fear me.
Thou dost not know me, Madame: at the altar
My vengeance ceased—my guilty oath expired!
Hencefŏrth, no image of some marbled saint,
Niched in cathedral's aisles, is hallow'd mōre
From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrŏng.
I am thy husband—nay, thou need'st not shudder;—
Here, at thy feet, I lay a husband's rights.
A marriage thus unholy—unfulfill'd—
A bond of fraud—is, by the laws of France,
Made void and null. To-night, then, sleep—in peace.
To-mŏrrōw, pure and virgin as this morn
I bore thee, bathed in blushes, from the altar,
Thy father's arms shall take thee to thy home.
The law shall do thee justice, and restōre
Thy right to bless another with thy love.
And when thou art happy, and hast half forgot
Him who so loved—so wrŏng'd thee, think at least
Heaven left some remnant of the ăngel still

In that poor peasant's nature!—Ho! my mother!

Enter WIDOW.

Conduct this lady (she is not my wife—
She is our guest, our honor'd guest, my mother!)
To the poor chamber where the sleep of virtue
Never beneath my father's honest roof
E'en villains dared to mar! Now, lady, now,
I think thou wilt believe me.—Go, my mother!

Widow. She is not thy wife!

Melnotte. Hush! hush! for mercy sake:
Speak not, but go. [WIDOW *ascends the stairs;* PAULINE *follows weeping—turns to look back*

Melnotte [*sinking down*]. All angels bless and guard her!

LYTTON.

Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, youngest son of the late Gen. Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norwalk, England, who has assumed the surname of his mother's family, was born in 1805. He exhibited proofs of superior talents at a very early period, having written verses when only five or six years old. His preliminary studies were conducted under the eye of his mother, a woman of cultivated taste and rare accomplishments. He graduated with honor at Trinity College, Oxford, having won the chancellor's medal for the best English poem. In 1826, at the age of twenty-one, he published "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a small volume of poems; and the following year his first novel, "Falkland," appeared Since that time he has been constantly before the public as an author, both in prose and verse. Of his numerous novels, perhaps, "Rienzi" is the most complete, high-toned, and energetic. Soon after publishing "Eugene Aram," about 1832, he became editor of the "New Monthly Magazine;" and to that journal he contributed essays and criticisms, subsequently published under the title of "The Student." Of his dramas, "The Lady of Lyons" "Richelieu," and "Money," are, perhaps, three of the most popular plays now upon the stage. The first of these, from which the preceding extract is taken, seldom fails of drawing tears when well represented. Few authors have displayed more versatility. His language and imagery are often exquisite, and his power of delineating certain classes of character and manners superior to that of any of his contemporaries. He commenced his political life in 1831, when he entered parliament, where he became conspicuous for his advocacy of the rights of dramatic authors, and for his liberal opinions on other questions. In the general election of 1842, he lost his seat, and was not again returned until 1852. His speeches in parliament, and his addresses, have served to raise his reputation His inaugural address as rector of the University of Glasgow, in particular, has been greatly admired.

143. THE MUSQUITO.

1. FAIR insect! that, with thread-like legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,

Dost murmur,[1] as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

2. Unwillingly, I own—and, what is worse,[2]
Full angrily—men hearken to thy plaint;
Thou gĕttest many a brush and many a curse,[3]
For saying thou art gaunt,[4] and starved, and faint:
Even the old beggar, while he asks[5] for food,
Would kill thee, hapless strānger, if he could.

3. I call thee strānger, for the town, I ween,
Has not the honor of so proud a birth:[6]
Thou comest from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
The ŏffspring of the gŏds, though born on earth;[7]
For Titan[8] was thy sire, and fair[9] was she,
The ocean-nymph that nursed[10] thy infancy.

4. Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,
And when, at length, thy gauzy wings grew strŏng,
Abroad to gentle airs[11] their folds were flung,
Rose in the sky, and bore thee sŏft alŏng;
The south wind breathed to waft[12] thee on thy way,
And danced[13] and shŏne beneath the billōwy bay.

5. Calm[14] rose afar the city spires, and thence
Came the deep murmur of its thrŏng of men,
And as its grateful odors met thy sense,
They seem'd the per'fumes of thy native fen.
Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight
Thy tīny sŏng grew shriller with delight.

6. At length thy pinion flutter'd in Broadway:
Ah, there[15] were fairy[16] steps, and white necks kiss'd
By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray
Shŏne through[17] the snowy vails like stars through mist;

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[1] Murmur (mĕr'mer).—[2] Worse (wĕrs).—[3] Curse (kĕrs).—[4] Gâunt.—Asks (åsks).—[6] Birth (bĕrth).—[7] Earth (ĕrth).—[8] Titan, a name often used by the ancients for Helios, the sun.—[9] Fâir.—[10] Nursed (nĕrst).—[11] Airs (årz).—[12] Wâft.—[13] Danced (dânst).—[14] Calm (kâm).—[15] There (thâr).—[16] Fairy (fâr'ĭ).—[17] Through (thrô)

And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,
Bloom'd the bright blood through the transparent' skin.

7 Sure these were sights to tempt an anchorite![2]
What! do I hear thy slender voice complain?
Thou wailèst when I talk of beauty's light,
As if it brought the memory of pain.
Thou art a wayward being: well—come near,
And pōur thy tale of sŏrrōw in my ear.

8 What say'st thou, slanderer!—rouge[3] makes thee sick?
And China Bloom at best is sŏrry food?
And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,
Poisons the thirsty[4] wretch that bores for blood?
Go! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime;
But shun the săcrilĕge another time.

9. That bloom was made to look at—not to touch;
To worship[5]—not approach—that rādiant white;
And well might sudden vengeance light on such
As dared,[6] like thee, most impiously to bite.
Thou shouldst have gazed at distance, and admired—
Murmur'd thy admiration, and retired.

10. Thou'rt welcome to the town; but why come here
To bleed a brother poĕt, gaunt[7] like thee?
Alas![8] the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet[9] drawn from me.
Look round—the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,
Thy old acquaintance, Sŏng and Famine, dwell.

11. Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood
Enrich'd by generous wine and cŏstly meat:
On well-fill'd skins, sleek as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump, and press thy freckled feet:
Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,
The oyster breeds, and the green turtle[10] sprawls.

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[1] Trans pâr' ent.—[2] Anchorite (ăngk' o rit), a recluse; a hermit; one who retires from the world from religious motives.—[3] Rouge (rōz).—[4] Thirsty (thĕrst' ĭ).—[5] Worship (wĕr' ship).—[6] Dâred.—[7] Gâunt.—[8] A lâs'
[9] Banquet (băng' kwet.—[10] Turtle (tĕr' tl).

12. There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows,
To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose
Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow;
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

W. C. BRYANT.[1]

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144. A TAILOR'S EVENING SOLILOQUY.

1. DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom button'd it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meager ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

2. Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?[2]
It is, it is that deep-injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with;—but yĕt I love thee
Thou giant rose, wrapp'd in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweeten'd the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemèst like a bankrupt beau,
Stripp'd of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

3. Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
Oh no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the pātron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;

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[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 118.—[2] Cabbage, a term applied to "cloth purloined or stolen by one employed to cut out a garment."

I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;
They had an ancient goose,—it was an heir-loom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happen'd I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me,—oh, most fearfully!

4. It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom: I can feel
With all around me; I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle; and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of my legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

O. W. HOLMES.[1]

145. SPEECH OF SERGEANT BUZFUZ.

YOU heard from my learnèd friend, Gentlemen of the Jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, Gentlemen, is a widōw; yes, Gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, some time before his death, became the father, Gentlemen, of a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and cōurted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell-street;

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 217.

and here she placed in her front parlor-window a written pla card', bearing this inscription,—"APARTMENTS FURNISHED FOR A SINGLE GENTLEMAN. INQUIRE WITHIN."

2. Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, Gentlemen, were derived from a lŏng contemplation of the ines'timable qualities of her lŏst husband. She had no fear,—she had no distrust,—all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widōw, "was a man of honor,—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word,—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver,—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself: to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be .et."

3. Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, Gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widōw dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor-windōw. Did it remain there lŏng? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work! Before the bill had been in the parlor-windōw three days,—three days, Gentlemen,—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house! He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the vĕry next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick,—Pickwick, the defendant!

4. Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, Gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, Gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revōlting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy. I say systematic villainy, Gentlemen; and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in cōurt, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in his discharge of his duty, is nēither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do ēither the one or the other will recoil on the head of the at-

tempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

5. I shall show you, Gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whŏle of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpence, to her little boy. I shall prove to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms ŏffered her marriage,—previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, Gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses,—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

6. And now, Gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties,—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye,—letters that were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—"Garraway's, twelve o'clock.—Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! And Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallŏw artifices as these?

7. The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious:—"Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home to-mŏrrōw. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression,—"Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan." The warming-pan! Why, Gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute

for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whŏle of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, Gentlemen, as he will find to his cŏst, will very soon be greased by you!

8. But enough of this, Gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gŏne indeed. The bill is down; but there is no tenant! Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass; but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without! All is gloom and silence in the house: even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant spŏrts are disregarded, when his mother weeps.

9. But Pickwick, Gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic ō'asis in the desert of Goswell-street,—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward,—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato-sauce and warming-pans,—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made! Damages, Gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him,—the only recompense you can award to my client! And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative Jury of her civilized countrymen!

CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS, the famous English novelist, was born at Portsmouth, in February, 1812. At an early period he became reporter for the newspaper press of London, and thus escaped the cramping necessity of depending for subsistence upon his first purely literary labors. His earliest works, "Sketches by Boz," first written for periodicals, were collected and published in two volumes, bearing respectively the dates of 1836 and 1837. His works immediately succeeding, "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby," fully established his reputation. The career of DICKENS has been one of uniform success. His more recent publications, "Dombey," "Bleak House," and "Little Dorrit," prove conclusively that, far from having "written himself out," the resources of his mind are well-nigh inexhaustible. His genius, which has peopled our literature with such a crowd of living and moving characters, gives promise of as many new creations, equally varied and true to nature.

146. Select Passages in Verse.

I.

Early Dawn.—Shelley.

The point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the ŏrange light of widening morn,
Beyŏnd the purple mountains: through a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it. Now it wanes: it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air:
'Tis lŏst! and through yŏn peaks of cloud-like snow
The roscäte sunlight quivers: hear I not
The Æolian[1] music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn?

II.

Daybreak.—Atlantic Monthly.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"
It hail'd the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye măriners! the night is gŏne!"
And hŭrried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day!"
It said unto the fŏrest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"
It touch'd the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"
And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow! the day is near!"
It whisper'd to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"
It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour!"
It crŏss'd the church-yard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

[1] Æolian, pertaining to Æolus, the god of the winds: hence music produced by wind may be termed Æolian music.

III.

DAYBREAK.—SHELLEY.

DAY had awaken'd all things that be,
The lark, and the thrush, and the swallōw free,
And the milkmaid's sŏng, and the mower's scythe,
And the matin bell, and the mountain bee:
Fireflies were quench'd on the dewy corn,
Glow-worms went out, on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgĕts to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadōw and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are their prey,
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

IV.

SUNRISE IN S. AMERICA.—BOWLES.[1]

'TIS dawn:—the distant Andes' rocky spires,
One after one, have caught the oriental fires.
Where the dun condor shoots his upward flight,
His wings are touch'd with momentary light.
Meantime, beneath the mountains' glittering heads,
A boundless ocean of gray vapor spreads,
That o'er the champaign, stretching far below,
Moves on, in cluster'd masses, rising slow,
Till all the living landscape is display'd
In vārious pŏmp of color, light, and shade,—
Hills, fŏrests, rivers, lakes, and level plain,

[1] WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES was born at Northamptonshire, England, on the 25th of September, 1762. He received his early education at Winchester, where he was at the head of the school during his last year, and, in consequence, was elected a scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1781. In 1783 he gained the chancellor's prize for Latin verse; and published several of his beautiful sonnets and other poems in 1789. His sonnets have, probably, never been surpassed. "The Missionary of the Andes," published in 1815, is, perhaps, as good as any of his numerous and excellent poems. He entered the ministry, and became Vicar of Bremhill, in 1804, which was his residence for nearly a quarter of a century He died at Salisbury, his last residence, on the 7th of April, 1850

Lessening in sunshine to the southern main.
The lama's fleece fumes with ascending dew;
The gem-like humming-birds their toils renew;
And see, where yŏnder stalks, in crimson pride,
The tall flamingo, by the river's side,—
Stalks, in his richest plumage bright array'd,
With snowy neck superb, and legs of lengthening shade.

V.

DAWN.—WILLIS.

THROW up the windōw! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,
Parting the hair so sŏftly on my brow.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kiss'd it are betray'd; for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the viŏlet. There is joy
For all Gŏd's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch; and birds are singing,
As if to breathe were music; and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,
Like the small tribute of humility.

VI.

MORNING.—MILTON.[1]

SWEET is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After sŏft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild: then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.

[1] MILTON, see Biographical Sketch, p. 582.

VII.

MORNING ON THE RHINE.—BOWLES.

'TWAS morn, and beautiful the mountain's brow—
Hung with the clusters of the bending vine—
Shŏne in the early light, when on the RHINE
We sail'd, and heard the waters round the prow
In murmurs parting: varying as we go,
Rocks after rocks come forward and retire,
As some gray convent-wall or sun-lit spire
Starts up, alŏng the banks, unfolding slow.
Here castles, like the prisons of despair,
Frown as we pass!—There, on the vineyard's side,
The bursting sunshine pours its streaming tide;
While GRIEF, forgetful amid scenes so fair,
Counts not the hours of a lŏng summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

VIII.

MORNING SOUNDS.—BEATTIE.[1]

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?—
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side,
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide,
The clamorous horn alŏng the cliffs above;
The hollōw murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees; the linnet's lay of love;
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings
The whistling plowman stalks afield; and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;

[1] JAMES BEATTIE, the well-known Scotch poet and moralist, author of the celebrated poem entitled the "Minstrel," and of the "Essay on Truth," was born on the 5th of December, 1735, and died on the 18th of August, 1803.

The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower;
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.

IX.

EARLY RISING.—HURDIS.[1]

RISE with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of every flower that blows. Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps,
Soon as the sun departs. Why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite, ere the still moon
Her oriëntal vail puts öff? Think why,
Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed,
That nature boasts, to night's unkindly damp.
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
Compell'd to taste the rank and poisonous steam
Of midnight theater, and morning ball.
Give to repose the solemn hour she claims;
And from the förehead of the morning steal
The sweet occasion.

Oh! there is a charm
That morning has, that gives the brow of age
A smack of youth, and makes the lip of youth
Breathe per'fumes exquisite. Expect it not,
Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
Indulging feverish sleep; or, wakeful, dream
Of happiness no mortal heart has felt,
But in the regions of romance'. Ye fair,
Like you it must be wooed, or never won;
And, being lŏst, it is in vain ye ask
For milk of roses and Olympian dew.
Cosmetic art no tincture can afford
The faded features to restore: no chain,
Be it of gold, and strŏng as adamant,
Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.

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[1] JAMES HURDIS, an English poet of considerable ability, was born in 1763, and died in 1801.

147. Select Passages in Verse.

I.

Invocation to Night.—J. F. Hollings.

Come, with thy sweeping cloud and starry vest,
Mother of counsel, and the joy which lies
In feelings deep, and inward sympathies,
Soothing, like founts of health, the wearied breast
Lo! o'er the distant hills the day-star's crest
Sinks redly burning; and the winds arise,
Moving with shadowy gusts and feeble sighs
Amid the reeds which veil the bittern's nest!
Day hath its melody and light—the sense
Of mirth which spōrts round fancy's fairy mine;
But the full power, which lŏftier aids dispense,
To speed the soul where scenes unearthly shine—
Silence, and peace, and stern magnificence,
And awe, and throned solemnity—are thine!

II.

Evening.—Croly.[1]

When eve is purpling cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart, how sŏft ye flow!
Not softer on the western wave
The golden lines of sunset glow.
Then all by chance or fate removed,
Like spirits crowd upon the eye,—
The few we liked, the one we loved,—
And the whŏle heart is memory:
And life is like a fading flower,
Its beauty dying as we gaze;
Yĕt as the shadōws round us lower,
Heaven pours above a brighter blaze.

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[1] Rev. George Croly, rector of St. Stephens, Walbrook, London, was born in Ireland, toward the close of the last century, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Talented, and astonishingly industrious, he has written much both in prose and verse. He is a correct and elegant poet, and his prose style is clear, rich, idiomatic, and at times remarkably eloquent

When morning sheds its gorgeous dye,
Our hope, our heart, to earth is given;
But dark and lonely is the eye
That turns not, at its eve, to heaven.

III.

NIGHT.—COLERIDGE.[1]

THE crackling embers on the hearth are dead;
The in-door note of in'dustry is still;
The latch is fast; upon the windōw-sill
The small birds wait not for their daily bread:
The voiceless flowers—how quietly they shed
Their nightly odors! and the household rill
Murmurs continuous dulcet sounds, that fill
The vacant expectation, and the dread
Of listening night. And haply now she sleeps;
For all the garrulous noises of the air
Are hush'd in peace: the sŏft dew silent weeps,
Like hopeless lovers, for a maid so fair:—
Oh! that I were the happy dream that creeps
To her soft heart, to find my image there.

IV.

NIGHT AT CORINTH.[2]—BYRON.

'TIS midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down:

HARTLEY COLERIDGE, eldest son of SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, was born at Clevedown, a small village near Bristol, England, September 19th, 1796. He received his degree at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1821, though he was principally educated by desultory reading, and by the living voice of his father, WORDSWORTH, LLOYD, WILSON, and DE QUINCEY. He passed about two years in London, writing sonnets and small pieces for the "London Magazine;" conducted a boys' school, for five years, at Ambleside, Westmoreland county; and then removed to Grasmere, where he resided during the remainder of his life, supporting himself mostly by his pen, writing in part for "Blackwood's Magazine." He died on the 6th of January, 1849. Some of his poems are exquisitely beautiful, and his sonnets are surpassed by few in the language. His prose works are remarkable for brilliancy of imagery, beauty of thought, pure English style, and pleasing and instructive suggestions.—[2] The night here described is supposed to have been in 1715, when Corinth, then in possession of the Venetians, was besieged by the Turks.

Blue roll the waters: blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So widely, spiritually bright;—
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on ēither shōre lay there
Calm, clear, and ăzure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmur'd meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillōw'd on the waves;
The banners droop'd alŏng their staves,
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shŏne the crescent curling:
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his sĭgnal spoke,
Save where the steed neigh'd ŏft and shrill,
And echo answer'd from the hill;
And the wild hum of that wild hōst
Rustled like leaves from cōast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's[1] voice in air
In midnight call to wonted[2] prayer.

V.

A Summer's Night.—P. J. Bailey.

The last high upward slant of sun on the trees,
Like a dead soldier's sword upon his pall,
Seems to console earth for the glōry gŏne.
Oh! I could weep to see the day die thus.
The death-bed of a day, how beautiful!
Linger, ye clouds, one moment lōnger there;
Fan it to slumber with your golden wings!
Like pious prayers, ye seem to soothe its end.
It will wake no more till the all-revealing day;

[1] Muezzin, one appointed by the Turks, who do not use bells for the purpose, to summon the religious to their devotions, to the extent of his voice.—[2] Wonted (wŭnt' ed).

When, like a drop of water, greaten'd bright
Into a shadōw, it shall show itself,
With all its little tyrannous things and deeds,
Unhomed and clear. The day hath gŏne to Gŏd,—
Straight—like an infant's spirit, or a mŏck'd
And mourning messenger of grace to man.
Would it had taken me too on its wings!
My end is nigh. Would I might die outright!
So o'er the sunset clouds of red mortality
The emerald hues of deathlessness diffuse
Their glory, heightening to the starry blue
Of all embosoming eternity.
Who that hath lain lonely on a high hill,
In the imperious silence of full noon,—
With nothing but the clear dark sky about him,
Like GOD'S HAND laid upon the head of earth,—
But hath expected that some natural spirit
Should start out of the universal air,
And, găthering his cloudy robe around him,
As one in act to teach mysterious things,
Explain that he must die?

VI.

NIGHT AND DEATH.—WHITE.[1]

MYSTERIOUS night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from repōrt divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glōrious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus,[2] with the hōst of heaven came;
And lo! creätion widen'd in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
While fly, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,

[1] JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE, a Spanish gentleman of Irish descent, who came to England in 1810, and devoted himself to literature, chiefly through the magazines and periodical press. He was born in 1775, and died in 1841.—[2] Hesperus, the evening star.

That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?—
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

VII.

NIGHT.—SHELLEY.

How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ĕbon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yŏn gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,—
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangèth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence, undisturb'd, might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

VIII.

THE MOON.—CHARLOTTE SMITH.[1]

QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadōw trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that crŏss thy way:

[1] Mrs. CHARLOTTE SMITH (Miss TURNER) was born in King-street, St. James Square, London, May 4th, 1749. Her first collection of sonnets and other poems was very popular, passing through no less than eleven editions. Her first novel, "Emmeline," which was exceedingly popular, appeared in 1788. Her novels and other prose works, in all about forty volumes, were much admired by SIR WALTER SCOTT and other contemporaries; but she is now most known and most valued for her poetry, which abounds with touches of tenderness, grace, and beauty. She died on the 28th of October, 1806.

And while I gaze, thy mild and plăcid light
Sheds a sŏft calm upon my troubled breast;
And ŏft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Released by death, to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget, in thee, their cup of sŏrrōw here.
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene!

IX.

THE STARS.—DARWIN.[1]

ROLL on, ye stars; exult in youthful prime;
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky, ye, too, to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field.
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
Headlŏng, extinct, to one dark center fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all;
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal Nature lifts her chāngeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre, on wings of flame,
And sōars and shines, another and the same.

148. LANDSCAPE BEAUTY.

IT is easy enough to understand how the sight of a picture or statue should affect us nearly in the same way as the sight of the original: nor is it much more difficult to conceive, how the

[1] ERASMUS DARWIN, an English physician, poet, and botanist, was born at Elton, in 1731, and after taking his degree at Edinburgh, pursued his professional career at Lichfield, from which place he removed to Derby, where he died in 1802. Dr. DARWIN was an original thinker, a great adept in analogies, and an able versifier.

sight of a cottage should give us something of the same feeling as the sight of a peasant's family; and the aspect of a town raise many of the same ideäs as the appearance of a multitude of persons. We may begin, therefore, with an example a little more complicated. Take, for instance, the case of a common English landscape—green meadōws with grazing and ruminating cattle—canals or navigable rivers—well-fenced, well-cultivated fields—neat, clean, scattered cottages—humble antique churches, with church-yard elms, and crōssing hedgerows,—all seen under bright skies, and in good weather.

2. There is much beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not certainly in the mere mixture of colors and forms; for colors more pleasing, and lines more graceful (according to any theōry of grace that may be preferred), might be spread upon a bōard, or a painter's pallet, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion in the mind: but in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imaginations and affections; in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and cheerful and peaceful enjoyment—and of that secure and successful in'dustry that insures its continuance—and of the piety by which it is exalted—and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life; in the images of health, and temperance, and plenty which it exhibits to every eye; and in the glimpses which it affōrds to warmer imaginations, of those primitive or fabulous times, when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition, and of those humble retreats in which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asy'lum.

3. At all events, however, it is human feeling that excites our sympathy, and forms the true object of our emotions. It is man, and man alone, that we see in the beauties of the earth which he inhabits; or, if a more sensitive and extended sympathy connect us with the lower families of animated nature, and make us rejoice with the lambs that blēat on the uplands, or the cattle that repose in the valley, or even with the *living* plants that drink the bright sun and the balmy air beside them, it is still the ideä of enjoyment—of feelings that animate the existence of sentient beings—that calls fōrth all our emotions, and

is the parent of all the beauty with which we proceed to invest the inanimate creation around us.

4. Instead of this quiet and tame *English* landscape, let us now take a Welsh or a Highland scene, and see whether its beauties will admit of being explained on the same principle. Here, we shall have lŏfty mountains, and rocky and lonely recesses—tufted woods hung over precipices—lakes intersected with castled promontories—ample solitudes of unplowed and untrodden valleys—nameless and gigantic ruins—and mountain echoes repeating the scream of the eagle and the roar of the cataract.

5. This, too, is beautiful, and, to those who can interpret the language it speaks, far more beautiful than the prosperous scene with which we have contrasted it. Yĕt, lonely as it is, it is to the recollection of man and the suggestion of human feelings that its beauty also is owing. The mere forms and colors that compose its visible appearance are no more capable of exciting any emotion in the mind than the forms and colors of a Turkey carpet. It is sympathy with the present or the past, or the imaginary *inhabitants* of such a region, that alone gives it ēither interest or beauty; and the delight of those who behold it will always be found to be in exact proportion to the fōrce of their imaginations and the warmth of their social affections.

6. The leading impressions here are those of romantic seclusion and primeval simplicity; lovers sequestered in these blissful solitudes, "from towns and toils remote," and rustic poĕts and philosophers communing with nature, and at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals: then there is the sublime impression of the Mighty Powers which piled the massive cliffs upon each other, and rent the mountains asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base, and all the images connected with the monuments of ăncient magnificence and extinguished hostility—the feuds, and the combats, and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the scenes where they lie interred; and the romantic ideăs attached to their ancient traditions, and the peculiarities of the actual life of their descendants —their wild and enthusiastic poĕtry—their gloomy superstitions —their attachment to their chiefs—the dăngers, and the hard-

ships, and enjoyments of their lonely huntings and fishings—their pastoral shielings on the mountains in summer—and the tales and the spōrts that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in the winter.

7. Add to all this the traces of vast and obscure antiquity that are impressed on the language and the habits of the people, and on the cliffs, and caves, and gulfy tŏrrents of the land; and the solemn and touching reflection, perpetually recurring, of the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, whose generations thus pass away into oblivion, with all their toils and ambition; while nature holds on her unvarying cōurse, and pours out her streams, and renews her fŏrests, with undecaying activity, regardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign.

JEFFREY.[1]

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149. KILIMANDJARO.

1. HAIL to thee, monarch of African mountains,
Remote, inaccessible, silent, and lone—
Who, from the heart of the tropical fervors,
Liftèst to heaven thine alien snows,
Feeding forever the fountains that make thee
Father of Nile and Creätor of Egypt!
The years of the world are engraved on thy fŏrehead;
Time's morning blush'd red on thy first-fallen snows;
Yĕt lŏst in the wilderness, nameless, unnoted,
Of Man unbeholden, thou wert not till now.

2. Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,
Giving a soul to her manifold features,
Lighting through paths of the primitive darkness
The footsteps of Truth and the vision of Sŏng.
Knowledge has born thee anew to Creätion,
And lŏng-baffled Time at thy baptism rejoices.
Take, then, a name, and be fill'd with existence,
Yea, be exultant in sovereign[2] glōry,
While from the hand of the wandering poet
Drops the first garland of song at thy feet.

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[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 287.—[2] Sovereign (sŭv′ er in).

3. Floating alone, on the flood of thy making,
Through Africa's mystery, silence, and fire,
Lo! in my palm, like the Eastern enchanter,
I dip from the waters a magical mirror,
And thou art reveal'd to my purified vision.
I see thee, supreme in the midst of thy co-mates,
Standing alone 'twixt the Earth and the Heavens,
Heir of the Sunset and Herald of Morn.
Zone above zone, to thy shoulders of granite,
The climates of Earth are display'd, as an index.
Giving the scope of the Book of Creätion.

4. There, in the gorges that widen, descending
From cloud and from cold into summer eternal,
Gäther the threads of the ice-gender'd fountains—
Gather to riotous tŏrrents of crystal,
And, giving each shelvy recess where they dally
The blooms of the North and its evergreen turfage,
Leap to the land of the lion and lotus!
There, in the wondering airs of the Tropics
Shivers the Aspen, still dreaming of cold:
There stretches the Oak, from the lŏftiest ledges,
His arms to the far-away lands of his brothers,
And the Pine-tree looks down on his rival the Palm.

5. Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadow'd by pencils of air,
Thy battlements hang o'er the slopes and the fŏrests,
Seats of the gŏds in the limitless ether,
Looming sublimely alŏft and afar.
Above them, like folds of imperiäl ermine,
Sparkle the snow-fields that fŭrrow thy fŏrehead—
Desolate realms, inaccessible, silent,
Chasms and caverns where Day is a strānger,
Garners where storèth his trĕasures the Thunder,
The Lightning his falchion, his ărrōws the Hail!

6. Sovereign Mountain, thy brothers give welcome:
They, the baptized and the crownèd of ages,
Watch-towers of Continents, altars of Earth,
Welcome thee now to their mighty assembly.

Mont Blanc,[1] in the roar of his mad avalanches,
Hails thy accession; superb Orizaba,[2]
Belted with beech, and ensandall'd with palm—
Chimborazo,[3] the lord of the regions of noonday—
Mingle their sounds in magnificent chorus
With greeting august from the Pillars of Heaven,
Who, in the urns of the Indian Ganges,
Filter the snows of their sacred dominions,
Unmark'd with a footprint, unseen but of Gŏd.

7 . . . unto each is the seal of his ōrdship,
Nor question'd the right that his majesty giveth
Each in his awful supremacy fōrces
Worship and reverence, wonder and joy.
Absolute all, yĕt in dignity varied,
None has a claim to the honors of stōry,
Or the superior splendors of sŏng,
Greater than thou, in thy mystery mantled—
Thou, the sole monarch of African mountains,
Father of Nile and Creātor of Egypt! BAYARD TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR, the noted American traveler and poet, was born in the village of Kennett Square, Chester county, Pennsylvania, on the 11th of January, 1825. At the age of seventeen he became an apprentice in a printing-office in Westchester; and about the same period wrote verses, which appeared in the "New York Mirror" and "Graham's Magazine." He collected and published a small volume of his poems in 1844, and visited Europe the same year. Having passed two years in Great Britain, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and France, he returned home; published an account of his travels under the title of "Views a-Foot;" settled in New York; and in 1848, soon after publishing "Rhymes of Travel," secured a place as a permanent writer for "The Tribune," in which journal the greater part of his recent productions have been first printed. He visited California in 1849, returned by the way of Mexico in 1850, and soon after published his "Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire." His "Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs," which appeared in 1851, greatly increased his reputation as a poet. The same year he set out on a protracted tour in the East, upon which he was absent two years and four months, traveling more than fifty thousand miles. His spirited, graphic, and entertaining history of this journey is given in three works, entitled "A Journey to Central Africa," "The Land of the Saracen," and "India, Loo Choo, and Japan." "Poems of the Orient" appeared in 1854, embracing only such pieces as were written while he was on his passage round the world. Glowing with the warm light of the East, they contain passages "rich, sensuous, and impetuous, as the Arab sings in dreams," with others gentle, tender, and exquisitely modulated. During the past two years Mr TAYLOR has traveled in the extreme north of Europe.

[1] Mont Blanc (mŏng blŏng').—[2] Orizaba (o re sä' bä).—[3] Chim bo rä' zo.

150. Morning Hymn to Mont Blanc.

1. HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep cōurse?—so lŏng he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvè and Aveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from fŏrth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark,—substantial black,—
An ĕbon mass; methinks thou piercèst it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!

2. O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worship'd the Invisible alone.
Yĕt like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy,—
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven.

3. Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owèst—not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet sŏng! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh! struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself, earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, oh wake! and utter praise.

Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

4. And you, ye five wild tŏrrents fiercely glad!
Who call'd you fŏrth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jaggèd rocks,
Forever shatter'd and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded,—and the silence came,—
"Here let the billōws stiffen, and have rest?"

5. Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Tōrrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!—
Who made you glōrious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bădе the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
"Gop!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, "Gop!"

6. "Gop!" sing, ye meadōw-streams, with gladsome voice
Ye pine-groves, with your sŏft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "Gop!"
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frōst!
Ye wild goats spōrting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread ărrōws of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter fōrth "Gop!" and fill the hills with praise.

7. Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peak,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,

Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,—
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That, as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow-traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemèst, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—rise, oh ever rise,
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yŏn rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises Gŏd!

COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, one of the most imaginative and original of poets, remarkable for his colloquial eloquence and metaphysical and critical powers, the youngest son of the vicar of St. Mary Ottery, in Devonshire, England, was born at that place in October, 1772. Left an orphan in his ninth year, he was educated for seven years at Christ's Hospital; and in 1791 he became student of Jesus College, Cambridge. His reading, though desultory and irregular, embraced almost numberless books, especially on theology, metaphysics, and poetry. In 1794 was published the drama called "The Fall of Robespierre," of which the first act was COLERIDGE'S, and the other two were SOUTHEY'S; and the two poets, then entertaining those extreme opinions which they afterward so thoroughly abandoned, occupied themselves at Bristol in planning a new social community, which they were to found in the United States. At this town and elsewhere, COLERIDGE delivered courses of public lectures, both religious and political; and he also preached in Unitarian pulpits. In 1795 he married Miss FRICKER, whose sister soon afterward became Mrs. SOUTHEY; and in the same year he became acquainted with WORDSWORTH. About the same period he went to reside in a cottage at Stowey, Somersetshire, about two miles from the residence of the latter; and the poets bound themselves in the closest friendship. He here wrote some of his most beautiful poetry—his "Ode on the Departing Year," "Tears in Solitude," "France, an Ode," "Frost at Midnight," the first part of "Christabel," "The Ancient Mariner," and his tragedy of "Remorse." In 1798 he went to Germany to complete his education, and resided for fourteen months at Ratzburg and Gottingen. On his return to England he resided in the lake district near SOUTHEY and WORDSWORTH, and contributed political articles and poems for the "Morning Post" newspaper, which was followed, some years later, by similar employment in the "Courier.' For fifteen months, in 1804 and 1805, he was secretary to Sir ALEXANDER BALL, the governor of Malta. In 1816 he found a quiet and friendly home in the house of Mr. GILLMAN, surgeon of Highgate, where, after a residence of eighteen years, he died in July, 1834. There both mind and body were restored from the excitement and ill health caused by the use of opium, first taken in illness, and afterward used habitually. His numerous productions in prose and verse, as well as his unsurpassed Table-Talk, have since been published, proving a perpetual delight; and, like Nature, furnishing subjects of admiration and imitation for the refined and observing.

151. Elements of the Swiss Landscape.

PASSING out through a fŏrest of larches, whose dark verdure is peculiarly appropriate to it, and going up toward the baths of Leuk,[1] the interest of the landscape does not at all diminish. What a concentration and congregation of all elements of sublimity and beauty are before you! what surprising contrasts of light and shade, of form and color, of sŏftness and ruggedness! Here are vast heights above you, and vast depths below, villages hanging to the mountain sides, green pasturages and winding paths, lovely meadōw slopes enameled with flowers, deep immĕasurable ravines′, tŏrrents thundering down them; colossal, overhanging, castellated[2] reefs of granite; snowy peaks with the setting sun upon them.

2. You command a view far down over the valley of the Rhone, with its villages and castles, and its mixture of rich farms and vast beds and heaps of mountain fragments, deposited by furious tŏrrents. What affects the mind vĕry powerfully on first entering upon these scenes, is the deep dark blue, so intensely deep and overshadowing, of the gorge at its upper end, and at the magnificent proud sweep of the granite barrier, which there shuts it in, apparently without a passage. The mountains rise like vast supernatural intelligences taking a material shape, and drawing around themselves a drapery of awful grandeur; there is a fŏrehead of power and majesty, and the likeness of a kingly crown above it.

3. Amidst all the grandeur of this scenery, I remember to have been in no place more delighted with the profuse richness, delicacy, and beauty of the Alpine flowers. The grass of the meadōw slopes in the gorge of the Dala had a depth and power of verdure, a clear, delicious greenness, that in its effect upon the mind was like that of the atmosphere in the brightest autumnal morning of the year; or rather, perhaps, like the colors of the sky at sunset. There is no such grass-color in the world as that of these mountain meadows. It is just the same at the

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[1] Leuk (loik), a village and celebrated bathing-place of Switzerland, canton of Valais, on the Rhone, and 5000 feet above the sea.—[2] Cås′ tel lā ted, inclosed; adorned with turrets and battlements, like a castle.

verge of the ice oceans of Mont Blanc. It makes you think of one of the points chosen by the Sacred Poët to illustrate the divine benevolence (and I had almost said, no man can truly understand why it was chosen, who has not traveled in Switzerland), "*Who maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains.*"

4. And then the flowers, so modest, so lovely, yĕt of such deep ex'quisite hue, enameled in the grass, sparkling amidst it, "a starry multitude," underneath such awful brooding mountain forms and icy precipices—how beautiful! All that the poëts have ever said or sung of daisies, vīölets, snow-drops, king-cups, primroses, and all modest flowers, is here outdone by the mute poëtry of the denizens of these wild pastures. Such a meadōw slope as this, watered with pure rills from the glăciërs, would have set the mind of Edwards[1] at work in contemplation on the beauty of holiness. He has connected these meek and lowly flowers with an image, which none of the poets of this world have ever thought of.

5. To him the divine beauty of holiness "made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gentle, vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian appears like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glōry; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet frāgrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun."

6. Vĕry likely such a passage as this, coming from the soul of the great theölogian (for this is the poëtry of the soul, and

[1] JONATHAN EDWARDS, one of the first metaphysicians of his age, author of an "Essay on the Freedom of the Will," was born in East Windsor, Connecticut, October 5th, 1703. He entered Yale College in his thirteenth year; graduated with the highest honors; and continued his residence in the institution for two years, for the study of the ministry. He first preached to a congregation in New York, in his nineteenth year. He preached in Northampton twenty-three years; was missionary to the Indians near Stockbridge, Mass., for six years; was installed president of Princeton College in January, 1758; and died on the 22d of March of the same year.

not of the artificial sentiment, nor of the mere worship of nature), will seem to many persons like vĭ'ōlets in the bosom of a glăc'ĭër. But no poet ever described the meek, modest flowers so beautifully, *rejoicing in a calm rapture.* Jonathan Edwards himself, with his grand views of sacred theŏlogy and history, his living piëty, and his great experience in the deep things of God, was like a mountain glacier, in one respect, as the "par'ent of perpetual streams," that are then the deepest, when all the fountains of the world are the driest; like, also, in another respect, that in climbing his theology you gĕt very near to heaven, and are in a very pure and bracing atmosphere; like, again, in this, that it requires much spiritual labor and discipline to surmount his heights, and some care not to fall into the *crevăss'es;* and like, once more, in this, that when you get to the top, you have a vast, wide, glōrious view of Gŏd's great plan, and see things in their chains and connections, which before you only saw separate and piecemeal.

G. B. CHEEVER.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER was born at Hallowell, Maine, on the 17th of April, 1807. He was graduated at Bowdoin College, September, 1825, studied theology at Andover, was licensed to preach in 1830, and was first settled as pastor over Howard-street church of Salem, Massachusetts. He went to Europe in 1836, where he spent two years and six months. In 1839 he became pastor of the Allen-street church, New York, and in 1846 of the Church of the Puritans, a position which he still retains. In 1844 he again visited Europe for a year. Dr. CHEEVER is celebrated as an orator. He has a keen analytical mind, and combining fancy with logic, succeeds equally well in allegory and in argumentation His numerous and valuable works have gained him an enviable position in American literature. He has written extensively for our ablest reviews and periodicals. He was a valuable correspondent of the "New York Observer," when in Europe, and editor of the "New York Evangelist" during 1845 and 1846. He is now a contributor of "The Independent." His "Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress," published in 1843, and "Voices of Nature," 1852, are among the ablest of his productions, and indicate most truly his mode and range of thought. "Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc and the Yungfrau Alp," from which the above extract is taken, published in 1846, on his return from his second visit to Europe, met with a very favorable reception. As a writer he is always clear and unimpassioned; he sees and hears and describes, never falling, through excess of feeling, into confusion, or figure, or redundancy of expression. The reader is strengthened by his power, calmed by his tranquillity, and incited to self-denying and lofty views, by his earnest and vigorous presentation of truth.

152. ALPINE SCENERY.

1. ABOVE me are the Alps—most glōrious Alps—
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls

Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yĕt appalls,
Gāther around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

2. Lake Lēman[1] woos me with its crystal face,—
The mirror, where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue.
There is too much of man here, to look through,
With a fit mind, the might which I behold;
But soon in me shall loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in their fold.

3. Clear, plăcid Lēman! thy contrasted lake
With the wide world I've dwelt in is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar; but thy sŏft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

4. It is the hush of night; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yĕt clear,
Mellōw'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura,[2] whose capp'd heights appear

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[1] Lē′man or Geneva, a crescent-shaped lake of Europe, between Switzerland and the Sardinian States. Length, 45 miles; breadth, from 1 to 9½ miles; and greatest depth, 984 feet. Its waters, which are never entirely frozen over, have a peculiar deep-blue color, are very transparent, and contain a great variety of fish. Steam navigation was introduced in 1823.—[2] Jura (jŏ′ra), a chain of mountains which separates France from Switzerland, extending for 180 miles in the form of a curve, from S. to N. E., with a mean breadth of 30 miles. One of the culminating points, and the highest, is Mount Molesson, 6588 feet above the level of the sea.

Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living frāgrance from the shōre,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol mōre.

5. He is an evening reveler, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill;—
But that is fancy; for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love distill,
Weeping themselves away till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

6. Ye stars! which are the poëtry of heaven,
If, in your bright leaves, we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and creäte
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star

7. All heaven and earth are still,—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still! From the high host
Of stars to the lull'd lake, and mountain coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creätor and Defense.

8. The sky is chānged! and such a change! O Night,
And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strŏng,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far alŏng,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lōne cloud,

But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

9 And this is in the night.—Most glōrious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A pōrtion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines,—a phosphoric sea—
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

10. Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye,
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful:—the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where, of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

11. The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence; and thus I,
Still on thy shōres, fair Lēman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

LORD BYRON.[1]

153. CICERO AT THE GRAVE OF ARCHIMEDES.

WHILE Cicero[2] was questor[3] in Sicily,—the first public ŏffice which he ever held, and the only one to which he was

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 292.—[2] CICERO, see p. 143, note 4.—[3] Quæs'tor, an officer in ancient Rome who had the management of the public treasure; the receiver of taxes, tributes, &c.

then eligible, being but just thirty years old (for the Roman laws required for one of the humblest of the great ŏffices of state the vĕry same age which our Amĕrican Constitution requires for one of the highest), he paid a visit to Syracuse,[1] then among the greatest cities of the world.

2. The magistrates of the city, of cōurse, waited on him at once, to ŏffer their services in showing him the lions of the place, and requested him to specify any thing which he would like particularly to see. Doubtless, they supposed that he would ask immediately to be conducted to some one of their magnificent temples, that he might behold and admire those splendid works of art with which—notwithstanding that Marcellus[2] had made it his glōry to carry not a few of them away with him for the decoration of the Imperial City—Syracuse still abounded, and which soon after tempted the cupidity, and fell a prey to the rapăcity, of the in'famous Verres.[3]

3. Or, haply, they may have thought that he would be curious to see and examine the ear of Dionysiŭs,[4] as it was called,—a

[1] Syracuse (sĭr'a kūz), a fortified city of Sicily. Its noble harbor is admirably adapted for a commercial emporium; but its trade is now very limited. This famous city of antiquity was founded B. C. 736, by a colony from Corinth, governed alternately as a republic or under kings; unsuccessfully besieged by the Athenians B. C. 414, and taken by the Romans B. C. 212, and after a lengthened siege by the Saracens, who partially destroyed it; but it was chiefly ruined by the earthquake of 1693.—[2] Marcus Claudius Marcellus, a distinguished Roman general, who, when the Sicilians declared in favor of Hannibal, marched against Syracuse, and after a siege of nearly a year's duration, took and sacked the city, carrying the statues of the Syracusan temples to Rome. Two years later, B. C. 210, he was chosen consul. He was famous for his victories over Hannibal and the Gauls, and was slain in a battle against the former, B. C. 208.—[3] Verres, an infamous pro-prætor in Sicily, where he remained for nearly three years (73–71 B. C.) His extortions and exactions in the island have become notorious through the celebrated orations of Cicero.—[4] Dionysius (dī o nĭ'she us) the Elder, tyrant of Syracuse, was born B. C. 430. His reign began when he was twenty-five, and continued without interruption for thirty-eight years. An able and successful general, he was fond of literature and the arts; adorned Syracuse with splendid temples and other public edifices; and just before his death, as a poet, bore away the first prize at the Lenæa, with a play called "The Ransom of Hector." In his latter years he became extremely suspicious, even of his best friends, and adopted most

huge cavern, cut out of the solid rock in the shape of a human ear, two hundred and fifty feet lŏng and eighty feet high, in which that execrable tyrant confined all persons who came within the rānge of his suspicion; and which was so ingĕniously contrived and constructed, that Dionysiŭs, by applying his own ear to a small hole, where the sounds were collected as upon a tympanum, could cătch every syllable that was uttered in the cavern below, and could deal out his proscription and his vengeance accordingly, upon all who might dare to dispute his authŏrity, or to complain of his cruelty.

4. Or they may have imagined, perhaps, that he would be impatient to visit at once the sacred fountain of Arethusa, and the seat of those Sicilian Muses whom Virgil[1] so soon after invoked in commencing that most inspired of all uninspired compositions, which Pope has so nobly paraphrased in his glowing and glorious Eclŏgue—the Messiah. To their great astonishment, however, Cicero's first request was that they would take him to see the tomb of *Archime'des*.[2]

5. To his own still greater astonishment, as we may well believe, they told him in reply, that they knew nothing about the tomb of Archime'des, and had no idea where it was to be found, and they even positively denied that any such tomb was still remaining among them. But Cicero understood perfectly well what he was talking about. He remembered the exact descrip-

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excessive precautions to guard against treachery. He became a sort of type of tyrant, in its worst sense; though his wickedness and cruelty were undoubtedly much exaggerated by ancient writers.—[1] VIRGIL, see p. 215, note 2.—[2] ARCHIMEDES (ar ki mē' dēz), the most celebrated of ancient geometers, was born at Syracuse, about 291 B. C. Having acquired at an early age all the knowledge that could be obtained in his native city, he visited Egypt, from whence, after seven years, he returned to Syracuse, ladened with the intellectual spoils of the East, and devoted his time to the cultivation of the mathematical and physical sciences In the war which the Romans carried on against King HIERO, of Sicily, to whom ARCHIMEDES was related on his father's side, several engines prepared by the latter were so effectual in the defense of Syracuse against MARCELLUS as to convert the siege into a blockade, and delay the taking of the city for several months. In 212 B. C., when Syracuse was taken, he was killed by the Roman soldiers, being at the time intent upon a mathematical problem. There are excellent French and English translations of his numerous works.

tion of the tomb. He remembered the very verses which had been inscribed on it. He remembered the sphere and the cylinder which Archimedes had himself requested to have wrought upon it, as the chosen emblems of his eventful life. And the great orator forthwith resolved to make search for it himself.

6. Accordingly, he rambled out into the place of their ancient sepulchres, and, after a careful investigation, he came at last to a spot overgrown with shrubs and bushes, where presently he descried the top of a small column just rising above the branches. Upon this little column the sphere and the cylinder were at length found carved; the inscription was painfully deciphered, and the tomb of Archime'des stood revealed to the reverent homage of the illustrious Roman questor.

7. This was in the year 76 before the birth of our Saviour. Archimedes died about the year 212 before Christ. One hundred and thirty-six years, only, had thus elapsed since the death of this celebrated person, before his tombstone was buried up beneath briers and brambles, and before the place, and even the existence of it, were forgotten by the magistrates of the very city of which he was so long the proudest ornament in peace, and the most effective defender in war.

8. What a lesson to human pride, what a commentary on human gratitude, was here! I do not learn, however, that Cicero was cured of his eager vanity and his insatiate love of fame by this "turn" among the Syracusan tombs. He was then only just at the threshold of his proud career, and he went back to pursue it to its bloody end, with unabated zeal, and with an ambition only extinguishable with his life.

9. And after all, how richly, how surpassingly, was this local ingratitude and neglect made up to the memory of Archime'des himself, by the opportunity which it afforded to the greatest orator of the greatest empire of antiquity, to signalize his appreciation and his admiration of that wonderful genius, by going out personally into the ancient grave-yards of Syracuse, and with the robes of office in their newest gloss around him, to search for his tomb and to do honor to his ashes! The greatest orator of Imperial Rome anticipating the part of Old Mortality upon the grave-stone of the great mathematician and mechanic

of antiquity! This, surely, is a picture for mechanics in all ages to contem'plate with a proud satisfaction and delight.

R. C. WINTHROP.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP, a descendant of one of the oldest and most eminent of New England families, was born in Boston, on the 12th of May, 1809. He pursued his preparatory studies at the Boston Latin School, and graduated at Harvard, in 1828. For the next three years he studied law with DANIEL WEBSTER. He became a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1834, and speaker of its House of Representatives from 1838 till his election to Congress in 1840. He was speaker of the national House of Representatives for the sessions of 1848-9. He was appointed to succeed WEBSTER in the Senate in 1850, when the latter was Secretary of State. His claims to literary distinction are derived from his able addresses and speeches, a volume of which was published in 1852. He has since published his address before the alumni of Harvard in 1852; a lecture on Algernon Sidney, before the Boston Mercantile Library Association in 1853; and in the same season, his lecture on Archimedes and Franklin, from which the above extract is taken.

154. MESSIAH.

1. THE Saviour comes, by ăncient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye dĕaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes ŏff every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

2. As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lŏst, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardiăn care engage,
The promised father of the future age.

3. No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet, with hateful eyes,

Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion[1] in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadōw to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.

4. The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amid the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.

5. The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green luster of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.

6. Rise, crown'd with light, imperiäl Salem,[2] rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a lŏng race thy spācious cōurts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thrŏng'd with prostrate kings,

[1] Falchion (fâl' chŭn).—[2] Salem, Jerusalem

And heap'd with prŏducts of Sabeän[1] springs!
For thee Idume's[2] spicy fŏrests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's[3] mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling pōrtals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

7. No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthiä[4] fill her silver horn;
But lŏst, dissolved, in thy superior rays,
One tide of glōry, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy cōurts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and Gŏd's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains?
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

POPE.[5]

155. SCENE FROM CATILINE.

In the Senate.

Cicero. Our lŏng dispute must close. Take one proof more
Of this rebellion.—Lucius Catiline[6]

[1] Sa bē' an, pertaining to Saba, in Arabia, celebrated for producing aromatic plants.—[2] I dū' me, or Id u' mæ a, an ancient country of western Asia, comprising the mountainous tract on the E. side of the great valleys of El-Ghor and El-Arabah, and W. and S. W. of the Dead Sea, with a portion of Arabia.—[3] O' phir, an ancient country mentioned in the Scriptures, and renowned from the earliest times for its gold. Some suppose it to be the same as the modern Sofala; and others conjecture it was situated in the East Indies.—[4] CYN' THI A, the moon, a name given to DIANA, derived from Mount Cynthus, her birthplace. See p. 337, note 3.—[5] See Biographical Sketch, p. 227.—[6] LUCIUS SERGIUS CATILINE, the descendant of an ancient and patrician family in Rome, whose youth and manhood were stained by every vice and crime. He was prætor in B. C. 68, was governor of Africa during the following year, and returned to Rome in 66, to sue for the consulship. Disqualified for a candidate, by an impeachment for oppression in his province, and frustrated in a conspiracy to kill the new consuls, he organized the extensive conspiracy in which the scene here given occurs. The history of this conspiracy, which ended by the death of CATILINE, in a decisive battle fought early in 62, has been written by SALLUST. He was a man of great mental and physical powers, though apparently entirely destitute of moral qualities.

Has been commanded to attend the senate.
He dares not come. I now demand your votes!—
Is he condemn'd to exile?

[CATILINE *comes in hastily, and flings himself on the bench; all the senators go over to the other side.*

Cicero [*turning to* CATILINE]. Here I repeat the charge, to gŏds and men,
Of treasons manifold;—that, but this day,
He has received dispatches from the rebels;
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the province; nay, has levied troops,
And raised his rebel standard:—that but now
A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites, and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murder'd slave.
To these he has no answer.

Catiline [*rising calmly*]. Conscript fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebeian talk; 'tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right—let him show proofs—
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your masters; judges, Romans—*slaves!*
His charge is false; I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

Cic. [*interrupting him*]. Deeds shall convince you! Has the traitor done?

Cat. But this I will avow, that I have scorn'd,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrŏng:
Who brands me on the fŏrehĕad, breaks my swōrd,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what? [*Looking round.*
To fling your ŏffices to every slave;
Vipers that creep where man disdains to climb;
And having wound their lōathsome track to the top
Of this huge moldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Cic. This is his answer! Must I bring more proofs?
Fathers, you know there lives not one of us,
But lives in peril of his midnight swōrd.
Lists of proscription have been handed round,
In which your general properties are made
Your murderer's hire.

[*A cry is heard without—"More prisoners!" An officer enters with letters for* CICERO; *who, after glancing at them, sends them round the Senate.* CATILINE *is strongly perturbed.*]

Cic. Fathers of Rome! If man can be convinced
By proof, as clear as daylight, here it is!
Look on these letters! Here's a deep-laid plot
To wreck the provinces: a solemn league,
Made with all form and circumstance. The time
Is desperate,—all the slaves are up;—Rome shakes!
The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
We stand even here!—The name of Catiline
Is foremost in the league. He was their king.
Tried and convicted traitor! go from Rome!

Cat. [*haughtily rising*]. Come, consecrated lictors, from your thrones: [*To the Senate.*
Fling down your scepters:—take the rod and ax,
And make the murder as you make the law.

Cic. [*interrupting him*]. Give up the record of his banishment.
[*To an officer.*

[*The officer gives it to the* CONSUL.]

Cat. [*indignantly*]. Banish'd from Rome! What's banish'd, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banish'd—I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But now my swōrd's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, wither'd hopes,
Strŏng provocations, bitter, burning wrŏngs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,

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To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scŏff you: here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your Consul's merciful.—For this, all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.

[*The Consul reads*]:—"Lucius Sergius Catiline: by the decree of the Senate, you are declared an enemy and alien to the State, and banished from the territory of the Commonwealth."

The Consul. Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!

Cat. [*furious*]. "Traitor!" I go—but I return. This—trial!
Here I dévote your Senate! I've had wrŏngs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strŏng as steel.
This day's the birth of sŏrrōws!—this hour's work
Will breed proscriptions:—look to your hearths,[1] my lords!
For there, henceförth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus![2]—all shames and crimes!
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
Making his wild spōrt of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

[*The Senators rise in tumult and cry out,*

Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!

Cic. Expel him, lictors! Clear the Senate-house!

[*They surround him.*

Cat. [*struggling through them*]. I go, but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go—but when I come, 'twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back

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[1] Hearths (hårths).—[2] Tär'tarus, in Homer's Iliad, a place beneath the earth, as far below Hades as heaven is above the earth, and closed by iron gates. Later poets describe this as the place in the lower world in which the spirits of wicked men are punished for their crimes; and sometimes they use the name as synonymous with Hades, or the lower world in general.

In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral-pile, but your best blood
Shall quench its flame. Back, slaves! [*To the lictors.*]—I will return! [*He rushes out; the scene closes.*

GEORGE CROLY.[1]

156. SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

I.

VOICE OF THE WIND.—HENRY TAYLOR.

THE wind, when first he rose and went abroad
Through the waste region, felt himself at fault,
Wanting a voice, and suddenly to earth
Descended with a wafture and a swoop,
Where, wandering vŏl'atīle, from kind to kind,
He woo'd the several trees to give him one.
First he besought the ash; the voice she lent
Fitfully, with a free and lashing chānge,
Flung here and there its sad uncertainties:
The aspen next; a flutter'd frivolous twitter
Was her sole trĭbute: from the willōw came,
So lŏng as dainty summer dress'd her out,
A whispering sweetness; but her winter note
Was hissing, dry, and reedy: lastly the pine
Did he solicit; and from her he drew
A voice so constant, sŏft, and lowly deep,
That there he rested, welcoming in her
A mild memorial of the ocean cave
Where he was born.

II.

MINISTRATIONS OF NATURE.—COLERIDGE.

WITH other ministrations thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child!
Thou pourest on him thy sŏft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters;
Till he relent, and can no more endure

[1] See p. 454, note 1.

To be a jarring and discordant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit heal'd and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

III.

MOONLIGHT.—SHAKSPEARE.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: sŏft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica.[1] Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens[2] of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an ăngel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grŏssly close it in, we can not hear it.

IV.

THE BELLS OF OSTEND.—BOWLES.

No, I never, till life and its shadōws shall end,
Can forgĕt the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend![3]
The day set in darkness, the wind it blew loud,
And rung as it pass'd through each murmuring shroud.
My fŏrehead was wet with the foam of the spray,
My heart sigh'd in secret for those far away;
When slowly the morning advanced from the east,
The toil and the noise of the tempest had ceased:
The peal from a land I ne'er saw, seem'd to say,
"Let the strānger forget every sŏrrōw to-day!"
Yĕt the short-lived emotion was mingled with pain—
I thought of those eyes I should ne'er see again;

[1] JESSICA, daughter of SHYLOCK, in the "Merchant of Venice."—[2] Pāt'-en, the plate or vessel on which the consecrated bread is placed; a plate.—[3] Os tĕnd', a fortified seaport town of Belgium, province of West Flanders, on the North Sea. It is regularly and neatly built, being a watering-place sometimes resorted to by the Belgian court.

I thought of the kiss, the last kiss which I gave,
And a tear of regret fell unseen on the wave;
I thought of the schemes fond affection had plann'd,
Of the trees, of the towers, of my own native land.
But still the sweet sounds, as they swell'd to the air,
Seem'd tidings of plĕasure, though mournful to bear,
And I never, till life and its shadōws shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend!

V.

MUSIC.—SHAKSPEARE.

Do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore,[1] the poĕt
Did feign that Orpheus[2] drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since naught so stockish hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:[3]
Let no such man be trusted.

VI.

MUSIC.—SHELLEY.

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;

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[1] Thĕre' fōre.—[2] ORPHEUS, see p. 423, note 1.—[3] EREBUS, son of Chaos, in heathen mythology. The name signifies darkness, and is therefore applied to the dark and gloomy space under the earth, through which the shades pass into Hades.

And thine doth like an ăngel sit
Beside the helm, conducting it,
While all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, forever
Upon that many winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!

VII.

PASTORAL MUSIC.—BYRON.

HARK! the note,
The natural music of the mountain reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd:
My soul would drink those echoes. Oh that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment, born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

157. HYMNS.

THE discovery of a statue, a vase, or even of a cameŏ, inspires art-critics and collectors with enthusiastic in'dustry, to search whether it be a copy or an original, of what age, and by what artist. But I think that a heart-hymn, sprung from the soul's deepest life, and which is, as it were, the words of the heart in those hours of transfiguration in which it beholds Gŏd, and heavenly ăngels, is nobler by far than any old simulācrum,[2] or carved ring, or heathen head, however ex'quisite in lines and feature!

2 To trace back a hymn to its sōurce, to return upon the path alŏng which it has trodden on its mission of mercy through

[1] Pastoral, relating to shepherds. Pastoral music and pastoral poetry are such as shepherds indulge in; and the term is applied for a simple style, suitable to the comprehension of shepherds and others of little intellectual refinement.—[2] Sim u lā' crum, the likeness, resemblance, or representation of any thing; an image, picture, figure, effigy, or statue

generations, to witness its changes, its obscurations and reäppearances, is a work of the truest religious enthusiasm, and far surpasses in importance the tracing of the ideäs of mere art. For hymns are the exponents of the inmost piëty of the Church. They are crystalline tears, or blossoms of joy, or holy prayers, or incarnated raptures. They are the jewels which the Church has worn; the pearls, the diämonds and precious stones, formed into amulets more potent against sŏrrōw and sadness than th most famous charms of wizard or magician. And he who knows the way that hymns flowed, knows where the blood of piety ran, and can trace its veins and arteries to the vĕry heart.

3. No other composition is like an experimental hymn. It is not a mere poëtic impulse. It is not a thought, a fancy, a feeling threaded upon words. It is the voice of experience speaking from the soul a few words that condense and ŏften represent a whōle life. It is the life, too, not of the natural feelings growing wild, but of regenerated feeling, inspired by Gŏd to a heavenly destiny, and making its way through troubles and hindrances, through joys and victories, dark or light, sad or serene, yĕt always struggling forward. Forty years the heart may have been in battle, and one verse shall express the fruit of the whole.

4. One great hope may come to fruit only at the end of many years, and as the ripening of a hundred experiences. As there be flowers that drink up the dews of spring and summer, and feed upon all the rains, and, only just before the winter comes, burst fŏrth into bloom, so is it with some of the noblest blossoms of the soul. The bolt that prostrated Saul gave him the exceeding brightness of Christ; and so some hymns could never have been written but for a heart-stroke that well-nigh crushed out the life. It is cleft in two by bereavement, and out of the rift comes forth, as by resurrection, the form and voice that shall never die out of the world. Angels sat at the grave's mouth; and so hymns are the ängels that rise up out of our griefs and darkness and dismay.

5. Thus born, a hymn is one of those silent ministers which Gŏd sends to those who are to be heirs of salvation. It enters into the tender imagination of childhood, and casts down upon the chämbers of its thought a holy rädiance which shall never quite depart. It goes with the Christian, singing to him all the

way, as if it were the airy voice of some guardiän spirit. When darkness of trouble, settling fast, is shutting out every star, a hymn bursts through and brings light like a torch. It abides by our side in sickness. It goes fōrth with us in joy to syllable that joy.

6. And thus, after a time, we clothe a hymn with the memories and associations of our own life. It is garlanded with flowers which grew in our hearts. Born of the experience of one mind, it becomes the unconscious record of many minds. We sang it, perhaps, the morning that our child died. We sang this one on that Sabbath evening when, after ten years, the family were once more all togēther. There be hymns that were sung while the mother lay a-dying; that were sung when the child, just converted, was filling the family with the joy of Christ new-born, and laid, not now in a mānger, but in a heart. And, thus sprung from a wondrous life, they lead a life yĕt more wonderful. When they first come to us they are like the single strokes of a bell ringing down to us from above; but, at length, a single hymn becomes a whōle chime of bells, mingling and discoursing to us the harmonies of a life's Christian experience.

7. And ŏftentimes, when in the mountain country, far from noise and interruption, we wrought upon these hymns[1] for our vacation tasks, we almost forgot the living world, and were lifted up by noble lyrics as upon mighty wings, and went back to the days when Christ sang with his disciples, when the disciples sang too, as in our churches they have almost ceased to do. Oh! but for one moment even, to have sat transfixed, and to have listened to the hymn that Christ sang and to the singing! But the olive-trees did not hear his murmured notes more clearly than, rapt in imagination, we have heard them!

8. There, too, are the hymns of St. Ambrose[2] and many

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[1] "Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes," published in 1855.—

[2] St. Ambrose, a celebrated Christian father, was probably born at Trèves, in 340. After a careful education at Rome, he practiced with great success, as an advocate, at Milan; and about 370 was appointed prefect of the provinces of Liguria and Æmilia, whose seat of government was Milan. He was appointed Bishop of Milan in 374; and finally acquired so much influence, that after the massacre of Thesalonica in 390, he refused the Emperor Theodosius admission to the Church of

others, that rose up like birds in the early centuries, and have come flying and singing all the way down to us. Their wing is untired yĕt, nor is the voice less sweet now than it was a thousand years ago. Though they sometimes disappeared, they never sank; but, as engineers for destruction send bombs[1] that, rising high up in wide curves, overleap great spaces and drop down in a distant spot, so Gŏd, in times of darkness, seems to have caught up these hymns, spanning lŏng periods of time, and letting them fall at distant eras, not for explosion and wounding, but for healing and consolation.

9. There are crusaders' hymns, that rolled fŏrth their truths upon the oriental air, while a thousand horses' hoofs kept time below, and ten thousand palm-leaves whispered and kept time above! Other hymns, fulfilling the promise of Gŏd that His saints should mount up with wings as eagles, have borne up the sŏrrōws, the desires, and the aspirations of the poor, the oppressed, and the persecuted, of Huguenots, of Covenanters, and of Puritans, and winged them to the bosom of God.

10. In our own time, and in the familiar experiences of daily life, how are hymns mŏssed over and vine-clad with domestic associations! One hymn hath opened the morning in ten thousand families, and dear children with sweet voices have charmed the evening in a thousand places with the utterance of another. Nor do I know of any steps now left on earth by which one may so soon rise above trouble or weariness as the verses of a hymn and the notes of a tune. And if the āngels, that Jacob saw, sang when they appeared, then I know that the ladder which he beheld was but the scale of divine music let down from heaven to earth.

H. W. Beecher.[2]

158. The Passions.

1. WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yĕt in early Greece she sung,
The Passions ŏft, to hear her shell,

Milan for a period of eight months, and then caused him to perform a public penance. Ambrose was a man of eloquence, firmness, and ability. The best edition of his works is that of the Benedictines, Paris, 1686 and 1690.—[1] Bomb (bŭm).—[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 71.

Thrŏng'd around her magic cell,—
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyŏnd the Muse's painting
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for MADNESS ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

2. First, FEAR his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.
Next ANGER rush'd—his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hŭrried hands, the strings.
With woful mĕasures, wan DESPAIR—
Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strānge, and mingled air;
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

3. But thou, O HOPE! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted mĕasure?
Still it whisper'd promised plĕasure,
And bădе the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolŏng;
And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on ECHO still through all her sŏng;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A sŏft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And HOPE, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

4. And lŏnger had she sung—but, with a frown,
REVENGE impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;

And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sŏunds so full of woes;
And ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected PITY, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Ye still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

5. Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to naught were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering sŏng was mix'd;
And now it courted LOVE—now, raving, call'd on HATE.
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale MELANCHOLY sat retired;
And, from her wild, sequester'd seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellōw horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing sŏft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound:
Through glades and glŏoms the mingled mĕasure stole;
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay
(Round a holy-calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing),
In hollōw murmurs died away.

6. But, oh! how alter'd was its sprightly tone,
When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow acrŏss her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,—
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Sātyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from fŏrth their alleys green:
Brown EXERCISE rejoiced to hear;
And SPŌRT lĕap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

7. Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:—
He, with viny crown, advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viöl,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempè's[1] vale her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound—
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS, one of the most interesting and exquisite of English poets, was born at Chichester on Christmas-day, 1720. He was educated at Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford. Before leaving college he published the "Oriental Eclogues," which, to the disgrace of the university and the literary public, were wholly neglected. In 1744 he came to London as a literary adventurer, and about two years later published his "Odes," and made the acquaintance of Dr. JOHNSON, who held him in the highest esteem. His life in the metropolis was irregular, and, until the death of an uncle, who left him a legacy of £2000, was one of continual hardship. On the receipt of this little fortune, he repaid MILLER, the bookseller, the loss sustained by the publication of his neglected "Odes," which were afterward destined to become immortal. Unhappily, the seeds of disease and occasional insanity had been too deeply sown in his former poverty to be eradicated, and after a short sojourn in France, he passed through the doors of a lunatic asylum to his early home, where, in care of his sister, he died, in 1756, at the early age of thirty-six. His appearance was manly, his conversation elegant, his views extensive, his disposition cheerful, and his morals pure. He was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. The "Oriental Eclogues" are written in a clear, correct style, and they charm by their figurative language and descriptions, the simplicity and beauty of their dialogues and sentiments, and their musical versification. No poet has been more happy in the use of metaphors and personification. COLLINS' "Odes" are unsurpassed by any thing of the same species of composition in the English language, and that to the "Passions" is a perfect master-piece of poetical description.

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[1] Tempe (tĕm′pē), a valley of European Turkey, in the N. E. of Thessaly, between the mountains of Olympus on the N., and Ossa on the S. The beauties of its scenery are much celebrated by ancient writers.

159. Alexander's Feast.[1]

1. 'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:[2]
Alŏft, in awful state,
The gŏdlike hero sate,
On his imperiäl throne.
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thaïs[3] by his side
Sat, like an eastern blooming bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave, deserves the fair.

2. Timotheüs,[4] placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The sŏng began from Jove,[5]
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love!—
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublīme on rādiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia[6] press'd,
And stampt an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lŏfty sound;

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[1] An ode for St. Cecilia's day, designed to illustrate the power of music.—[2] Philip's warlike son, Alexander the Great, see p. 145, note 6.—[3] Tha'is, a celebrated beauty of Athens, an attendant of Alexander, who gained such influence over him, as to cause him, during a great festival at Persepolis, to set fire to the palace of the Persian kings. On the death of the conqueror, she married Ptolemy, king of Egypt, one of Alexander's generals. She is sometimes called Menandria.—[4] Timotheus, see p. 227, note 3.—[5] Jove, see p. 337, note 4.—[6] Olympia (o lĭm'-pi a), one of the numerous names of Juno, the sister and wife of Jupiter

"A present deity!" they shout around;
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

3. The praise of Bacchus,[1] then, the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young!
The jolly gŏd in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpet! beat the drums!
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath!—he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a trĕasure;
Drinking is the soldier's plĕasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure, after pain!

4. Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes!
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Chănged his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Sŏft pity to infuse:
He sung Dariŭs,[2] great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen!
Fallen from his great estate,

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[1] Bacchus, see p. 79, note 4.—[2] Darius III., sometimes called Codomannus, in whose defeat by Alexander the Great the Persian empire was consummated, succeeded to the throne B. C. 336; and was killed 330.

And weltering in his blood!
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyous victor sate,
Revolving, in his alter'd soul,
The vārious turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

5. The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred strain to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Sŏftly sweet, in Lydiän[1] mĕasures,
Soon he soothed his soul to plĕasures:
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee;
Take the good the gŏds provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So love was crown'd; but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

6. Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yĕt, and yet a louder strain;

[1] Lydian (lĭd' i an), pertaining to Lydia, a country of Asia Minor, or to its inhabitants: hence, soft; effeminate; noting a kind of soft, slow music, anciently in vogue.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder!
Hark! hark!—the hŏrrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead;
And, amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheüs cries—
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

7. Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And, unburied remain
Inglōrious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they tŏss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
Thaïs led the way
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen,[1] fired another Troy.

8. Thus lŏng ago,
Ere heaving bellōws learn'd to blow,
While organs yĕt were mute,
Timotheüs to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle sŏft desire.
At last, divine Cecilia[2] came,

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[1] HELEN, a most beautiful woman of ancient Greece, whom PARIS, the son of PRIAM, king of Troy, stole from the arms of her husband, MENELAUS, who, with the other Greek chiefs, resolved to avenge her abduction. Hence rose the Trojan war, which lasted ten years.—[2] CECILIA, the patron saint of music, erroneously regarded as the inventress of the

Inventress of the vocal frame:
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheüs yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down. DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN, one of the great masters of English verse, was born at Oldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, August, 1631. He was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. He began his literary career by a set of heroic stanzas on the death of CROMWELL, which was a good precursor of his future excellence. The Restoration occurring when he was in his thirtieth year, excluded him for the time from government employment and patronage, and he at once devoted himself to literature for a profession. The stage now offered itself as the only means through which his pen could furnish a livelihood; and, in the course of twenty-five years, he wrote twenty-seven dramas, the most remarkable of which are his "Heroic Plays." From these rhymed dialogues arose that mastery of the English heroic couplet which he was the first to acquire, and in which no succeeding poet has nearly equaled him. The prefaces, dedications, and essays, with which he accompanied his dramas, exhibit him at once as the earliest writer of regular and elegant English prose, and as the first who aimed in our language at any thing like philosophical criticism. These prose fragments contain some of the most felicitous specimens of style which our tongue has ever produced. His engagement to write plays for the King's Theater gave him £300 a year: his circumstances were improved by his marriage, in 1665, with Lady ELIZABETH HOWARD, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire; and in 1670 he received, with a salary of £200 a year and the famous butt of wine, the joint offices of historiographer-royal and poet-laureate. "Absalom and Achitophel," the best of all his political satires, appeared in 1681. "The Medal" and "Mac Flecknoe," works of the same kind, followed soon after. In 1685, DRYDEN was received into the Church of Rome, the first public fruit of which was the "Hind and Panther," a rich allegorical poem, in which the main arguments of the Roman Church are stated. The Revolution, taking place in his fifty-seventh year, deprived the poet of his courtly patrons and pensions, and forced him to spend the last twelve years of his life in hard toil. Some of his best works were produced in this period. In 1690 appeared his tragedy of "Don Sebastian," the best of his serious plays. In 1697 he threw off at a heat his "Alexander's Feast," one of the most animated of all lyrical poems; and his spirited translation of Virgil appeared the same year. Lastly, in the spring of 1700, were published his "Fables," which prove that his warm imagination then burned as brightly as ever, and that his metrical skill increased

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organ, suffered martyrdom A. D. 220. She has been celebrated by several of the poets, and depicted on canvass by more than one of the great painters. RAPHAEL has presented her as the personification of heavenly devotion.

the close of his life. These admirable poems shed a glory on the last days of the poet, who died on the 1st of May, 1700. For an extended description of DRYDEN'S poetical endowments, the reader is referred to the 63d Exercise, p. 228

160. THE STOLEN RIFLE.

MACKENZIE ŏffered to crŏss the river and demand the rifle, if any one would accompany him. It was a hair-brained prŏject, for these villages were noted for the ruffian[1] character of their inhabitants; yĕt two volunteers prŏmptly stepped forward, Alfred Seton, the clerk, and Joe de la Pierre, the cook. The trī′ō soon reached the opposite side of the river. On landing, they freshly primed their rifles and pistols. A path winding for about a hundred yards among rocks and crags, led to the village.

2. No notice seemed to be taken of their approach. Not a solitary being—man, woman, or child—greeted them. The vĕry dŏgs, those noisy pests of an Indian[2] town, kept silence. On entering the village a boy made his appearance, and pointed to a house of larger dimensions than the rest. They had to stoop to enter it: as soon as they had passed the threshold, the nărrōw passage behind them was filled by a sudden rush of Indians, who had before kept out of sight.

3. Mackenzie and his companions found themselves in a rude chāmber of about twenty-five feet lŏng, and twenty wide. A bright fire was blazing at one end, near which sat the chief, about sixty years old. A large number of Indians, wrapped in buffalo robes, were squatted in rows, three deep, forming a semi-circle round three sides of the room. A single glance sufficed to show them the grim and dāngerous assembly into which they had intruded, and that all retreat was cut ŏff by the mass which blocked up the entrance.

4. The chief pointed to the vacant side of the room opposite to the door, and motioned for them to take their seats. They complied. A dead pause ensued. The grim warriors around sat like statues; each muffled in his robe, with his fierce eyes bent on the intruders. The latter felt they were in a perilous predicament.

5. "Keep your eyes on the chief while I am addressing him,"

[1] Ruffian (rŭf′yan).—[2] Indian (ĭnd′yan).

said Mackenzie to his companions. "Should he give any sign to his band, shoot him, and make for the door." Mackenzie advanced, and ŏffered the pipe of peace to the chief, but it was refused. He then made a regular speech, explaining the object of their visit, and proposing to give, in exchange for the rifle, two blankets, an ax, some beads, and tobacco.

6. When he had done, the chief rose, began to address him in a low voice, but soon became loud and vĭŏlent, and ended by working himself up into a furious passion. He upbraided the white men for their sordid conduct, in passing and repassing through their neighborhood without giving them a blanket or any other article of goods, merely because they had no furs to barter in exchange; and he alluded, with menaces of vengeance, to the death of the Indians, killed by the whites at the skirmish at the Falls.

7. Matters were verging[1] to a crīsis. It was evident the surrounding savages were only waiting a signal from the chief to spring upon their prey. Mackenzie and his companions had gradually risen on their feet during the speech, and had brought their rifles to a horizontal position, the barrels resting in their left hands: the muzzle of Mackenzie's piece was within three feet of the speaker's heart.

8. They cocked their rifles; the click of the locks for a moment suffused the dark cheek of the savage, and there was a pause. They coolly, but prŏmptly advanced to the door; the Indians fell back in awe, and suffered them to pass. The sun was just setting as they emerged[2] from this dāngerous den. They took the precaution to keep alŏng the tops of the rocks as much as possible, on their way back to the canoe, and reached their camp in safety, congratulating themselves on their escape, and feeling no desire to make a second visit to the grim warriors of the Wish-ram."

IRVING.[3]

161. The Tomahawk Submissive to Eloquence.

TWENTY tomahawks were raised; twenty ărrōws drawn to their head. Yĕt stood Harold, stern and collected, at bay—parleying only with his swōrd. He waved his arm. Smitten

[1] Vĕrg' ing.—[2] E mĕrg' ing.—[3] See Biographical Sketch, p. 114.

with a sense of their cow'ardice, perhaps, or by his great dignity, more awful for his very youth, their weapons dropped, and their countenances were uplifted upon him, less in hatred than in wonder.

2. The old men gathered about him: he leaned upon his saber. Their eyes shone with admiration: such heroic deportment, in one so young—a boy! so intrepid! so prompt! so graceful! so eloquent, too!—for, knowing the effect of eloquence, and feeling the loftiness of his own nature, the innocence of his own heart, the character of the Indians for hospital'ity, and their veneration for his blood, Harold dealt out the thunder of his strength to these rude barbarians of the wilderness, till they, young and old, gathering nearer and nearer in their devotion, threw down their weapons at his feet, and formed a rampart of locked arms and hearts about him, through which his eloquence thrilled and lightened like electricity. The old greeted him with a lofty step, as the patriarch welcomes his boy from the triumph of far-off battle; and the young clave to him and clung to him, and shouted in their self-abandonment, like brothers round a conquering brother.

3. "Warriors!" he said, "Brethren!"—(their tomahawks were brandished simultā'neously, at the sound of his terrible voice, as if preparing for the onset). His tones grew deeper, and less threatening. "Brothers! let us talk together of Logan![1] Ye who have known him, ye aged men! bear ye testimony to the deeds of his strength. Who was like him? Who could resist him? Who may abide the hurricane in its volley? Who may withstand the winds that uproot the great trees of the mountain? Let him be the foe of Logan. Thrice in one day hath he given battle. Thrice in one day hath he come back victorious. Who may bear up against the strong man—the man of war? Let them that are young, hear me. Let them follow the course of Logan. He goes in clouds and whirlwind—in the fire and in the smoke. Let them follow him. Warriors! Logan was the father of Harold!" They fell back in astonishment, but they

[1] Logan, an Indian chief of the Cayugas, murdered in 1781. He was remarkable for his attachment to the whites until cruelly treated by them, when he took an Indian's revenge. A speech of his, addressed to Lord Dunmore, is an eloquent rebuke of the conduct of the whites.

believed him; for Harold's word was unquestioned, undoubted evidence, to them that knew him. NEAL.

JOHN NEAL was born in Portland, Maine, about 1794. He was brought up as a shop-boy, and in 1815 became a wholesale dry-goods dealer in Baltimore, with JOHN PIERPONT, the poet. The concern failed, and NEAL commenced the study of law, and with it the profession of literature, by writing a series of critical essays on the works of BYRON for "The Portico," a monthly magazine. In 1818 he published "Keep Cool," a novel, and in the following year "The Battle of Niagara, Goldau the Maniac Harper, and other Poems," and "Otho," a tragedy. He wrote a large portion of ALLEN'S "History of the American Revolution," which appeared in 1821. Four novels, "Logan," "Randolph," "Errata," and "Seventy-six," some of which were republished in London, followed in quick succession. Meanwhile the author had studied law; been admitted, and was practicing as energetically as he was writing. Near the close of 1823 he went abroad; and, soon after his arrival in London, became a contributor to several periodicals, making his first appearance in "Blackwood's Magazine," in "Sketch of the Five American Presidents and the Five Candidates for the Presidency," a paper which was widely republished. After passing four years in Great Britain and on the Continent, in which time appeared his "Brother Jonathan," a novel, he came back to his native city of Portland, where he now resides. He has since published "Rachel Dyer," "Authorship," "The Down Easters," and "Ruth Elder;" edited "The Yankee," a weekly gazette, two years, and contributed largely to other periodicals. His novels are original, and written from the impulses of his heart, containing numerous passages marked by dramatic power, and brilliancy of sentiment and expression; but most of them were produced rapidly, and are without unity, aim, or continuous interest. Mr. NEAL'S poems have the unquestionable stamp of genius. His imagination is marked by a degree of sensibility and energy rarely surpassed. But, having little just sense of proportion, he exhibits a want of skill in using his rich and abundant materials.

162. MARIUS IN PRISON.

THE peculiar sublimity of the Roman mind does not express itself, nor is it at all to be sought, in their poëtry. Poetry, according to the Roman ideal of it, was not an adequate organ for the grander movements of the national mind. Roman sublimity must be looked for in Roman acts, and in Roman sayings. Where, again, will you find a more adequate expression of the Roman majesty, than in the saying of Trajan[1]—*Imperatorem*

[1] TRAJAN, one of the most illustrious emperors of Rome, was born near Seville, in Spain, in the year 53. By his great victories over the Dacians, Germans, and Parthians, he fixed securely the boundaries of the Roman empire on the banks of the Rhine and the Tigris. His internal administration was equally glorious, his reign being celebrated for its great clemency, and rigid discipline of justice, and for its humanity to Christians. He died at Selinus, a town in Cilicia, August 117.

oportere stantem mori—that Cæsar[1] ought to die standing?—a speech of imperatoriäl grandeur. Implying that he, who was "the foremost man of all this world," and, in regard to all other nations, the representative of his own, should express its characteristic virtue in his farewell act—should die *in procinctu*,[2] and should meet the last enemy as the first, with a Roman countenance and in a soldier's attitude. If this had an imperatorial, what follōws had a consular majesty, and is almost the grandest stōry upon record.

2. Marius,[3] the man who rose to be seven times consul, was in a dungeon, and a slave was sent in with commission to put him to death. These were the persons—the two extremities of exalted and forlorn humanity, its vanward and its rearward man, a Roman consul and an abject slave. But their natural relations to each other were, by the caprice of fortune, monstrously inverted: the consul was in chains; the slave was for a moment the arbiter of his fate. By what spells, what magic, did Marius reïnstate himself in his natural prerogatives? By what marvels drawn from heaven or from earth, did he, in the twinkling of an eye, again invest himself with the purple, and place between himself and his assassin a host of shadowy lictors?

3. By the mere blank supremacy of great minds over weak ones. He *fascinated* the slave, as a rattlesnake does a bird. Standing "like Teneriffe," he smote him with his eye, and said, "*Tune, homo, audes occidere C. Marium?*"—Dost thou, fellow, presume to kill Caius Marius? Whereat, the rep'tile, quaking under the voice, nor daring to affront the consular eye, sank gently to the ground, turned round upon his hands and feet, and, crawling out of the prison like any other vermin, left Marius standing in solitude as steadfast and immovable as the capitol.

DE QUINCEY.[4]

163. SCENE FROM KING RICHARD III.

Brakenbury. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence. Oh, I have pass'd a miserable night,

[1] CÆSAR, see p. 209, note 4.—[2] In procinctu, about to join battle; ready for action.—[3] MARIUS, one of the greatest generals and dictators of the Roman republic, born about 157, and died B. C. 86 —[4] See Biographical Sketch, p. 97.

So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embark'd to crŏss to Bur'gundy,
And in my company my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lanc'aster,
That had befallen us. As we pass'd alŏng
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that sought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billōws of the main.
O heaven! Methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mŏck'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such lēisure, in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and ŏften did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it fōrth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. No, no! my dream was lengthen'd after life;
Oh, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman[1] which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my strānger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renownèd Warwick,
Who cried aloud—"*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd. Then came wandering by
A shadōw like an ānge1, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
"CLARENCE *is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—*
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury!
SEIZE *on him, furies! take him to your torments!*"
With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howlèd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impressiōn made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and, see how he requites me!
O Gŏd! if my deep prayers can not appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yĕt execute thy wrath on me alone:
Oh, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—
I prithee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

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[1] CHARON, son of EREBUS, who, according to ancient mythology, conveyed in his boat the shades of the dead across the rivers of the lower world. For this service he was paid with an obolus or danace, which coin was placed in the mouth of every corpse previous to its burial. He is represented as an aged man, with a dirty beard and a mean dress.

Brak. I will, my lord; Gŏd give your grace good rest!—
[CLARENCE *reposing himself on a chair*
Sŏrrōw breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night mŏrning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glōries,
An outward honor for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They ŏften feel a world of restless cares:
So that between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame. SHAKSPEARE.[1]

164. SELECT PASSAGES IN PROSE.

I. THE STREAM OF LIFE.—HEBER.[2]

LIFE bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our bōat at first glides down the nărrōw channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to ŏffer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hŭrries on, and still our hands are empty. Our cōurse in youth and manhood is alōng a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us; we are excited by some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 348.—[2] REGINALD HEBER, son of the Rev. REGINALD HEBER, was born at Malpas, Cheshire, England, on the 21st of April, 1783. He entered the University of Oxford in 1800, where his career was brilliant from its commencement to its close. In the first year he gained the university prize for Latin verse; he wrote his poem of Palestine in 1803; and in 1804 took his degree, and won the prize for the best English prose essay. In 1807 he "took orders," and was settled in Hodnet, in Shropshire. After being advanced to two or three ecclesiastical preferments, in 1822 he was appointed bishop of Calcutta, and embarked for India in 1823, where he performed his duties with great earnestness till his death, on the 3d of April, 1826. His numerous prose works, and his poetry, are noted for the purity of their style, and elevation of sentiment.

griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we can not be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tŏssing of its waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

II. Life Compared to a River.—Davy.[1]

A full and clear river is, in my opinion, the most poĕtical object in nature. Pliny[2] has, as well as I recollect, compared a river to human life. I have never read the passage in his works, but I have been a hundred times struck with the analogy, particularly amidst mountain scenery. The river, small and clear in its ŏrigin, gushes fŏrth from rocks, falls into deep glens, and wantons and meänders through a wild and picturesque country, noŭrishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or tŏrrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its motions; it is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadōws, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge;—in this mature state, it is deep, strŏng, and useful. As it flows on toward the sea, it loses its fŏrce and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lŏst and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters.

III. Ideal Character of Life.—R. H. Dana.

A true life, in all its connections and concerns, has an ideäl and spiritual character, which, while it loses nothing[3] of the definiteness of reälity, is forever suggesting thoughts, taking new re-

[1] Sir Humphrey Davy, who ranks, as a man of science, second to none in the nineteenth century, was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, England, December, 1778. Of his numerous discoveries, that of the safety-lamp was, perhaps, most useful. Though not an extended, he was an able prose writer, and possessed a fine poetical imagination, which, had he not been the first chemist, would have placed him among the first poets of his age. He died at Geneva, on the 30th of May, 1829.—[2] Pliny, see p. 76, note 4.—[3] Nothing (nŭth' ing).

lations, and peopling and giving action to the imagination. All that the eye falls upon and all that touches the heart, run ŏff into airy distance, and the regions into which the sight stretches are alive, and bright, and beautiful with countless shapings and fair hues of the gladdened fancy. From kind acts, and gentle words, and fond looks there spring hosts, many and glōrious as Milton's[1] āngels; and heavenly deeds are done, and unearthly voices heard, and forms and faces, graceful and lovely as Uriel's, are seen in the noonday sun. What would only have given plĕasure for the time to another, or, at most, be now and then called up in his memory, in the man of feeling and imagination, lays by its particular, and short-lived, and irregular nature, and puts on the garments of spiritual beings, and takes the everlasting nature of the soul. The ordinary acts which spring from the good-will of social life, take up their dwelling within him and mingle with his sentiment, forming a little society in his mind, going on in harmony with its generous enterprises, its friendly labors, and tasteful pursuits. They undergo a chānge, becoming a portion of him, making a part of his secret joy and melancholy, and wandering at large among his far-ŏff thoughts. All that his mind falls in with, it sweeps alŏng in its deep, and swift, and continuous flow, and bears onward with the multitude that fills its shoreless and living sea.

IV. Man's Glory Passeth Away.—Watson.[2]

Mark the glōry of collective man. United, he puts on the appearance of strength. He founds empires; he builds cities; he guards by his armies; he cements' by his policy. Ah! vain attempt! Still, "all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass." Trace the track of civilized and powerful man through the world, and you will find it covered with the

[1] Milton, see p. 582.—[2] Richard Watson, bishop of Llandaff, was born at Heversham, near Kendal, England, in 1737. He was appointed professor of chemistry at Cambridge, in 1764, and became professor of divinity in 1771. His theological works are, "An Apology for Christianity," in answer to Gibbon's chapter on the rise and progress of Christianity, "An Apology for the Bible," in answer to "Paine's Age of Reason," and many tracts and sermons. His philosophical works are chiefly on chemistry. Died in 1816.

wreck of his hopes; and the vĕry monuments of his power have been converted into the mŏckery of his weakness. His eternal cities molder in their ruins; the serpent hisses in the cabinet where he planned his empires. Echo itself is startled by the foot which breaks the silence that has reigned for ages in his hall of feast and sŏng. Columns stand in the untrodden desert; and the hut of the shepherd, or the den of the robber, shelters the only residence of his palaces. And the glory which now exists, is crumbling everywhere, where it has not the cem'ent of Christianity, and where it takes not something of perpetuity from the everlasting word. All heathen glory, all Mohammedan pride, creak in the blast, and nod to their fall. The withering wind or the raging tempest shall pass over them in turn; and men shall sit upon the ruins of their proudest grandeur.

V. Evidence of a Creator in the Structure of the World.—Tillotson.[1]

How ŏften might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poëm, yea, or so much as make a good discŏurse in prose! And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world?—How lŏng might a man be in sprinkling colors upon a canvas with a careless hand, before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man! And is a man easier made by chance than this picture?—How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army! And yĕt this is much more easy to be imagined, than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous[2] themselves into a world.

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[1] John Tillotson, a distinguished prelate of the English Church, was born in Sowerby, Yorkshire, in 1630. He was educated at Clare Hall College, Cambridge. Soon after leaving that institution, he rose to distinction as a preacher, and preferments flowed upon him in rapid succession, till in 1690 he became Archbishop of Canterbury. Died in 1694 His sermons, his principal compositions, were, for half a century, more read than any in our language.—[2] Rendezvous (rĕn' de vō), to unite or come together in a particular place.

VI. Nature Proclaims a Deity.—Chateaubriand.[1]

There is a Gŏd! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him; the insect spōrts in his beam; the bird sings him in the foliäge; the thunder proclaims him in the heavens; the ocean declares his immensity;—man alone has said, There is no God! Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects in nature. Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year,—a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn—a night bespangled with stars, and a night darkened by clouds—meadōws enameled with flowers—fŏrests hoary with snow—fields gilded by the tints of autumn,—then alone you will have a just conception of the universe! While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging into the vault of the West, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the East. By what inconceivable power does that agèd star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reäppear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every hour of the day, the glōrious orb is at once rising, resplendent as noon-day, and setting in the west; or, rather, our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no East or West, no North or South, in the world.

VII. The Blessings of Religious Faith.—Davy.

I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others—not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creätes new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of

[1] Chateaubriand, a noted French writer and statesman, author of the "Genius of Christianity," was born in Brittany, in 1769, and died in Paris, in 1848, when he had almost completed his eightieth year.

palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair.

165. The Unbeliever.

I PITY the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur, and glŏry, and beauty of the natural universe, and behold not the touches of His finger, who is over, and with, and above all; from my vĕry heart I do commiserate his condition. The unbeliever!—one whose intellect the light of revelation never penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, and moon, and stars, and upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance!

2. The heart of such a being is a drear and cheerless void. In him, mind—the gŏd-like gift of intellect—is debased, destroyed; all is dark—a fearful chaotic labyrinth, rayless, cheerless, hopeless! No gleam of light from heaven penetrates the blackness of the hŏrrible delusion; no voice from the Eternal bids the desponding heart rejoice. No fancied tones from the harps of seraphim arouse the dull spirit from its lethargy, or allay the consuming fever of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly remediless; reason is prostrate; and passion, prejudice, and superstition, have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect.

3. I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the revelation from on high but a sealed book? He sees nothing[1] above, or around, or beneath him, that evinces the existence of a Gŏd; and he denies—yea, while standing on the footstool of Omnipotence, and gazing upon the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts his intellect to the light of reason, and DENIES THERE IS A GOD.

CHALMERS.[2]

166. Hamlet's Soliloquy.

1. TO be—or not to be—that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and ărrōws of outrageous fortune;

[1] Nothing (nŭth' ing).—[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 130.

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them. To die—to sleep;—
No more? and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd! To die—to sleep:
To sleep! perchance to dream! Ay; there's the rub:
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled ŏff this mortal coil,
Must give us pause!

2. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so lŏng life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrŏng, the proud man's con'tumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of ŏffice, and the spurns
That patient mĕrit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

3. Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

4. Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their cŭrrents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. SHAKSPEARE.[1]

167. CATO'S[2] SOLILOQUY.

1. IT must be so.—Plato,[3] thou reasonest well!
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 348.—[2] MARCUS PORCIUS CATO, great-

This lŏnging after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward hŏrror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

2. Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and chānges must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadōws, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works,—He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.[1]
I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

3. Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death[2] and life,
My bane and antidote, are bōth before me.
This in a moment brings me to my end;

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grandson of Cato the Censor, was born B. C. 95. From his youth he was celebrated for his bravery, virtue, decision, severity, and harshness of character. After earning a high reputation as a military tribune in Macedonia, and devoting some time to the study of philosophy, and in diligent preparation for official life, he was first elected questor for B. C. 65. He was the principal supporter of Cicero in his measures for suppressing the Catilinarian conspiracy; and on the commencement of civil war, in B. C. 49, he joined the party of Pompey against Cæsar. After the defeat of the former, Cato proceeded to Africa, where the hopes of the republican party were finally extinguished by the battle of Thapsus, April 6th, B. C. 46. Failing to inspire his countrymen, who were collected at Utica, with courage to endure a siege, he resolved not to outlive the downfall of the republic. After providing for the safety of his friends, and spending the greater part of the night in perusing Plato's Phædo, he inflicted on himself the wound of which he died, in the forty-ninth year of his age.—[2] Plato, see p. 145, note 5.—[1] Cæsar, see p. 209, note 4.—[2] Death, bane, and the first *this*, refer to his sword; and life, antidote, and the second *this*, to the book he held in his hand.

But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds. ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, the eldest son of an able and learned clergyman, was born at his father's rectory of Milston, in Wiltshire, England, on the first day of May, 1672. He was educated chiefly at the Charter-house and at Oxford, and distinguished himself as a writer of Latin verse. He took his master's degree in 1693, and held a fellowship from 1699 to 1711. He first appeared in print by contributing English verses, some of which are original, and others translations from the classics, to Dryden's Miscellanies. Political encouragement from the whig party, soon after induced him to write a poem complimenting King WILLIAM on the campaign in which he took Namur. A pension, procured for him by Lord SOMERS, enabled him, in 1699, to visit the Continent, where he resided for three years. The best of his poems, a "Letter from Italy," was written in 1701, while he was still abroad; and his "Travels in Italy," his first extended prose work, exhibited his extensive knowledge, and his skill and liveliness in composition. Soon after his return to England he wrote "The Campaign," a poem celebrating MARLBOROUGH'S victory at Blenheim, which, receiving extraordinary applause, secured him an appointment, in 1704, as one of the commissioners of appeal in excise. He became an under secretary of state in 1706, and secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland in 1709, about a year and a half before the dismissal of the ministry which he served. From the autumn of 1710 till the end of 1714, four of the best years of his life, the opposition having deprived him of office, ADDISON'S principal employment was the composition of his celebrated Periodical Essays. In 1709 he began to furnish papers for the "Tatler," a periodical conducted by his schoolfellow and friend, RICHARD STEELE, writing, in all, more than sixty of the two hundred and seventy-one essays which the work contained. On the first day of March, 1711, these two writers commenced the "Spectator," which appeared every week-day till the 6th day of December, 1712. The two contributing almost equally, seem together to have written not very much less than five hundred of the papers. On the cessation of the "Spectator," Steele set on foot the "Guardian," which, started in March, 1713, came to an end in October, with its one hundred and seventy-fifth number, fifty-three of the papers being ADDISON'S. In point of style the two friends resembled each other very closely, when dealing with familiar objects; but, in the higher tones of thought and composition, ADDISON showed a mastery of language raising him very decisively, not above STEELE only, but above all his contemporaries. In April, 1713, he brought on the stage his tragedy of "Cato," which was rendered so immensely popular, partly through political considerations, as to raise the reputation of the author to its highest point. The accession of GEORGE I. occurring in the latter part of 1714, restored the whigs to power, and thus again diverted ADDISON from literature to politics. After acting as secretary to the regency, he was made one of the lords of trade early in 1715. Owing, it is said, to the influence of his wife, the Countess-dowager of Warwick, whom he had married a few months before, he was induced to become one of the two principal secre-

taries of state in 1717; but ill health caused him to resign, eleven months after his appointment, from which period he received a pension of £1500 a year. He died at Holland House, on the 17th of June, 1719. His body, after lying in state, was interred in the poet's corner of Westminster Abbey.

168. The Resurrection.

MOREOVER, brĕthren, I declare unto you the gŏspel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day, according to the scriptures; and that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve. After that he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep.

2. After that he was seen of James; then of all the apŏstles; and last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time. For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of Gŏd. But by the grace of God I am what I am; and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all: yĕt not I, but the grace of God which was with me. Therefore, whether it were I or they, so we preach, and so ye believed.

3. Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of Gŏd; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yĕt in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

[1] This selection is an admirable exercise in *Inflections*, see p. 39.

4. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to Gŏd, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authŏrity, and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet.

5. But when he saith, all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that Gŏd may be all in all. Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead? and why stand we in jeopardy every hour? I protest by your rejoicing, which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily. If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for to-mŏrrōw we die.

6. Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of Gŏd. I speak this to your shame. But some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowèst is not quickened, except it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain; it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.

7. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glōry of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead: it is sown in corruption, it is raised in

incorruption: it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.

8. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

9. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of Gŏd; nēither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be chānged, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound; and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

10. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my belovèd brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. BIBLE.

169. HOPE TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

1. UNFADING HOPE! when life's last embers burn,—
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,—
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly

The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day:—
Then—then, the triumph and the trance begin
And all the Phenix[1] spirit burns within!

2. Oh! deep-enchanting prĕl'ūde to repose!
The dawn of bliss! the twilight of our woes!
Yĕt half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!—
Mysterious worlds, untravel'd by the sun,
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run!
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears:
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, lŏng and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her făbric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew,[2] when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his Gŏd,
With mortal tĕrrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

3. Daughter of Faith, awake! arise! illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt and dispel, ye specter-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian[3] darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;

Phē' nix, the fabulous bird which is said to exist single, and to rise again from its own ashes; hence, used as an emblem of immortality.—[1] Hebrew, St. Peter [Matthew, chap. xiv., v. 30].—[2] Cim mē' ri an, extremely dark. The Cimmerians inhabited a valley in what is now called the *Crimea*, which the ancients pretended was involved in darkness.

Wild as that hăllōw'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

4. Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly sōurce thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return:—
Hark! from the world's exploding center driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamăn'tĭne car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyŏnd the reach of thought;
But, wheeling homeward, whĕn his cōurse is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveler of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And, o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her sōurce—the bosom of her Gŏd!

CAMPBELL.[1]

170. MORAL PROGRESS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.[2]

A KIND of reverence is paid by all nations to antiquity. There is no one that does not trace its lineäge from the gŏds, or from those who were especially favored by the gods. Every people has had its age of gold, or Augustan age, or heroic age—an age, alas! forever passed. These prejudices are not altogether unwholesome. Although they produce a conviction of declining virtue, which is unfavorable to generous emulation, yĕt a people at once ignorant and irreverential, would necessarily become licentious. Nevertheless, such prejudices ought to be modified.

2. It is untrue, that in the periŏd of a nation's rise from dis-

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 137.—[2] From an Address at Yale College, 1854.

order to refinement, it is not able to continually surpass itself. We see the *present*, plainly, distinctly, with all its cōarse outlines, its rough inequalities, its dark blots, and its glaring deformities. We hear all its tumultuous sounds and jarring discords. We see and hear the *past*, through a distance which reduces all its inequalities to a plane, mellōws all its shades into a pleasing hue, and subdues even its hoarsest voices into harmony.

3. In our own case, the prejudice is less erroneous than in most others. The revolutionary age was truly a heroic one. Its exigencies called fōrth the genius, and the talents, and the virtues of society, and they ripened amid the hardships of a lŏng and severe trial. But there were selfishness, and vice, and factions, then, as now, although comparatively subdued and repressed. You have only to consult impartial history, to learn that nēither public faith, nor public loyalty, nor private virtue, culminated at that period in our own country; while a mere glance at the literature, or at the stage, or at the politics of any Europē'an country, in any previous age, reveals the fact that it was marked, more distinctly than the present, by licentious mŏrals and mean ambition.

4. It is only just to infer in favor of the United States an improvement of mŏrals from their established prŏgress in knowledge and power; otherwise, the philosophy of society is misunderstood, and we must chānge all our cōurses, and hencefōrth seek safety in imbecility, and virtue in superstition and ignorance. What shall be the test of the năational morals? Shall it be the eccentricity of crimes? Certainly not; for then we must compare the criminal eccentricity of to-day with that of yĕsterday. The result of the comparison would be only this, that the crimes of society change with changing circumstances.

5. Loyalty to the state is a public virtue. Was it ever deepertoned or more universal than it is now? I know there are ebullitions of passion and discontent, sometimes breaking out into disorder and vĭölence; but was faction ever more effectually disarmed and harmless than it is now?—There is a loyalty that springs from the affection that we bear to our native soil. This we have as strŏng as any people. But it is not the soil alone, nor yĕt the soil beneath our feet and the skies over our heads,

that constitute our country. It is its freedom, equality, justice, greatness, and glōry. Who among us is so low as to be insensible of an interest in them? Four hundred thousand natives of other lands every year voluntarily renounce their own sovereigns, and swear feälty to our own. Who has ever known an Amĕrican to transfer his allegiänce permanently to a fŏreign power?

6. The spirit of the laws, in any country, is a true index to the mŏrals of a people, just in proportion to the power they exercise in making them. Who complains here or elsewhere, that crime or immorality blots our statute-books with licentious enactments? The character of a country's magistrates, legislators, and captains, chosen by a people, reflects their own. It is true that in the earnest canvassing which so frequently recurring elections require, suspicion ŏften follōws the magistrate, and scandal follows in the footsteps of the statesman. Yĕt, when his cōurse has been finished, what magistrate has left a name tarnished by corruption, or what statesman has left an act or an opinion so erroneous that decent charity can not excuse, though it may disapprove? What chieftäin ever tempered military triumph with so much moderation as he who, when he had placed our standard on the battlements of the capital of Mexico, not only received an ŏffer of supreme authŏrity from the conquered nation, but declined it?

7. The manners of a nation are the outward form of its inner life. Where is woman held in so chivalrous respect, and where does she deserve that eminence better? Where is property more safe, commercial honor better sustained, or human life more sacred? Moderation is a virtue in private and in public life. Has not the great increase of private wealth manifested itself chiefly in widening the circle of education and elevating the standard of popular intelligence? With fŏrces which, if combined and directed by ambition, would subjugate this continent at once, we have made only two vĕry short wars—the one confessedly a war of defence, and the other ended by paying for a peace and for a domain already fully conquered.

8. Where lies the secret of the increase of virtue which has thus been established? I think it will be found in the entire emancipation of the consciences of men from ēither direct or indirect control by established ecclesiastical or political systems.

Religious classes, like political parties, have been left to compete in the great work of mŏral education, and to entitle themselves to the confidence and affection of society, by the purity of their faith and of their morals.

9. I am well aware that some, who may be willing to adopt the general conclusions of this argument, will object that it is not altogĕther sustained by the action of the government itself, however true it may be that it is sustained by the great action of society. I can not enter a field where truth is to be sought among the disputations of passion and prejudice. I may say, however, in reply first, that the governments of the United States, although more perfect than any other, and although they embrace the great ideäs of the age more fully than any other, are, nevertheless, like all other governments, founded on compromises of some abstract truths and of some natural rights.

10. As government is impressed by its constitution, so it must necessarily act. This may suffice to explain the phenomenon complained of. But it is true, also, that no government ever did altogĕther act out, purely and for a lŏng period, all the virtues of its original constitution. Hence it is that we are so well told by Bolingbroke,[1] that every nation must perpetually renew its constitution or perish. Hence, moreover, it is a great excellence of our system, that sovereignty resides, not in congress and the president, nor yĕt in the governments of the States, but in the people of the United States. If the sovereign be just and firm and uncorrupted, the governments can always be brought back from any aberrations, and even the constitutions themselves, if in any degree imperfect, can be amended. This great ideä of the sovereignty of the people over their government glimmers in the British system, while it fills our own with a broad and glowing light.

SEWARD.

[1] HENRY ST. JOHN VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE, an orator, statesman, and philosophical essayist, was born at Battersea, in Surrey, England, in 1672. He was educated at Eaton and Oxford. ST. JOHN entered parliament in 1701, and was successively secretary of war and secretary of state. He was elevated to the peerage in 1712. Unfortunately, none of the speeches delivered by him in either house have been preserved, though they are reported to have been very brilliant. He died in 1751, and a complete edition of his works, in five volumes, appeared soon after.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, son of Dr. SAMUEL S. SEWARD, of Florida, Orange county, New York, was born in that village on the 16th of May, 1801. He entered Union College in 1816. After completing his course with distinguished honor, he studied law at New York with JOHN ANTHON, and afterward with JOHN DUER and OGDEN HOFFMAN. Soon after his admission to the bar he commenced practice in Auburn, New York, where he married in 1824. He rose rapidly to distinction in his profession. In 1828 he first took a prominent part in politics, when he labored for the reëlection of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS to the presidency. He became a member of the State Senate in 1830, where he remained for four years. He made a tour in Europe, of a few months, in 1833, during which he wrote a series of letters, which were published in the "Albany Evening Journal." He was elected governor of the State by the whig party in 1838; reëlected in 1840; but in 1842, declining a renomination, retired to the practice of his profession. He was chosen United States senator in 1849, by a large majority; and, on the expiration of his term in 1855, he was reëlected to the same body. In 1853 an edition of his works was published in New York, in three octavo volumes, containing his speeches in the State and national Senate, and before popular assemblies, with his messages as governor, his forensic arguments, miscellaneous addresses, letters from Europe, and selections from his public correspondence. His writings and speeches are models of correct composition; their grammatical construction, rhetorical finish, and accurate arrangement, rendering them well-nigh faultless. Though not remarkable for oratory, his classic style, his perfect self-control, his truthful manner, his uncommon sense, and his thorough knowledge of the leading questions of the day, command the attention and admiration of the hearer.

171. SELECT PASSAGES IN PROSE.

I. OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.—EVERETT.

THEY give the keys of knowledge to the mass of the people. I think it may with truth be said, that the branches of knowledge taught in our common schools, when taught in a finished, masterly manner,—reading—in which I include the spelling of our language—a firm, sightly, legible handwriting, and the elemental rules of arithmetic,—are of greater value than all the rest which is taught at school. I am far from saying that nothing else can be taught at our district schools; but the young person who brings these from school, can himself, in his winter evenings, rānge over the entire field of useful knowledge. Our common schools are important in the same way as the common air, the common sunshine, the common rain,—invaluable for their commonness. They are the corner-stone of that municipal organization which is the characteristic feature of our social system; they are the fountain of that wide-spread intelligence, which, like a mŏral life, pervades the country. From the hum

blest village school there may go forth a teacher who, like Newton,[1] shall bind his temples with the stars of Ori'on's[2] belt,—with Herschel,[3] light up his cell with the beams of before undiscovered planets,—with Franklin,[4] grasp the lightning.

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[1] NEWTON, see p. 174, note 2.—[2] O ri' on, a southern constellation containing seventy-eight stars.—[3] WILLIAM HERSCHEL, a distinguished astronomer, was born at Hanover, on the 15th of November, 1738. Educated as a musician, he came to England in 1757, and immediately established himself as a teacher of music. In 1766 he obtained the situation of organist at Halifax, and soon after a more lucrative appointment in Bath, where he was very successful as a teacher of music, and a director of the public concerts. While at Halifax he acquired a considerable knowledge of mathematics, and studied astronomy. Anxious to see the wonderful celestial phenomena disclosed by the telescope, and, fortunately for science, being unable to buy one, he resolved to construct one with his own hands. In 1774 he completed a five-feet Newtonian reflector, with which he could see the satellites of Jupiter and the ring of Saturn; but, not being contented with this instrument, he afterward constructed several hundred, both Newtonian and Gregorian, 80 of which were *twenty* feet telescopes. In 1781 he discovered the new planet Uranus. After this first of his numerous and brilliant discoveries, GEORGE III. enabled him, by the grant of a salary, to devote the whole of his time to astronomy. Sir WILLIAM HERSCHEL was elected an honorary member of most of the scientific institutions in Europe and America; received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws in 1786; and in 1820 was elected the first president of the Astronomical Society. He died on the 25th of August, 1822.—[4] BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, an eminent American moralist, statesman, and philosopher, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, 6th January, 1706. The early incidents of his life are, happily, too familiar to require details. He left Boston for Philadelphia at seventeen, in 1723; visited England the following year, where he worked at his trade, as printer; and returned to Philadelphia in 1726. He there established himself as public printer, purchased the "Pennsylvania Gazette," which he virtually projected in 1729; married in 1730; assisted in founding the Philadelphia Library in 1731; the next year published his almanac; was chosen, in 1736, clerk of the General Assembly; became deputy-postmaster at Philadelphia in 1737; in 1752 demonstrated his theory of the identity of lightning with electricity; was sent to England as an agent by the Assembly in 1757; received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the universities of Edinburgh and Oxford, and returned to America in 1762. Two years after he returned to England as a colonial agent; returned again to Philadelphia in 1775; signed the Declaration of Independence in Congress; went ambassador to France in the same year; returned, after signing the treaty of peace in 1785, to America, when he was made president of the Commonwealth

II. What Youth should Learn.—Hare.[1]

The teachers of youth, in a free country, should select those books for their chief study—so far, I mean, as this world is concerned—which are best adapted to foster a spirit of manly freedom. The duty of preserving the liberty which our ancestors, through Gŏd's blessing, won, established, and handed down to us, is no less imperative than any commandment in the second table, if it be not the concentration of the whōle. And is this duty to be learned from the investigations of science? Is it to be picked up in the crucible? or extracted from the properties of lines and numbers? I fear there is a moment of broken lights in the intellectual day of civilized countries, when, among the manifold refractions of Knowledge, Wisdom is almost lŏst sight of.

III. What Youth should be Taught.—Landor.

Shame upon historians and schoolmasters for exciting the worst passions of youth by the display of false glōries! If your religion hath any truth or influence, her professors will extinguish the promontory lights, which only allure to breakers. They will be assiduous in teaching the young and ardent that great abilities do not constitute great men, without the right and unremitting application of them; and that, in the sight of Humanity and Wisdom, it is better to erect one cottage than to demolish a hundred cities. Down to the present day we have been taught little else than falsehood. We have been told to do this thing and that; we have been told we shall be punished unless we do; but at the same time we are shown by the finger that prosperity and glory, and the esteem of all about us, rest upon other and vĕry different foundations. Now, do the ears or the eyes seduce the most easily, and lead the most directly to the heart? But bōth ears and eyes are won over, and alike are persuaded to corrupt us.

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of Pennsylvania for three years; was a delegate to the Federal Convention in 1787; and died April 17th, 1790. An edition of his works, in ten volumes, has recently been published.—[1] Charles Julius and Augustus Hare, two brothers, clergymen of the Church of England, authors of "Guesses at Truth," from which this extract is taken.

IV. Education of the Heart.—Scott.

I fear you have some vĕry young ideäs in your head. Are you not too apt to mĕasure things by some reference to literature—to disbelieve that anybody can be worth much care who has no knowledge of that sort of thing, or taste for it! Gŏd help us! what a poor world this would be if that were the true doctrine! I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of the poor, uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yĕt gentle hĕroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our reäl calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider every thing as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.

V. Duty.—Dickens.

O late-remembered, much-forgotten, mouthing, braggart duty, always owed, and seldom paid in any other coin than punishment and wrath, when will mankind begin to know thee! When will men acknowledge thee in thy neglected cradle and thy stunted youth, and not begin their recognition in thy sinful manhood and thy desolate old age! O ermined judge, whose duty to society is now to doom the ragged criminal to punishment and death, hadst thou never, Man, a duty to discharge in barring up the hundred open gates that wooed him to the felon's dock, and throwing but ajar the pōrtals to a decent life! O prĕl′ate, prelate, whose duty to society it is to mourn in melancholy phrase the sad degeneracy of these bad times in which thy lot of honors has been cast, did nothing go before thy elevation to the lŏfty seat, from which thou dealest out thy homilies to other tarriers for dead men's shoes, whose duty to society has not begun! O magistrate, so rare a country gentleman and brave a squīre, had you no duty to society before the ricks were blazing and the mob were mad; or did it spring up armed and booted from the earth, a corps of yeomanry, full grown!

VI. Air and Exercise.—London Quarterly Review.

Special attention should be given, bŏth by parents and teachers, to the physical development of the child. Pure air and free exercise are indispensable, and wherever ēither of these is withheld the consequences will be certain to extend themselves over the whōle future life. The seeds of protracted and hopeless suffering have, in innumerable instances, been sown in the constitution of the child simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law; and the time has come when the united voices of these innocent victims should ascend, "trumpet-tongued," to the ears of every parent and every teacher in the land. "Give us free air and wholesome exercise; give us leave to develop our expanding energies in accordance with the laws of our being; give us full scope for the elastic and bounding impulses of our youthful blood!"

VII. Pampering the Body at the Soul's Expense.—Everett.

What, sir, feed a child's body, and let his soul hunger! pamper his limbs, and starve his faculties! Plant the earth, cover a thousand hills with your droves of cattle, pursue the fish to their hiding-places in the sea, and spread out your wheat-fields acrŏss the plain, in order to supply the wants of that body which will soon be as cold and as senseless as the poorest clod, and let the pure spiritual essence within you, with all its glōrious capacities for improvement, languish and pine! What! build factories, turn in rivers upon the water-wheels, unchain the imprisoned spirits of steam, to weave a garment for the body, and let the soul remain unadorned and naked! What! send out your vessels to the furthest ocean, and make battle with the monsters of the deep, in order to obtain the means of lighting up your dwellings and workshops, and prolŏnging the hours of labor for the meat that perisheth, and permit that vital spark, which Gŏd has kindled, which he has intrusted to our care, to be fanned into a bright and heavenly flame,—permit it, I say, to languish and go out! What considerate man can enter a school, and not reflect with awe, that it is a seminary where immortal minds are training for eternity? What parent but is, at times, weighed down with the thought, that *there* must be laid the foundations of a

building which will stand, when not merely temple and palace, but the perpetual hills and adamănt'ine rocks on which they rest, have melted away!—that a light may *there* be kindled, which will shine, not merely when every artificial beam is extinguished, but when the affrighted sun has fled away from the heavens!

VIII. The Necessity of Mental Labor.—Scott.

I rely upon it that you are now working hard in the classical mine, gĕtting out the rubbish as fast as you can, and preparing yourself to collect the ore. I can not too much impress upon your mind that *labor* is the condition which Gŏd has imposed on us in every station of life: there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow, to the spōrts by which the rich man must get rid of his ennui.[1] The only difference betwixt them is, that the poor man labors to get a dinner to his appetite, the rich man to get an appetite to his dinner. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor, than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plow. There is indeed this great difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies; and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labor, my dear boy, therefore, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up. But if we neglect our spring, our summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our old age unrespected and desolate.

IX. Aptitude of Youth for Knowledge.—Brougham.

It is not the less true, because it has been ŏftentimes said, that the periŏd of youth is by far the best fitted for the improvement of the mind, and the retirements of a college almost exclusively adapted to much study. At your enviäble age, every thing has the lively interest of novelty and freshness; attention is perpet-

[1] Ennui (ån wē'), lassitude; weariness; disgust.

ually sharpened by curiosity; and the memory is tenăcious of the deep impressions it thus receives, to a degree unknown in after-life: while the distracting cares of the world, or its beguiling plĕasures, crŏss not the threshold of these calm retreats; its distant noise and bustle are faintly heard, making the shelter you enjoy more grateful; and the struggles of anxious mortals, embarked upon that troublous sea, are viewed from an eminence, the security of which is rendered more sweet by the prospect of the scene below. Yĕt a little while, and you, too, will be plunged into those waters of bitterness, and will cast an eye of regret, as now I do, upon the peaceful regions you have quitted forever.

Such is your lot as members of society; but it will be your own fault if you look back on this place with repentance or with shame; and be well assured that, whatever time—ay, every hour—you squander here on unprofitable idling, will then rise up against you, and be paid for by years of bitter but unavailing regrets. Study then, I beseech you, so to stōre your minds with the ex'quisite learning of former ages, that you may always possess within yourselves sōurces of răational and refined enjoyment, which will enable you to set at naught the grōsser plĕasures of sense, whereof other men are slaves; and so imbue yourselves with the sound philosophy of later days, forming yourselves to the virtuous habits which are its legitimate ŏffspring, that you may walk unhurt through the trials which await you, and may look down upon the ignorance and error that surround you, not with lōfty and supercilious contempt, as the sages of old times, but with the ve'hement desire of enlightening those who wander in darkness, and who are by so much the more endeared to us by how much they want our assistance.

172. The Schoolmaster and the Conqueror.

BUT there is nothing which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves mĕrry with than what is termed the "*march of intellect*;" and here I will confess, that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a vĕry absurd, because a very incorrect expression. It is little

calculated to describe the operation in question. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceedings of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the prŏgress of the enemy to all improvement. The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the "pride, pŏmp, and circumstance of war"—banners flying—shouts rending the air—guns thundering—and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lamentations for the slain.

2. Not thus the schoolmaster, in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and prepares in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly găthers round him those who are to further their execution—he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, laboring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recess'es of ignorance, and torn up by the roots the weeds of vice. His is a prŏgress not to be compared with any thing like a march; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more impĕrishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won.

3. Such men—men deserving the glōrious title of Teachers of Mankind—I have found, laboring conscientiously, though perhaps, obscurely, in their blessèd vocation, wherever I have gŏne. I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded, but enslaved Italians; and in our own country, Gŏd be thanked, their number, everywhere abound, and are every day increasing.

4. Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the property of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far ŏff in their own times. Each one of those great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed cōurse; awaits in patience the fulfillment of the promises; and, resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglōrious epitaph, commemorating "one in whom mankind lōst a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy." BROUGHAM.

HENRY BROUGHAM, the distinguished philanthropist, orator, and statesman, was born in Westmoreland, England, in 1779. He received his preparatory education at the high school in Edinburgh, and in 1795 entered the university where his course was a complete triumph. He was one of the projectors and chief contributors of the Edinburgh Review, and in 1803 published "An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers," which at once called the attention of the public to its author. After his admission to the Scottish bar, he visited the north of Europe, and on his return commenced practice in the Court of King's Bench, London, where he soon gained both popularity and emolument. He first entered Parliament in 1810, and here the vastness and universality of his acquirements, his singular activity, and untiring energies rendered him very serviceable in the promotion of reforms. He was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow in 1825, and was president of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," established in 1827. He was appointed Lord Chancellor and elevated to the peerage in 1830. Since 1834 he has been constantly exerting his transcendent abilities in the House of Lords in favor of all measures that are calculated to advance the best interests of society. Among his most valuable works are, "Biography of Eminent Statesmen and Men of Letters in the Reign of George III.," 3 vols.; "A Discourse on Natural Theology," and an edition of his Parliamentary Speeches, revised by himself. His speeches unquestionably stand in the very first rank of oratorical masterpieces.

173. THE FAMINE.

1. O THE lŏng and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the fŏrest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter fŏrce a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walk'd he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perish'd there from cold and hunger.

2. O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!

O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famish'd;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them.

3. Into Hiäwatha's[1] wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollōw
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said! "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minneha'ha[2]
Shudder'd as they look'd upon her,
Shudder'd at the words they utter'd,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they utter'd.

4. Fōrth into the empty fŏrest
Rushed the madden'd Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sŏrrōw,
In his face a stony firmness,

[1] HIAWATHA (he a wā' tha), the wise man, the teacher; the name of the hero of the tale.—[2] MINNEHA'HA, Laughing Water, a water-fall or a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the falls of St. Anthony; the Indian name of Hiawatha's wife, the heroine of the tale

On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapp'd in furs and arm'd for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of ărrōws,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

5. "Gitchè Man'ito,[1] the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far-resounding fōrest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"MINNEHAHA! MINNEHAHA!"

6. All day lōng roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy fōrest,
Through the shadōw of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;[2]
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laugh'd and glisten'd,
And the air was full of frāgrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follōw you, my husband!"

[1] GITCHE MAN'ITO, the Great Spirit; the Master of Life.—[2] Dă cō'tah or Sioux Indians, a numerous and powerful tribe, inhabiting the territory between the Missouri and Mississippi rivers.

7 In the wigwam with Noko'mis,[1]
With those gloomy guests, that watch'd her
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Belovèd,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the smoke that waves and beckons!"

8. "Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pau'guk[2]
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the fŏrest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!"

9 Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow encumber'd branches,
Homeward hŭrried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahono'win![3] Wahonowin!
Would that I had perish'd for you,

[1] NOKO'MIS, the grandmother of Hiawatha.—[2] PAU'GUK, death.—[3] Wa-ho nō' win, an Indian cry of lamentation.

Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
And he rush'd into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Utter'd such a cry of anguish,
That the fŏrest moan'd and shudder'd,
That the vĕry stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

10. Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follōw.
With bōth hands his face he cover'd,
Seven lŏng days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

11. Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the fŏrest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapp'd her in her robes of ermine,
Cover'd her with snow, like ermine:
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessèd.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;

From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehahà,
Stood and watch'd it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguish'd,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

12. "Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follōw
To the Islands of the Blessèd,
To the Kingdom of Pone'mah,[1]
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.[2]

174. ABRAHAM AND THE FIRE-WORSHIPER.

SCENE—*The inside of a Tent, in which the Patriarch* ABRAHAM *and a* PERSIAN TRAVELER, *a Fire-Worshiper, are sitting awhile after supper.*

Fire-Worshiper [*aside*]. What have I said, or done, that by degrees
Mine hōst hath chānged his gracious countenance,
Until he starèth on me, as in wrath!
Have I, 'twixt wake and sleep, lŏst his wise lōre?
Or sit I thus too lōng, and he himself
Would fain be sleeping? I will speak to that.
[*Aloud.*] Impute it, O my great and gracious lord,
Unto my feeble flesh, and not my folly,
If mine old eyelids droop against their will,
And I become as one that hath no sense
Even to the milk and honey of thy words.—

[1] Po nē' mah, hereafter.—[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 858.

With my lord's leave, and his good servant's help,
My limbs would creep to bed.
Abraham [*angrily quitting his seat*]. In this tent, never.
Thou art a thankless and an im'pious man.
Fire-W. [*rising in astonishment*]. A thankless and an impious man! O sir,
My thanks have all but worship'd thee.
Abraham. And whom
Forgotten? like the fawning dŏg I feed.
From the foot-washing to the meal, and now
To this thy cramm'd and dog-like wish for bed,
I've noted thee; and never hast thou breathed
One syllable of prayer, or praise, or thanks,
To the great Gŏd who made and feedèth all.
Fire-W. O sir, the gŏd I worship is the Fire,
The god of gods; and seeing him not here,
In any symbol, or on any shrine,
I waited till he bless'd mine eyes at morn,
Sitting in heaven.
Abraham. O foul idolater!
And darest thou still to breathe in Abraham's tent?
Fōrth with thee, wretch; for he that made thy gŏd,
And all thy tribe and all the host of heaven,
The invisible and only dreadful God,
Will speak to thee this night, out in the storm,
And try thee in thy foolish god, the Fire,
Which with his fingers he makes lightnings of.
Hark to the rising of his robes, the winds,
And gĕt thee forth, and wait him.
[*A violent storm is heard rising.*
Fire-W. What! unhoused;
And on a night like this! me, poor old man,
A hundred years of age!
Abraham [*urging him away*]. Not reverencing
The Gŏd of ages, thou revōltèst reverence.
Fire-W. Thou hadst a father;—think of his gray hairs,
Houseless, and cuff'd by such a storm as this.
Abraham. Gŏd is thy father, and thou own st not him.
Fire-W. I have a wife, as agèd as myself,

And if she learn my death, she'll not survive it,
No, not a day; she is so used to me;
So propp'd up by her other feeble self.
I pray thee, strike us not both down.
Abraham [*still urging him*]. God made
Husband and wife, and must be own'd of them,
Else he must needs disown them.
Fire-W. We have children,—
One of them, sir, a daughter, who, next week,
Will all day long be going in and out,
Upon the watch for me; she, too, a wife,
And will be soon a mother. Spare, oh spare her!
She's a good creature, and not strong.
Abraham. Mine ears
Are deaf to all things but thy blasphemy,
And to the coming of the Lord and God,
Who will this night condemn thee.
[ABRAHAM *pushes him out; and remains alone, speaking.*
For if ever
God came at night-time forth upon the world,
'Tis now this instant. Hark to the huge winds,
The cataracts of hail, and rocky thunder,
Splitting like quarries of the stony clouds,
Beneath the touching of the foot of God!
That was God's speaking in the heavens,—that last
And inward utterance coming by itself.
What is it shakèth thus thy servant, Lord,
Making him fear, that in some loud rebuke
To this idolater, whom thou abhorrest,
Terror will slay himself? Lo, the earth quakes
Beneath my feet, and God is surely here.
[*A dead silence; and then a still small voice*
The Voice. Abraham!
Abraham. Where art thou, Lord? and who is it that speaks
So sweetly in mine ear, to bid me turn
And dare to face thy presence?
The Voice. Who but He
Whose mightiest utterance thou hast yet to learn?
I was not in the whirlwind, Abraham;

I was not in the thunder, or the earthquake;
But I am in the still small voice.
Where is the strānger whom thou tookèst in?
Abraham. Lord, he denied thee, and I drove him fōrth.
The Voice. Then didst thou do what Gŏd himself forbore.
Have I, although he did deny me, borne
With his injuriousness these hundred years,
And couldst thou not endure him one sole night,
And such a night as this?
Abraham. Lord! I have sinn'd,
And will go fōrth, and if he be not dead,
Will call him back, and tell him of thy mercies
Bōth to himself and me.
The Voice. Behold, and learn!
[*The Voice retires while it is speaking; and a fold of the tent is turned back, disclosing the* FIRE-WORSHIPER, *who is calmly sleeping, with his head on the back of a house-lamb.*
Abraham. O loving Gŏd! the lamb itself's his pillōw,
And on his fōrehead is a balmy dew,
And in his sleep he smilèth. I, meantime,
Poor and proud fool, with my presumptuous hands
Not God's, was dealing judgments on his head,
Which God himself had cradled!—Oh, methinks
There's more in this than prophet yĕt hath known,
And Faith, some day, will all in Love be shown.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

175. ADDRESS TO THE INDOLENT.[1]

1. IS not the field with lively culture green
A sight more joyous than the dead morăss'?
Do not the skies, with active e'ther clean,
And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass[2]
The foul November fōgs, and slumberous mass,[3]
With which sad Nature vails her drooping face?
Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,[4]
Gay dancing[5] on, the putrid pool disgrace?—
The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

[1] From "The Castle of Indolence."—[2] Sur pāss'.—[3] Mās.—[4] Glās.—[5] Dān' cing.

2. It was not by vile loitering in ease
That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm[1] of art,
That sŏft yĕt ardent Ath'ens learnt to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,—
In all supreme! complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart!
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

3. Had unambitious mortals minded naught
But in loose joy their time to wear[2] away,—
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillōw their dull heads to lay,—
Rude[3] Nature's state had been our state to-day;
No cities o'er[4] their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes[5] the human race had grazed;
None[6] o'er had sōar'd to fame, none honor'd been, none praised.

4. But should your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
If right I read, you plĕasure all require:
Then see how best may be obtain'd this fee,
How best enjoy'd this, nature's wide desire.
Toil and be glad! let In'dustry inspire
Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant[7] breath!
Who does not act is dead;—absorpt entire
In miry slōth, no pride, no joy he hath:
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

5. Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch who slugs[8] his life away,
Soon swallōw'd in disease's sad abyss,

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[1] Pălm.—[2] Wear (wār). [3] Rude (rōōd). [4] E'er (ār).—[5] Brutes (brōōtz).—[6] None (nŭn) [7] Buoyant (bwăi'ant).—[8] Slŭg, play the drone: lie idle.

While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air[1] each limb, each thought as clear as day.

6. Oh, who can speak the vigorous joy of health,—
Unclogg'd the body, unobscured the mind?
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See! how the younglings frisk alŏng the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy[2] wĭnd;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
Yĕt what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce[3] breeds!

7 There[4] are, I see, who listen to my lay,
Who wretched sigh for virtue,[5] yĕt despair.[6]
"All may be done," methinks I hear them say,
"Even death despised by generous actions fair,—[7]
All, but for those who to these bowers repair![8]
Their every power dissolved in luxury,
To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,[9]
And from the powerful arms of slōth get free—
'Tis rising from the dead:—Alas!—it can not be!"

8. Would you, then, learn[10] to dissipate the band
Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
Resolve—resolve! and to be men aspire.
Exert that noblest privilege,—alone
Here to mankind indulged;—control desire:
Let gŏdlike Reason, from her sovereign[11] throne,
Speak the commanding[12] word, I WILL!—and it is done.

THOMSON.[13]

176. THE POET.

HOW glōrious, above all earthly glory, are the faculty and mission of the Poet! His are the flaming thoughts that

[1] Air (år).—[2] Bȧlm′y.—[3] Pleasaunce, an ancient form of the word pleasure.—[4] There (thȧr).—[5] Virtue (vẽrt′yu).—[6] Despȧir′.—[7] Fȧir.—[8] Rẽpȧir′.—[9] Lȧir.—[10] Lẽarn.—[11] Sovereign (sŭv′er in).—[12] Com mănd′ing.—[13] See Biographical Sketch, p. 75.

pierce the vail of heaven—his are the feelings, which on the wings of rapture sweep over the abyss of ages. The star of his being is a splendor of the world.

2. The Poet's state and attributes are half divine. The breezes of glădness are the heralds of his approach; the glimpse of his coming is as the flash of the dawn. The hues of Conquest flush his brow: the anger of triumph is in his eyes. The secret of Creätion is with him; the mystery of the Immortal is among his trĕasures. The doom of unending sovereignty is upon his nature.

3. The meditations of his mind are Angels, and their issuing fōrth is with the strength of eternity. The tălisman[1] of his speech is the scepter of the free. The decrees of a dominion whose sway is over spirits, and whose continuance is to everlasting, go out from before him; and that ethereäl essence, which is the untamable in man—which is the liberty of the Infinite within the bondage of life—is obedient to them. His phrases are the forms of Power: his syllables are agencies of Joy.

4. With men in his sympathies, that he may be above them in his influence, his nature is the jewel-clasp that binds Humanity to Heaven. It mediates between the earthly and celestial: in the vigor of his production, divinity becomes substantial; in the sublimity of his apprehensions, the material loses itself into spirit. It is his to drag fōrth the eternal from our mortal form of being—to tear the Infinite into our bounden state of action.

5. What conqueror[2] has troops like his?—the spirit-fōrces of Language[3]—those subtle slaves of Mind, those impetuous masters of the Passions; whose mysterious substance who can comprehend—whose mighty operation what can combat? Evolved, none knowèth how, within the curtained chāmbers of existence—half-physical, half-ideäl, and finer than all the agencies of Time—linked togĕther by spells, which are the spontaneous magic of genius, which he that can use, never understands—the wēird[4]

[1] Talisman (tăl' iz măn), something formed by magical skill, to which wonderful effects were ascribed, such as preservation from sickness, injury, &c.; *figuratively*, that which produces remarkable effects.—[2] Conqueror (kŏng' ker or).—[3] Language (lăng' gwaj).—[4] Wēird, skilled in witchcraft.

hŏsts of words fly fŏrth, silently, with silver wings, to win re sistlessly against the obstacles of Days, and Distance, and Destruction, to fetter nations in the viewless chains of admiration, and be, in the ever-presence of their all-vitality, the immortal pŏrtion of their author's being.

6. Say what we will of the *reäl* character of the strifes of war, and policy, and wealth, the accents of the singer are the true acts of the race. What prince, in the secret places of his dalliance, uses such delights as his? Passing through the life of the actuäl, with its transitory blisses, its deciduous[1] hopes, its quickly waning fires, his interests dwell only in the deep consciousness of the soul and mind, to which belŏng undecaying raptures, and the tone of a gŏdlike fŏrce. Within that glowing universe of Sentiment and Fancy, which he generates from his own strenuous and teeming spirit, he is visited by immortal forms, whose motions torment the heart with ecstasy—whose vesture is of light—whose society is a frāgrance of all the blossoms of Hope.

7. To him the True approaches in the rādiant garments of the Beautiful; the Good unvails to him the princely splendors of her native lineäments, and is seen to be Plĕasure. His soul lies strewn upon its flowery desires, while, from the fountains of ideäl loveliness, flows sŏftly over him the rich, warm luxury of the Fancy's passion. His Joys are Powers; and it is the blessedness of his condition that Triumph to him is prepared not by toil, but by indulgence. Begotten by the creätive might of rapture, and beaming with the strength of the delight of their conception, the shapes of his imagination come fŏrth in splendor, and he fascinates the world with his felicities. H. B. Wallace.

Horace Binney Wallace was born in Philadelphia on the 26th of February, 1817. He passed the first two years of his collegiate course at the University of Pennsylvania, and the residue at Princeton College, where he was graduated in 1835. He studied law with great thoroughness, and at the age of twenty-seven, prepared notes, that have been commended by the highest legal authorities, for "Smith's Selections of Leading Cases in various Branches of the Law," and "White and Tudor's Selection of Leading Cases in Equity." He also devoted much time to scientific study; produced "Stanley," a novel; and published a number of articles anonymously in various periodicals. He sailed for Europe in April, 1849, and passed a year in England, Germany, France, and Italy. On his return he resumed, with increased energy, his literary pursuits. His eye-

[1] De cid' u ous, falling in autumn, as leaves; not permanent.

sight became impaired in the spring of 1852, owing to the incipient stages of congestion of the brain, caused by undue mental exertion. By the advice of physicians, he embarked for England in November. Finding no improvement in his condition, on his arrival, he went to Paris for medical advice, where his cerebral disease increased, and led to his death suddenly, on the 16th of December following. In 1855 appeared in Philadelphia a volume of his writings, entitled "Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe." These essays on the principles of art, descriptions of cathedrals, traveling sketches, and papers on distinguished artists, though not designed for publication, and mostly in an unfinished state, display great depth of thought, command of language, knowledge of the history and æsthetic principles of art, and a finely cultivated taste. A second volume of his writings, "Literary Criticisms and other Papers," appeared in 1856. These two works form but a small part of Mr. WALLACE's literary productions.

177. To the Spirit of Poetry.

1. LEAVE me not yĕt! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou dear ideăl of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the beautiful—the only,
Whom I would keep, though all the world depart!
Thou, that dost vail the frailest flower with glōry,
Spirit of light and loveliness and truth!
Thou that didst tell me a sweet, fairy stōry
Of the dim future, in my wistful youth!
Thou, who canst weave a halo round the spirit,
Through which naught mean or evil dare intrude,
Resume not yet the gift, which I inherit
From heaven and thee, that dearest, holiest good!
Leave me not now! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou starry prophet of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the tenderest, the only,
With whom, of all, 'twould be despair to part.

2. Thou that camest to me in my dreaming childhood,
Shaping the chăngeful clouds to păgeants rare,
Peopling the smiling vale and shaded wildwood
With airy beings, faint yĕt străngely fair;
Telling me all the sea-born breeze was saying,
While it went whispering through the willing leaves;
Bidding me listen to the light rain playing
Its pleasant tune about the household eaves;
Tuning the low, sweet ripple of the river,
Till its melodious murmur seemed a sŏng!

A tender and sad chant, repeated ever,
A sweet, impassion'd plaint of love and wrŏng!
Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou star of promise o'er my clouded path!
Leave not the life, that bŏrrōws from thee only
All of delight and beauty that it hath!

3. Thou, that when others knew not how to love me,
Nor cared to fathom half my yearning soul,
Didst wreathe thy flowers of light around, above me,
To woo and win me from my grief's control;
By all my dreams, the passionate, the holy,
When thou hast sung love's lullaby to me;
By all the childlike worship, fond and lowly,
Which I have lavish'd upon thine and thee;
By all the lays my simple lute was learning,
To echo from thy voice—stay with me still!
Once flown—alas! for thee there's no returning!
The charm will die o'er valley, wood, and hill.
Tell me not TIME, whose wing my brow has shaded,
Has wither'd spring's sweet bloom within my heart:
Ah, no! the rose of love is yet unfaded,
Though hope and joy, its sister flowers, depart.

4. Well do I know that I have wrŏng'd thine altar
With the light ŏfferings of an idler's mind;
And thus with shame, my pleading prayer I falter,
Leave me not, spirit! dĕaf, and dumb, and blind!
Deaf to the mystic harmony of nature,
Blind to the beauty of her stars and flowers;
Leave me not, heavenly yĕt human teacher,
Lonely and lŏst in this cold world of ours!
Heaven knows I need thy music and thy beauty
Still to beguile me on my weary way,
To lighten to my soul the cares of duty,
And bless with radiänt dreams the darken'd day;
To charm my wild heart in the worldly revel,
Lest I, too, join the aimless, false and vain:
Let me not lower to the soulless level
Of those whom now I pity and disdain!

Leave me not yet!—leave me not cold and pining,
Thou bird of paradise, whose plumes of light,
Where'er they rested, left a glōry shining;
Fly not to heaven, or let me share thy flight!

FRANCES OSGOOD.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD, daughter of JOSEPH LOCKE, a Boston merchant, was born in that city about the year 1812. Some of her first poems appeared in a juvenile Miscellany, conducted by Mrs. L. M. Child, rapidly followed by others, which soon gave their signature, "Florence," a wide reputation. About 1834 she was married to S. S. OSGOOD, a young painter already distinguished in his profession. They soon after went to London, where Mr. OSGOOD pursued his art of portrait-painting with success; and his wife's poetical compositions to various periodicals met with equal favor. In 1839 a collection of her poems was published in London, entitled "A Wreath of Wild-Flowers from New England." About the same period she wrote "The Happy Release, or the Triumphs of Love," a play in three acts. She returned with Mr. OSGOOD to Boston in 1840. They removed to New York soon afterward, where the remainder of her life was principally passed. Her poems, and prose tales and sketches, appeared at brief intervals in the magazines. In 1841 she edited "The Poetry of Flowers and Flowers of Poetry," and in 1847, "The Floral Offering," two illustrated gift-books. Her poems were collected and published in New York in 1846. She possessed an unusual facility in writing verses, with a felicitous style, and was happy in the selection of subjects. Her rare gracefulness and delicacy, and her unaffected and lively manners, won her a large circle of friends. She died on the 12th of May, 1850.

178. DIGNITY OF POETRY.

IT is a remarkable fact that in the earliest periŏds of civilization, in the robust and fervid youth of great nations, that Pŏetry, that divine melody of thought and words, is always the first language of the newly awakened intellect. As civilization advances, and the cold abstractions of science take the life-like creätions of the imagination, Poetry withdraws more and more from the domain of the understanding. But though a high state of intellectual cultivation more clearly defines the respective boundaries of science and poetry, it is by no means necessarily unfavorable to the latter, as many have supposed. Poetry, more and more hemmed in by reälity, finds in reality new and inexhaustible resŏurces.

2. The vulgar and triviäl details of actual life are apt to blunt our perceptions of its greatness. The bright dreams of youth, and the thoughtful sadness of maturer years; the deep communings of the soul with nature and with Gŏd; the fond loyalty which cherishes the memories of heroes and great benefactors

of mankind; self-sācrificing pātriotism which attaches to the ideä of country an infinite impōrt, and sacred obligations; rapt devotion, whether it recognize the Divine Presence in the Gothic Cathedral, amid the fōrest aisles, or on the sounding sea-shōre;—what are all these things, but the rising undulations of that deepest part of our mysterious nature, in which are the fountains of poëtry and religion?

3. If we imagine a rătional creature, upon a level with the highest of our species, to reach the maturity of his powers in another state of being, and then to have all his perceptions and sensibilities suddenly opened upon this world, in any of its brightest or most fearful aspects, what deep thoughts, what childish wonder, love, or awe would fill his whōle soul! The poëtical temperament preserves in a greater or less degree this child-like freshness, which custom withers in other men; and by mysterious affinities, it draws to itself the poëtry of life and nature from the alloy of commonplace ingredients. It is unquestionably the greatest triumph of art to ideälize the present; for distance ēither in time or space renders the materials of poetry more pliant. Through the same mists that conceal from us the vulgar and triviäl details', the grander features of the scene loom up into shapes of beauty or terror.

4. Consciously or unconsciously, the poëtical temperament links every thing finite and perishable with the infinite and imperishable, and our little life here with the boundless and everlasting existence that awaits us. Whatever form poëtry may take, and whatever may be the nature of the materials which it draws from the actual world, its essential inspiration is the ineradicable desire of the human soul for a wider, a more beautiful, a more powerful existence than the present.

5. When the poet is destitute of religious faith, the mighty cravings of his soul, and a vivid sense of the frightful discrepancy between the aspirations and the supposed destiny of man, may eat into his heart, tear asunder his whōle nature, and fever it into despair, madness, or suicide. A happier creed may overarch life with the rainbow of hope, and pour over nature the light of eternity. In ēither case, the poet, filled with the ideäl, and with that infinite love and awe which only the ideal can inspire, becomes the unconscious prophet of deeper and mightier truths

than the boasted deductions of science. Even in science, no great thing was ever done by a man who had not a spice of poëtry in him. As will appear more fully in the prŏgress of our inqui'ry, those branches of art and literature which strive to embody the aspirations of man in forms of ideal beauty or power, have performed a vĕry important part in human culture.

6. Indeed, the history of Christianity itself, including the life and death of its Divine Founder, the mŏral hĕroism of its martyrs and apŏstles, and the lŏng warfare which it has waged against ignorance, sin, and misery, is a mighty epic, of which Gŏd is the author; and the refinements of chivalry, the triumphs of art, and the glŏries of science are the episodes. Religion has directly or indirectly been the sōurce of that poëtry of action, which has shed a never-dying glory over the great and stirring periods of modern history. It is obvious that we use the term Poetry in its general sense of passionate recognition of all beautiful, glorious, and sublime things, manifested, not only in verse, painting, sculpture, architecture, but any thing which ennobles man, embellishes life, or refines society, provided it can be embodied in sensible forms, or associated with images more or less distinct. Not only the greatest works of art, but the finest traits and noblest triumphs of civilization, are manifestations of that divine and perennial spirit of Poetry, without which life would be a poor, des'picable round of sordid cares and animal gratifications. NOURSE.

J. D. NOURSE, Louisville, Ky., author of "Remarks on the Past, and its Legacies to American Society," not only belongs to the ranks of genius, but is entitled to take his place in that higher order of creative minds, in which the capacity of great, sustained, and just thought coexists with the glow of fancy and the fire of passion. The above extract is a fine illustration of the vivid and various sympathy of his mind, which combines the love and power of art with the insight of philosophic judgment, and recognizes the creative energy of imagination and sentiment as permanent and indispensable parts of our being.

179. THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

1. THE world is full of Poëtry—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is vail'd,
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls

That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim
The unseen glŏries of immensity,
In harmonies too perfect and too high
For aught but beings of celestial mold,
And speak to man, in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty and unyielding power.

2. The year leads round the seasons in a choir
Forever charming and forever new,
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart like sounds that rise
Far ŏff, in moonlight evenings, on the shōre
Of the wide ocean, resting after storms;
Or tones that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand,
Skillful, and moved with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears alŏft
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls,
By mellōw touches, from the sŏfter tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingling with the melody, is borne,
Rapt and dissolved in ecstasy, to heaven.

3. 'Tis not the chime and flow of words that move
In mĕasured file and metrical array;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipp'd in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.

4. 'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and văpid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments
That overload their littleness. Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion which, on Carmel, fired
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language wing'd with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, arm'd with wrath,
Commission'd to affright us, and destroy.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

180. THE BELLS.

1. HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of mĕrriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic[2] rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation[3] that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

2. Hear the mellōw wedding-bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 238.—[2] Runic (rō′nik), an epithet applied to the language and letters of the ancient Goths.—[3] Tin tin nab u-lā′ tion, the sounding or ringing of little bells.

And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

3. Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much hŏrrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the dĕaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar
What a hŏrror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yĕt the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging

And the clanging,
How the dānger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

4. Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody[1] compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glōry in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are nēither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:[2]
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan[3] from the bells!

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[1] Mŏn′ody, a species of poem of a mournful character, in which a single mourner is supposed to bewail himself.—[2] Ghoul (gōl), an imaginary evil being among Eastern nations, which was supposed to prey on human bodies.—[3] Pæ′an, among the *ancients*, a song of rejoicing in honor of Apollo; hence, a song of triumph or loud joy.

And his mĕrry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

EDGAR A. POE, born in Baltimore in January, 1811, was left an orphan by the death of his parents at Richmond, in 1815. He was adopted by JOHN ALLEN, a wealthy merchant of Virginia, who in the following year took him to England, and placed him at a school near London, from which, in 1822, he was removed to the University of Virginia, where he graduated with distinction in 1826. While at the Military Academy at West Point, in 1830, he published his first work, a small volume of poems. He secured prizes for a poem and a tale at Baltimore, in 1833; in 1835 he was employed to assist in editing "The Southern Literary Gazette," at Richmond; in 1838 he removed to Philadelphia, where he was connected as editor with Burton's Magazine one year, and with Graham's a year and a half; and subsequently, while in that city, published several volumes of tales, besides many of his finest criticisms, tales, and poems, in periodicals. He went to New York in 1844, where he wrote several months for the "Evening Mirror." In 1845 appeared his very popular poem of "The Raven," and the same year he aided in establishing the "Broadway Journal," of which he was afterward the sole editor. His wife, to whom he had been married about twelve years, died in the spring of 1849. In the summer of that year he returned to Virginia, where it was supposed he had mastered his previous habits of dissipation; but he died from his excesses, at Baltimore, on the seventh of October, at the age of thirty-eight years. In poetry, as in prose, he was eminently successful in the metaphysical treatment of the passions. He had a great deal of imagination and fancy, and his mind was highly analytical. His poems are constructed with wonderful ingenuity, and finished with consummate art.

181. Apostrophe to the Sun.

AUGUST and sovereign sun! Presence of grandeur! Image of high command! thy rising is a săcrament of strength; nd in our souls' communion with thy rays, the eternal covenants of Hope are renewed, and our being's high sympathy with Truth ard Virtue is again established. Power is born within thy palaces of Light, and influences of Plĕasure ride on thy rushing beams. Stern orb of Destiny! what issues attend upon thy coming! Thy motions are our Fate, and thy prŏgress up yŏnder blue arch of heaven shall be the Anguish or the Joy of Nations.

2. Fierce firstling of Omnipotence! in whose form Infinity grew palpable in splendors, when earliest its excess of energy overflowed into creätion. Almost titles of divinity are thine. Thy chānges are earth's ĕp'ochs: our passions and our actions wait on thee: thou goest up in glōry, leading the hōsts of Being. Author of order! token of Him that made the universe! to thee it is given daily to renew the wonders of the primal mĭracle, and call the earth into beauty, from the deep of Night and Nothingness! Nay, even beyŏnd the marvel of that type, thou makest each morning as many worlds as there are minds within it, for that dawning which seemed as general as the heavens is as particular as each human heart.

3. The mingled music of thy seven-toned lyre rolls over the earth; childhood's gentle spirit, light-slumbering on its vĭölet-bed of visions, cătches the *finest* sound of the rich symphony—the joy-note of the strain—and, trembling into fine accord with it, wakes to its fairer, falser dream of reäl life: the strŏng, full tone of Duty sounds, swells, and echoes through the soul of manhood: the laxer ear of age faintly hears the deep, harsh note of Custom, heavily vibrating with weight of memories. From thy golden fountains wells fŏrth that perennial stream whence all drink Life and Consciousness: to different lips, how various is the taste!—to some, as sweet as praise; to some, more bitter than the draughts of Death.

4. Proud, melancholy orb! lone in thy lordliness! thou dwellest in thy solitudes of splendor, and pourest thy bounty ceaselessly on all things, and meetest with no return. Sublime in thine unsocial greatness—beyŏnd the sympathies of those on

whom thy blessedness is lavished—sustained by the great happiness of doing good without reward—satisfied, through a thousand ages, with the pure cŏnsciousness of duty—thou art the type and teacher of the life of man. Shine on, most glōrious orb! we hail in thee the elder brother of our souls, in whose grandeur our nature is ennobled. H. B. Wallace.[1]

182. Apostrophe to the Sun.

1. CENTER of light and energy! thy way
Is through the unknown void; thou hast thy throne,
Morning, and evening, and at noon of day,
Far in the blue, untended and alone:
Ere the first waken'd airs of earth had blown,
On didst thou march, triumphant in thy light;
Then didst thou send thy glance, which still hath flown
Wide through the never-ending worlds of night,
And yĕt thy full orb burns with flash unquench'd and bright.

2. Thy path is high in heaven:—we can not gaze
On the intense of light that girds thy car;
There is a crown of glōry in thy rays,
Which bears thy pure divinity afar
To mingle with the equal light of star;
For thou, so vast to us, art, in the whōle,
One of the sparks of night, that fire the air;
And as around thy center planets roll,
So thou, too, hast thy path around the Central Soul.

3. Thou lookèst on the earth, and then it smiles;
Thy light is hid, and all things droop and mourn;
Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles,
When through their heaven thy changing car is borne:
Thou wheel'st away thy flight,—the woods are shorn
Of all their waving locks, and storms awake;
All, that was once so beautiful, is torn
By the wild winds which plow the lonely lake,
And in their maddening rush the crested mountains shake.

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 542.

4. The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow:
Life lingers, and would die, but thy return[1]
Gives to their gladden'd hearts an overflow
Of all the power that brooded in the urn[2]
Of their chill'd frames;-and then they proudly spurn[3]
All bands that would confine, and give to air
Hues, frāgrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,[4]
When, on a dewy morn, thou dartèst there
Rich waves of gold to wreathe with fairer light the fair.

5. The vales are thine; and when the touch of spring
Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy light
They glitter, as the glancing swallōw's wing
Dashes the water in his winding flight,
And leaves behind a wave, that crinkles bright,
And widens outward to the pebbled shōre;—
The vales are thine; and when they wake from night,
The dews that bend the grass tips, twinkling o'er
Their sŏft and oozy beds, look upward and adōre.

6. The hills are thine:—they cătch thy newest beam,
And gladden in thy parting, where the wood
Flames out in every leaf, and drinks the stream,
That flows from out thy fullness, as a flood
Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the food
Of nations in its waters: so thy rays
Flow and give brighter tints, than ever bud,
When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze
Of many twinkling gems, as every glŏss'd bough plays.

7. Thine are the mountains, where they purely lift
Snows that have never wasted, in a sky
Which hath no stain: below, the storm may drift
Its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by:
Alŏft in thy eternal smile they lie,
Dazzling, but cold. Thy farewell glance looks there;
And when below thy hues of beauty die,
Girt round them, as a rosy belt, they bear,
Into the high, dark vault, a brow that still is fair.

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[1] Return (re tûrn').—[2] Urn (ûrn).—[3] Spurn (spûrn).—[4] Burn (bûrn)

8. The clouds are thine, and all their magic hues
Are pencill'd by thee: when thou bendèst low,
Or comèst in thy strength, thy hand imbues
Their waving fold with such a perfect glow
Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw
Shame on the proudest art. The tender stain
Hung round the verge of heaven, that as a bow
Girds the wide world; and in their blended chain,
All tints, to the deep gold that flashes in thy train;—

9. These are thy trŏphies, and thou bend'st thy arch,
The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,[1]
Where the spent storm is hasting on its march,
And there the glŏries of thy light combine,
And form with perfect curve a lifted line,
Striding the earth and air. Man looks, and tells
How Peace and Mercy in its beauty shine,
And how the heavenly messenger impels
Her glad wings on the path, that thus in e'ther swells.

10. The ocean is thy vassal;—thou dost sway
His waves to thy dominion, and they go
Where thou, in heaven, dost guide them on their way,
Rising and falling in eternal flow:
Thou lookèst on the waters, and they glow;
They take them wings, and spring alŏft in air,
And chānge to clouds, and then, dissolving, throw
Their trĕasures back to earth, and, rushing, tear
The mountain and the vale, as proudly on they bear.

11 In thee, first light, the bounding ocean smiles,
When the quick winds uprear it in a swell,
That rolls in glittering green around the isles,
Where ever-springing fruits and blossoms dwell.
Oh! with a joy no gifted tongue can tell,
I hŭrry o'er the waters when the sail
Swells tensely, and the light keel glances well
Over the curling billōw, and the gale
Comes ŏff from spicy groves to tell its winning tale.

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[1] The seven principal colors of the rainbow.

12. The soul is thine:—of old thou wert the power
Who gave the poët life; and I in thee
Feel my heart gladden at the holy hour
When thou art sinking in the silent sea:
Or when I climb the height, and wander free
In thy meridian glōry; for the air
Sparkles and burns in thy intensity;—
I feel thy light within me, and I share
In the full glow of soul thy spirit kindles there.

J. G. Percival

183. The Ocean.

1. NOW stretch your eye ŏff shore, o'er waters made
To cleanse the air and bear the world's great trade,—
To rise, and wet the mountains near the sun,
Then back into themselves in rivers run;
Fulfilling mighty uses far and wide,
Through earth, in air, or here, as ocean-tide.

2. Ho! how the gīănt heaves himself, and strains
And flings to break his strŏng and viewless chains;
Foams in his wrath; and at his prison doors—
Hark! hear him!—how he beats, and tugs, and roars
As if he would break fōrth again, and sweep
Each living thing within his lowest deep!

3. Type of the Infinite! I look away
Over thy billōws, and I can not stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shōre beyŏnd my vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till it 's pain
To think; then rests, and then puts fōrth again.
Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
I feel all soul; and thoughts unmĕasured reach
Far back beyond all date. And, oh! how old
Thou art to me! For countless ages thou hast roll'd[1]

4. Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn,
Prophet of sŏrrōws, o'er a race unborn;

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 238.

Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou didst it well! The dread command
Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land;
And then once more unto the silent heaven
Thy lōne and melancholy voice was given.

And, though the land is thrŏng'd again, O Sea!
Strānge sadness touches all that goes with thee.
The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call,
Share thy own spirit: it is sadness all!
How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down
Yŏnder tall cliff—he with the iron crown!
And see! those sable pines alŏng the steep
Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep!
Like stōlèd monks, they stand and chant the dirge
Over the dead, with thy low beating surge. R. H. DANA.[1]

184. THE SEA.

HA! exclaimed I, as I sprang upon the broad beach of the Mediterranean, and my spirit drank the splendid spectacle of light and life that spread before me—what a relief it is to escape from the straining littleness and wearisome affectation of men, to the free, majestic, and inspiring sea—to listen to his stern, exalted voice—to watch the untrammeled swell of these pure waters, till the pulse of our own heart beats in sympathetic nobleness—to behold it heave in untiring energy—chānging momently in form, changing never in impression!

2. What joy is it to be sure that *here* there is nothing counterfeit—nothing feigned—nothing artificial! Feeling, here, grapples with what will never falter; imagination here may spread its best-plumed wings, but will never outstrip the reäl. There is here none of that fear which never leaves the handicraft of art—the fear of penetrating beneath the surface of beauty. Here, man feels his majesty by feeling his nothingness; for the majesty of man lies in his conceptions, and the conception of self-nothingness is the grandest we can have. That small

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 251.

and noxious passion-mist, which we *call* our soul, is driven without; and our TRUE soul—the soul of the universe, which we are—enters into us.

3. The spirit which rests like a vapor visibly upon the bosom of the waters, is a presence and a pervading power; and the breath which it exhales is life, and love, and splendid strength. Nothing in nature renders back to man the full and instant sympathy which is accorded by the mighty being who thus reposes mildly in the generous grandeur of his glōrious power. We may love the forms of the trees, the colors of the sky, and the impressive vastness of the hills; but we can never animate them with a soul of life, and persuade ourselves that they experience the feeling which they cause.

4. But the sea, as its countenance shows its myriad mutations with the variety and rapidity of the passions which spōrt through the breast of man, seems truly to return the emotion which is breathed toward him; and fellowship and friendship—yea, and personal affection—are the sentiments which his gambols rouse in the spectator's heart. The flashing smiles that sparkle in his eye—are they not his happy thoughts? and the ripples that flit their scouring dance over his breast—are they not feelings of delight that agitate his frame?

5. Whether I am amid mountains or on plains, there is not an hour in which my existence is not haunted by the remembrance of the ocean. It abides beside me like a thought of my mind;—it occupies my total fancy;—I ever seem to stand before it. And I know that whenever it shall fare so ill with me in the world that comfort and consolation can no lŏnger be found in it, I have a păraclete[1] beside the shelving beach who will give the consolation man withholds. The strŏng, thick wind which comes from it will be full of life; the petty tumult of care will be shamed by the gigantic struggle of the elements, and subside to peace. What can be more noble or more affecting than the picture of the old priest, who, wrŏnged by the Grecian king—his calm age fired with passion—retires alŏng the shōre of the sounding sea, and soothes his breast ere he invokes the god! "Thoughts like those are medicined best by nature."

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[1] Păr'a clēte, a comforter; advocate; intercessor.

6. I have never stood by the banks of the ocean thus superbly fringed with curling waves, and listened to that strange, questionable, echoed roar, without an emotion altogether supernatural. That moan—that wail of the waters—which comes to the ear, borne on the wind in the stillness of evening, sounds like the far-off complaint of another world, or the groan of our own world's innermost spirit. Like some of the unearthly music of Germany, when heard for the first time, it startles a feeling in the secret mind which has never before been wakened in this world, giving us assurance of another life, and the strongest proof that our soul is essentially immortal. H. B. Wallace.[1]

185. Apostrophe to the Ocean.

1. THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

2. Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore:—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

3. His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him: thou dost arise
And shake him from thee: the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 542.

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gŏds, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near pōrt or bay,
And dashèst him again to earth:—there let him lay

4. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creätor the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yēast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's[1] pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.[2]

5. Thy shōres are empires, chānged in all save thee:
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage—what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since: their shores obey
The strānger, slave, or savage: their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts. Not so thou:
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine ăzure brow—
Such as creätion's dawn beheld, thou rollèst now.

6. Thou glōrious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the tŏrrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,—

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[1] Ar mâ' da, a fleet of armed ships; a squadron. The term is usually applied to the Spanish fleet called the *Invincible Armada*, consisting of 130 ships, intended to act against England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, A. D. 1588.—[2] Tråf al går', a cape on the coast of Spain, rendered famous by a naval battle fought there on the 19th of October, 1805, in which Lord Nelson, with an English fleet of 27 sail of the line and 5 frigates, gained a complete victory over a French fleet of 33 sail and 7 frigates. In the heat of the action, Nelson was shot through the back by a musket ball. He survived till the victory was complete; and his last words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible!—even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made: each zone
Obeys thee:—thou goèst fŏrth, dread, fathomless, alone.

7. And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful spōrts was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward:—from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers: they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a tĕrror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billōws far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here. Byron.

186. Brutus and Titus.

Brutus. Well, Titus, speak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend a while this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempest were quite overblown,
That I might take thee in the calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee:
So hush'd a stillness, as if all the gŏds
Look'd down and listen'd to what we were saying:
Speak, then, and tell me, O my best beloved,
My son, my Titus! is all well again?

Titus. So well, that saying how must make it nothing:
So well, that I could wish to die this moment,
For so my heart, with powerful throbs, persuades me
That were indeed to make you reparation;
That were, my lord, to thank you home—to die
And that, for Titus, too, would be most happy.

Brutus. How's that, my son? would death for thee be happy?

Titus. Most certain, Sir; for in my grave I 'scape
All those affronts which I, in life, must look for;
All those reproaches which the eyes, the fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily cast upon me,—
From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 292.

Each single scorn would be far worse than dying.
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will forever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honor in the way,
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide me.
Brutus. But, is not death a vĕry dreadful thing?
Titus. Not to a mind resolved. No, Sir; to me
It seems as natural as to be born.
Groans and convulsions, and discolor'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, crapes and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing: the pŏmp of death
Is far more tĕrrible than death itself.
Yes, Sir; I call the powers of heaven to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
Nay, he shall die with joy to honor Brutus.
Brutus. Thou perfect glōry of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom;
Groan an eternal farewell to thy soul;
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible;—
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child!
For thou must die, my Titus—die, my son!
I swear, the gŏds have doom'd thee to the grave.
The viŏlated genius of thy country
Bares his sad head, and passes sentence on thee.
This morning sun, that lights thy sŏrrōws on
To the tribunal of this hŏrrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more!
Titus. Alas! my lord,
Why art thou moved thus? Why am I worth thy sŏrrōw?
Why should the gŏdlike Brutus shake to doom me?
Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse?
The gods will have it so.
Brutus. They will, my Titus;
Nor heaven nor earth can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark! the deeper that I search,
My harass'd soul returns the more confirm'd.
Methinks I see the vĕry hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,—

Like a machine, they whirl thee to thy fate.
It seems as if the gŏds had preördain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd; oh, therefore let not fancy dupe thee!
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of gods or men to save thee from the ax.

Titus. The ax! O Heaven! must I, then, fall so basely?
What! shall I perish by the common hangman?

Brutus. If thou deny me this, thou givest me nothing.
Yes, Titus, since the gŏds have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take the advantage
Of thy important fate; cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood.
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my son—on thee, my Titus;
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The lictor's lashes, bleed before the people;
Then, with thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee,
See thy head taken by the common ax,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear
(If that the gods can hold me to my purpose),
To make my justice quite transcend example.

Titus. Scourged like a bondman! Ha! a beaten slave!
But I deserve it all: yĕt, here I fail;
The image of this suffering quite unmans me.
O Sir! O Brutus! must I call you father,
Yĕt have no token of your tenderness—
No sign of mercy? What! not bate me that?
Can you resolve on all the extremity
Of cruel rigor? To behold me, too—
To sit, unmoved, and see me whipp'd to death—
Is this a father?
Ah, Sir, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Brutus. Think that I love thee, by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here;
These sighs, that twitch the vĕry strings of life;

Think that no other cause on earth could move me
To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,
Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death. Oh, do not call it shameful
That thus shall fix the glōry of the world.
I own thy suffering ought to unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellōw like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curse the cruel fates
That fōrce a father thus to kill his child!
Titus. O, rise, thou viōlated majesty!
I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance.
Come fōrth, ye executioners of justice!
Nay, all ye lictors, slaves, and common hangmen,
Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed! Whip me, like furies!
And, when you've scourged me till I foam and fall,
For want of spirits, grōvelling in the dust,
Then take my head, and give it to his justice:
By all the gŏds, I greedily resign it? LEE.

NATHANIEL LEE, an English dramatic writer, was born in Hertfordshire in 1651. He received a classical education at Westminster school, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He tried the stage both as an actor and author; was four years in bedlam from wild insanity; but recovered his reason, resumed his labors as a dramatist, and though subject to fits of partial derangement, continued to write till the end of his life. He was the author of eleven tragedies, besides assisting DRYDEN in the composition of "Œdipus" and "The Duke of Guise." His best tragedies are the "Rival Queens," "Mithridates," "Theodosius," and "Lucius Junius Brutus." He possessed no small degree of the fire of genius, excelling in tenderness and genuine passion; but his style often degenerates into bombast and extravagant phrensy, in part caused by his mental malady. He died in London on the 6th of April, 1692.

187. THE RAVEN.

I.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lōre,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chămber-door.

"'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

II.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wish'd the mŏrrōw: vainly I had sought to bŏrrōw
From my books surcease of sŏrrōw—sorrow for the lōst Lenore—
For the rare and rādiant maiden whom the āngels name Lenore—
Nameless here forevermore.

III.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chāmber-door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more."

IV.

Presently my soul grew strŏnger: hesitating then no lŏnger,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chāmber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I open'd wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

V.

Deep into that darkness peering, lŏng I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word, "Lenore!"
This *I* whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

VI.

Back into the chāmber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my windōw-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

VII.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately raven of the saintly days of yōre.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopp'd or stay'd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chāmber-door,—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

VIII.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shōrn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and āncient raven, wandering from the nightly shōre,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

IX.

Much I marvel'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we can not help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yĕt was bless'd with seeing bird above his chāmber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as "Nevermore!"

X.

But the raven sĭtting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he utter'd—not a feather then he flutter'd—
Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have flown before—
On the mŏrrōw *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

XI.

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Follŏw'd fast and follow'd faster, till his sŏngs one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—"Never—nevermore!"

XII.

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird, and bust, and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yŏre—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

XIII.

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet viŏlet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

XIV.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy Gŏd hath lent thee—by these ăngels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe[1] from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forgĕt this lŏst Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

XV.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tŏss'd thee here ashore,
Desolate, yĕt all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Hŏrror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

[1] Ne pĕn' the, a drug or medicine that relieves pain and exhilarates.

XVI.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that Gŏd we bŏth adore,
Tell this soul, with sŏrrōw laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,[1]
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the ăngels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and rădiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

XVII.

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shriek'd, upstarting—
"Gĕt thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy bēak from out my heart, and take thy form from ŏff my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

XVIII.

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chămber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a dēmon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadōw on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE! EDGAR A. POE.[2]

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188. THE SARACEN BROTHERS.

Attendant. A strănger craves admittance to your highness

Saladin. Whence comes he?

Atten. That I know not.
Enveloped with a vestment of strănge form,
His countenance is hidden; but his step,
His lŏfty pōrt, his voice in vain disguised,
Proclaim—if that I dare pronounce it—

Sal. Whom?

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[1] Aidenn, from Aïdès, a name preferred by the poets for Hades. In HOMER, Aïdès is invariably the name of the god; but in latter times it was transferred to his house, his abode, or kingdom, so that it became a name for the nether world.—[2] See Biographical Sketch, p. 552.

Atten. Thy royal brother!

Sal. Bring him instantly. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.
Now, with his spēcious, smooth, persuasive tongue,
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks
To dissipate my anger. He shall die.
[*Enter* ATTENDANT *and* MALEK ADHEL.
Leave us togĕther. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.] [*Aside.*] I should know that form.
Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty!
[*Aloud.*] Well, strānger, speak; but first unvail thyself,
For Saladin[1] must view the form that fronts him.

Malek Adhel. Behold it, then!

Sal. I see a traitor's visage.

Mal. Ad. A brother's!

Sal. No!
Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.

Mal. Ad. O, patience, Heaven. Had any tongue but thine
Utter'd that word, it ne'er should speak another.

Sal. And why not now? Can this heart be more pierced
By Malek Adhel's swōrd than by his deeds?
Oh, thou hast made a desert of this bosom!
For open candor, planted sly disguise;
For confidence, suspicion; and the glow
Of generous friendship, tenderness, and love,
Forever banish'd! Whither can I turn,
When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie, bound to suppōrt, forsakes me?
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?
Hencefōrth I turn me from the sweets of love:
The smiles of friendship, and this glōrious world,

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[1] SALADIN, the hero of this dramatic piece, was born in 1137. He became Sultan of Egypt and Syria in 1168, from which period he is noted for his wars with the Christian crusaders. He died at Damascus in 1193, leaving a brother and seventeen sons to share his power and conquests. Christians and Saracens have vied with each other in writing panegyrics on the justice, valor, generosity, and political wisdom of this prince, who possessed the art, not simply of acquiring power, but of devoting it to the good of his subjects.

In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void,—
His brother has betray'd him!
Mal. Ad. Thou art sŏf*te*n'd;
I am thy brother, then; but late thou saidst——
My tongue can never utter the base title!
Sal. Was it traitor? True!
Thou hast betray'd me in my fondest hopes!
Villain? 'Tis just; the title is appropriate!
Dissembler? 'Tis not written in thy face;
No, nor imprinted on that spēcious brow;
But on this breaking heart the name is stamp'd,
Forever stamp'd, with that of Malek Adhel!
Think'st thou I'm sŏf*te*n'd? By Mohammed![1] these hands
Should crush these aching eyeballs, ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate! O monster, monster!
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee, for in his form
The impulse of his nature may be read;
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
Oh, what a wretch art thou! Oh! can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy?
Mal. Ad. Go on! go on!
'Tis but a little while to hear thee, Saladin;
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence, at least.
Sal. That were an end
Too noble for a traitor! The bowstring is
A more appropriate finish! Thou shalt die!
Mal. Ad. And death were welcome at another's mandate!
What, what have I to live for? Be it so,
If that, in all thy armies, can be found
An executing hand.
Sal. Oh, doubt it not!
They're eager for the ŏffice. Perfidy,
So black as thine, effaces from their minds

[1] MOHAMMED, see p. 394, note 2.

All memory of thy former excellence.

Mal. Ad. Defer not then their wishes. Saladin,
If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,
This voice seem'd grateful to thine ear, accede
To my last prayer:—Oh, lengthen not this scene,
To which the agonies of death were pleasing!
Let me die speedily!

Sal. This vĕry hour!
[*Aside.*] For, oh! the more I look upon that face
The more I hear the accents of that voice,
The monarch sŏftens, and the judge is lŏst
In all the brother's weakness; yĕt such guilt,—
Such vile ingratitude,—it calls for vengeance;
And vengeance it shall have! What, ho! who waits there?

[*Enter* ATTENDANT

Atten. Did your highness call?

Sal. Assemble quickly
My fŏrces in the cōurt. Tell them they come
To view the death of yŏnder bosom-traitor.
And, bid them mark, that he who will not spare
His brother when he errs, expects obedience,
Silent obedience, from his followers. [*Exit* ATTENDANT

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189. THE SARACEN BROTHERS—CONCLUDED.

Mal. Ad. Now, Saladin,
The word is given, I have nothing more
To fear from thee, my brother. I am not
About to crave a miserable life.
Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,
Life were a burden to me. Think not, ēither,
The justice of thy sentence I would question.
But one request now trembles on my tongue,—
One wish still clinging round the heart, which soon
Not even that shall torture,—will it, then,
Think'st thou, thy slumbers render quieter,
Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect,
That when thy voice had doom'd a brother's death,

The last request which e'er was his to utter,
Thy harshness made him carry to the grave?
Sal. Speak, then; but ask thyself if thou hast reason
To look for much indulgence here.
Mal. Ad. I have not!
Yĕt will I ask for it. We part forever;
This is our last farewell; the king is satisfied;
The judge has spoke the irrev'ocable sentence.
None sees, none hears, save that omniscient Power,
Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon
Two brothers part like such. When, in the face
Of fōrces once my own, I'm led to death,
Then be thine eye unmoisten'd; let thy voice
Then speak my doom untrembling; then
Unmoved, behold this stiff and blacken'd corse;
But now I ask—nay, turn not, Saladin!—
I ask one single pressure of thy hand;
From that stern eye one solitary tear—
Oh, torturing recollection!—one kind word
From the loved tongue which once breathed naught but kindness.
Still silent? Brother! friend! beloved companion
Of all my youthful spōrts!—are they forgotten?
Strike me with dĕafness, make me blind, O Heaven!
Let me not see this unforgiving man
Smile at my agonies! nor hear that voice
Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,
One little word, whose cherish'd memory
Would soothe the struggles of departing life!
Yet, yet thou wilt! Oh, turn thee, Saladin!
Look on my face—thou canst not spurn me then;
Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel
For the last time, and call him—
Sal. [*seizing his hand*]. Brother! brother!
Mal. Ad. [*breaking away*]. Now call thy followers.
Death has not now a single pang in stōre. Proceed! I'm ready
Sal. Oh, art thou ready to forgive, my brother?
To pardon him who found one single error,
One little failing, mid a splendid thrŏng
Of glōrious qualities---

Mal. Ad. Oh, stay thee, Saladin!
I did not ask for life. I only wish'd
To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.
No, Emperor, the lŏss of Cesarea
Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel.
Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost
What cŏst them many a weary hour to gain,
Should expiate his offences with his life.
Lo! even now they crowd to view my death,
Thy just impartiality. I go!
Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf
To thy proud wreath of glōry. [*Going.*

Sal. Thou shalt not. [*Enter* ATTENDANT.

Atten. My lord, the troops assembled by your order
Tumultuous thrŏng the cōurts. The prince's death
Not one of them but vows he will not suffer.
The mutes have fled; the vĕry guards rebel.
Nor think I, in this city's spācious round,
Can e'er be found a hand to do the ŏffice.

Mal. Ad. O faithful friends! [*To Atten.*] Thine shalt.

Atten. Mine?—Never!—
The other first shall lop it from the body.

Sal. They teach the Emperor his duty well.
Tell them he thanks them for it. Tell them, too,
That ere their opposition reach'd our ears,
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.

Atten. O joyful news!
I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek,
Unused to such a visitor. [*Exit.*

Sal. These men, the meanest in society,
The outcasts of the earth,—by war, by nature
Harden'd, and render'd callous,—these, who claim
No kindred with thee,—who have never heard
The accents of affection from thy lips,—
Oh, these can cast aside their vow'd allegiăncе,
Throw ŏff their lŏng obediĕnce, risk their lives,
To save thee from destruction! While I,
I, who can not, in all my memory,

Call back one dānger which thou hast not shared,
One day of grief, one night of revelry,
Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,
Or thy gay smile and converse render'd sweeter,—
I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field,
When death seem'd certain, only utter'd "BROTHER!"
And seen that form like lightning rush between
Saladin and his foes, and that brave breast
Dauntless exposed to many a furious blŏw
Intended for my own,—I could forgĕt
That 'twas to thee I owed the vĕry breath
Which sentenced thee to perish! Oh, 'tis shameful!
Thou canst not pardon me!

Mal. Ad. By these tears, I can!
O brother! from this vĕry hour, a new,
A glōrious life commences! I am all thine!
Again the day of gladness or of anguish
Shall Malek Adhel share; and ŏft again
May this swōrd fence thee in the bloody field.
Henceforth, Saladin,
My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine forever.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

190. MILTON.

WE venture to say, paradoxical[1] as the remark may appear, that no poĕt has ever had to struggle with more unfavorable circumstances than Milton. He doubted, as he has himself owned, whether he had not been born "an age too late." For this notion Johnson[2] has thought fit to make him the butt of his clumsy ridicule. The poet, we believe, understood the nature of his art better than the critic. He knew that his poĕtical genius derived no advantage from the civilization which surrounded him, or from the learning which he had acquired; and he looked back with something like regret to the ruder age of simple words and vivid impressions.

2. We think that as civilization advances, poĕtry almost nec-

[1] Par a dŏx' i cal, seemingly absurd; inclined to tenets contrary to received opinions.—[2] JOHNSON, see Biographical Sketch, p. 230.

essarily declines. Therefore, though we admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. We can not understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely the uniformity of the phenomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

3. He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poët, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whōle web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has, perhaps, constituted hitherto his chief title of superiŏrity. His vĕry talents will be a hinderance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigor and activity of his mind. And it is well, if, after all his săcrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man or a modern ruin. We have seen, in our own time, great talents, intense labor, and lŏng meditation employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age; and employed, we will not say absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.

4. If these reasonings be just, no poët has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. He received a learnèd education. He was a profound and elegant classical scholar: he had studied all the mysteries of Rabbinical[1] literature: he was intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe, from which either plĕasure or information was then to be derived. He was, perhaps, the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the excellence of his Latin verse.

5. It is not our intention to attempt any thing like a complete examination of the poëtry of Milton. The public has lŏng been agreed as to the merit of the most remarkable passages, the incom′parable harmony of the numbers, and the excellence of that

[1] Rab bin′ ic al, pertaining to Rabbins, or Jewish doctors, and their tenets.

style which no rival has been able to equal, and no parodist[1] to degrade; which displays in their highest perfection the idiomatic[2] powers of the English tongue, and to which every ancient and every modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music. In the vast field of criticism in which we are entering, innumerable reapers have already put their sickles. Yet the harvest is so abundant that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf.

6. The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors. The most unimaginative man must understand the "Iliad." Homer[3] gives him no choice, and requires from him no exertion; but takes the whole upon himself, and sets his images in so clear a light that it is impossible to be blind to them. The works of Milton can not be comprehended or enjoyed, unless the mind of the reader coöperate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture, or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the key-note, and expects his hearer to make out the melody.

7. We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression in general means nothing; but, applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult[4] power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment; no sooner are they pronounced than the past is present, and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence, substitute one synonym for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power; and he who should then hope to con-

[1] Pär' o dist, one who makes a burlesque alteration, by which poetry written on one subject is applied to another.—[2] Id i o măt'ic, peculiar to a language.—[3] Homer, see p. 215, note 1.—[4] Oc cult', invisible; concealed from the eye or understanding.

jure with it would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying "Open Wheat," "Open Barley," to the door which obeyed no sound but "Open Sĕsame!"[1] The miserable failure of Dryden,[2] in his attempt to rewrite some parts of the "Paradise Lost," is a remarkable instance of this.

191. Milton—concluded.

THE character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by lŏftiness of thought. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into fŏreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured fŏrth their blood on scaffolds. That hateful proscription, facetiously termed the Act of Indemnity and Oblivion, had set a mark on the poor, blind, deserted poet, and held him up by name to the hatred of a profligate cōurt and an inconstant people!

2. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bellman, were now the favorite writers of the sovereign and the public. It was a lōathsome herd, which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus,—grotesque' monsters, half-bĕstial, half-human, dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these his Muse was placed, like the chāste lady of the Masque, lŏfty, spotless, and serene—to be chatted at, and pointed at, and grinned at by the whōle rabble of Sātyrs and Goblins.

3. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Nēither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His

[1] Sĕs'ame, an oily grain; a plant from which oil is expressed.—
[2] Dryden, see Biographical Sketch, p. 497.

spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly ēquable. His temper was serious, pĕrhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such it was when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions, and glowing with patriotic hopes: such it continued to be when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die!

4. His public conduct was such as was to be expected from a man of a spirit so high and an intellect so powerful. He lived at one of the most memorable ēras in the history of mankind; at the vĕry crisis of the great conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanès—liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice. That great battle was fought for no single generation, for no single land. The destinies of the human race were staked on the same cast with the freedom of the English people. Then were first proclaimed those mighty principles which have since worked their way into the depths of the American fŏrests; which have roused Greece from the slavery and degradation of two thousand years; and which, from one end of Europe to the other, have kindled an unquenchable fire in the hearts of the oppressed, and loosed the knees of the oppressors with a strănge and unwonted fear!

5. We must conclude. And yĕt we can scarcely tear ourselves away from the subject. The days immediately following the publication of this relic of Milton[1] appear to be peculiarly set apart and consecrated to his memory. And we shall scarcely be censured if, on this his festival, we be found lingering near his shrine, how worthless soever may be the ŏffering which we bring to it. While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the great poet. We are transpōrted a hundred and fifty years back. We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging; that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings; that we can cătch the quick twinkle of his eyes rolling in vain to find the day; that

[1] "A Treatise on Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone."

we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glōry and his affliction! We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word; the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand, and weep upon it; the earnestness with which we should endeavor to console him, if, indeed, such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues; the eagerness with which we should contest with his daughters, or with his Quaker friend, Elwood, the privilege of reading Homer to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips.

6. These are, perhaps, foolish feelings. Yĕt we can not be ashamed of them; nor shall we be sorry if what we have written shall, in any degree, excite them in other minds. We are not much in the habit of idolizing ēither the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen *Boswellism.*[1] But *there are* a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure; which have been weighed in the balance, and have not been found wanting; which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High.

7. These great men we trust that we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are refreshing to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger[2] sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who

[1] See p. 300, note 2.—[2] PHILIP MASSINGER, one of the very best of the old English dramatists, was born in 1584, and died in 1640. He wrote a great number of pieces, of which eighteen have been preserved. The "Virgin Martyr," the "Bondman," the "Fatal Dowry," "The City Madam," and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," are his best known productions.

can study ēither the life or the writings of the great poet and pātriot without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lŏfty disdain with which he looked down on temptation and dāngers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

MACAULAY.[1]

192. HYMN OF OUR FIRST PARENTS.

1 THESE are thy glōrious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous, then,
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works: yĕt these declare
Thy goodness beyŏnd thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with sŏngs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extŏl
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.

2. Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belŏng not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world bōth eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise
In thy eternal cōurse, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the Orient sun, now flīest
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their or'' that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 155.

In mystic dance, not without sŏng, resound
His praise who out of darkness call'd up light.

3. Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle multiform, and mix
And noŭrish all things, let your ceaseless chānge
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.

4. His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe sŏft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune His praise;
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my sŏng, and taught His praise. MILTON.

JOHN MILTON, one of the greatest of all poets and scholars, was born in London on the 9th of December, 1608. His father, liberally educated and from a good family, having been disinherited for embracing Protestantism, became a scrivener, and acquired a competent fortune. The firmness and the sufferings of the father for conscience' sake were not lost upon the son, who became a stern, unbending champion of religious freedom. MILTON was educated with great care. He studied ancient and modern languages, delighted in poetical reading, and cultivated the musical taste which he inherited from his father. At fifteen he was sent to St. Paul's School, London, and two years later to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in due course. He wrote several poems at an early age. His "Hymn on the Nativity," composed in his twenty-first year, is one of the noblest of his works, and perhaps the finest lyric in the English language. Leaving the university in 1632, he went to the house of his father, at Hutton in Buckinghamshire, where he lived five years, studying classical literature and writing poems. During this happy period of his life he wrote "L'Alle-

gro," "Il Penseroso," "Arcades," "Lycidas," and "Comus." In 1638 the poet visited the Continent, where he remained fifteen months, principally in Italy and France. His study of the works of art during this period probably suggested some of his best poetical creations. On his return to England in 1639 he took up his residence in London. The next twenty years, during the Civil War, the Commonwealth, and the Protectorate, the poet's lyre was mute. A Republican in politics and an Independent in religion, during this stormy period he threw himself promptly and fearlessly into the vortex of the struggle, and, as a controversialist, enrolled his name among the noblest and most eloquent of the writers of old English prose. In 1643 MILTON married MARY POWELL, the daughter of a high cavalier of Oxfordshire. In 1649 he was appointed Foreign or Latin Secretary to the Council of State, and retained the same position during the Protectorate. For ten years his eyesight had been failing, when, in 1652, he became totally blind. About the same period his first wife died, but he married soon after. His second wife, CATHARINE WOODCOCK, died in 1656. The Restoration of 1660 consigned the poet, for the last fourteen years of his life, to an obscurity which gave him leisure to complete the mighty poetical task which was to secure him an immortality of literary fame. In 1664 he married his third wife, ELIZABETH MINSHUL, of a good Cheshire family. In 1665 he completed "Paradise Lost," which was first published in 1667. In 1671 appeared the "Paradise Regained," to which was subjoined "Samson Agonistes." He died on the 8th of November, 1674. For a further description of MILTON and his poetry, the reader is referred to the two exercises immediately preceding the above.

193. THE PHRENSY OF ORRA.

Hartman. Is she well?

Theobald. Her body is.

Hart. And not her mind? Oh, direst wreck of all!
That noble mind!—But 'tis some passing seizure
Some powerful movement of a trănsient nature;
It is not madness!

Theo. 'Tis Heaven's infliction: let us call it so;
Give it no other name.

Eleanora. Nay, do not thus despair; when she beholds us,
She'll know her friends, and, by our kindly soothing,
Be gradually restored—

Alice. Let me go to her.

Theo. Nay, forbear, I pray thee;
I will myself with thee, my worthy Hartman,
Go in and lead her fŏrth.

Orra. Come back, come back! the fierce and fiery light!

Theo. Shrink not, dear love! it is the light of day.

Orra. Have cocks crow'd yĕt?

Theo. Yĕs; twice I've heard already

Their matin sound. Look up to the blue sky—
Is it not daylight? And these green boughs
Are fresh and frāgrant round thee: every sense
Tells thee it is the cheerful early day.

Orra. Aye, so it is; day takes his daily turns,
Rising between the gulfy dells of night,
Like whiten'd billōws on a gloomy sea.
Till glow-worms gleam, and stars peep through the dark,
And will-o'-the wisp his dancing taper light,
They will not come again. [*Bending her ear to the ground.*
Hark, hark! aye, hark!
They are all there: I hear their hollōw sound
Full many a fathom down.

Theo. Be still, poor troubled soul! they'll ne'er return—
They are forever gŏne. Be well assured
Thou shalt from hencefōrth have a cheerful home,
With crackling fagots on thy midnight fire,
Blazing like day around thee; and thy friends—
Thy living, loving friends—still by thy side,
To speak to thee and cheer thee. See, my Orra!
They are beside thee now; dost thou not know them?

Orra. No, no! athwart the wavering, garish light,
Things move and seem to be, and yĕt are nothing.

Elea. My gentle Orra, hast thou then forgot me?
Dost not thou know my voice?

Orra. 'Tis like an old tune to my ear return'd.
For there be those who sit in cheerful halls,
And breathe sweet air, and speak with pleasant sounds;
And once I lived with such; some years gŏne by,—
I wot not now how lŏng.

Hughobert. Keen words that rend my heart: thou hadst a home,
And one whose faith was pledged for thy protection.

Urston. Be more composed, my lord; some faint remembrance
Returns upon her with the well-known sound
Of voices once familiar to her ear.
Let Alice sing to her some favorite tune
That may lōst thoughts recall. [Alice *sings.*

Orra. Ha, ha! the witch'd air sings for thee bravely.

Hoot owls through mantling fog for matin birds?
It lures not me.—I know thee well enough:
The bones of murder'd men thy měasure beat,
And fleshless heads nod to thee.—Off, I say!
Why are ye here? That is the blessèd sun.

Elea. Ah, Orra! do not look upon us thus:
These are the voices of thy loving friends
That speak to thee; this is a friendly hand
That presses thine so kindly.

Hart. Oh, grievous state! what terror seizes thee?

Orra. Take it away! It was the swathèd dead;
I know its clammy, chill, and bony touch.
Come not again; I'm strŏng and tĕrrible now:
Mine eyes have look'd upon all dreadful things;
And when the earth yawns, and the hell-blast sounds,
I'll bide the trooping of unearthly steps,
With stiff, clench'd, terrible strength.

Hugh. A murderer is a guiltless wretch to me.

Hart. Be patient; 'tis a momentary pitch;
Let me encounter it.

Orra. Take ŏff from me thy străngely fasten'd eye;
I may not look upon thee—yĕt I must.
Unfix thy baleful glance. Art thou a snake?
Something of hŏrrid power within thee dwells.
Still, still that powerful eye doth suck mé in,
Like a dark eddy to its wheeling cōre.
Spare me! oh spare me, Being of strange power,
And at thy feet my subject head I'll lay.

Elea. Alas, the piteous sight! to see her thus,
The noble, generous, playful, stately Orra!

Theo. Out on thy hateful and ungenerous guile!
Think'st thou I'll suffer o'er her wretched state
The slightest shadōw of a base control?

[*Raising* ORRA *from the ground.*

No; rise, thou stately flower with rude blasts rent:
As honor'd art thou with thy broken stem
And leaflets strew'd, as in thy summer's pride.
I've seen thee worship'd like a regal dame,
With every studied form of mark'd devotion,

Whilst I, in distant silence, scarcely proffer'd
Even a plain soldier's courtesy; but now,
No liege man to his crownèd mistress sworn,
Bound and devoted is as I to thee;
And he who ŏffers to thy alter'd state
The slightest seeming of diminish'd reverence,
Must in my blood—[*To* HARTMAN] Oh pardon me, my friend!
Thou'st wrung my heart.

Hart. Nay, do thou pardon me,—I am to blame:
Thy noble heart shall not again be wrung.
But what can now be done? O'er such wild ravings
There must be some control.

Theo. O none! none! none! but gentle sympathy,
And watchfulness of love.—My noble Orra!
Wander where'er thou wilt, thy vagrant steps
Shall follōw'd be by one who shall not weary,
Nor e'er detach him from his hopeless task;
Bound to thee now as fairest, gentlest beauty
Could ne'er have bound him.

Alice. See how she gazes on him with a look,
Subsiding gradually to sŏfter sadness,
Half saying that she knows him.

Elea. There is a kindness in her chānging eye. BAILLIE.

JOANNA BAILLIE was born in 1762, at Bothwell, in Lanark, Scotland, of which place her father was the parish minister. She removed to London at an early age, and resided in that city, or its neighborhood, almost constantly. Her first volume of dramas, "Plays of the Passions," was published in 1798, her second in 1802, her third in 1812, and her fourth in 1836. A volume of her miscellaneous poems, of which some of the small ones are exceedingly good, appeared in 1841. Her tragedies, though not well adapted to the stage, are fine poems, noble in sentiment, and classical and vigorous in language. SCOTT numbered the description of ORRA'S madness with the sublimest scenes ever written, and compared the language to SHAKSPEARE'S. Miss BAILLIE died at Hampstead in February, 1841.

194. SATAN'S ENCOUNTER WITH DEATH.

1. BLACK it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, tĕrrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart: what seem'd his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand; and from his seat

The monster moving onward came as fast,
With hŏrrid strides: hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admired—
Admired, not fear'd: Gŏd and his Son except,
Creäted thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began:—

2. "Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape!
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yŏnder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hellborn! not to contend with spirits of heaven!"

3. To whom the goblin, full of wrath replied:—
"Art thou that traitor ängel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons,
Conjured against the Highest; for which bŏth thou
And they, outcast from Gŏd, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd! and breathest defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord! Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange hŏrror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

4. So spake the grisly terror; and in shape,
So speaking, and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform: on the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Untĕrrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiüchus[1] huge

[1] Ophiuchus (ŏf e ū' kus), the Serpent-bearer; a cluster of fixed stars, whose center is nearly over the eq ıator, opposite to Orion.

In the Arctic sky, and from his hŏrrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

5. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty com'batants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood,
For never but once more was ēither like
To meet so great a Foe: and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

MILTON.

195. MURDER OF KING DUNCAN.

MACBETH.[1]

IS this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.—
I have thee not, and yĕt I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creätion,
Proceeding from the heat oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fool o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,

[1] Prompted by ambition, and urged on by his wife, MACBETH resolves to murder the king, then his guest, and seize the crown.

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.
Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hĕc'ate's[1] offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's[2] ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy vĕry stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present hŏrror from the time,
Which now suits with it. While I threat he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me:
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.—Hark!—peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it—
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mŏck their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth [*within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.—My husband!

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[1] HECATE, see p. 321, note 1.—[2] TARQUIN, two kings of Rome: SUPERBUS TARQUINIUS, here alluded to, seventh in the line of kings, obtained the throne by the murder of SERVIUS TULLIUS, whose daughter, TULLIA, he had married.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I've done the deed!—didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the cricket's cry. Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Aye.

Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chămber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sŏrry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sŏrry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, MURDER!
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged togĕther.

Macb. One cried, *Gŏd bless us!* and *Amen!* the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
MACBETH *doth murder sleep—the innocent sleep—*
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second cōurse,
Chief noŭrisher in life's feast:—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more*, to all the house:
GLAMIS *hath murder'd sleep; and therefore* CAWDOR
Shall sleep no more—MACBETH *shall sleep no more!*

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, gĕt some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here?—Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hands? No: this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,[1]
Making the green—one red.

Reënter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chămber:
A little water clears us of this deed;
How easy is it, then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lŏst
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.
[*Knocking.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst.

SHAKSPEARE.

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[1] In cär' na dine, to stain red, or of a flesh-color.

196. The Knocking at the Gate, in Macbeth.

FROM my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in Macbeth. It was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yĕt, however obstinately I endeavored with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect. Here I pause for one moment, to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind, and the most to be distrusted; and yet the great majŏrity of people trust to nothing else; which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes.

2. My understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in Macbeth should produce any effect, direct or reflected. In fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better: I felt that it did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length I solved it to my own satisfaction, and my solution is this: Murder in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is whōlly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of cōarse and vulgar hŏrror; and for this reason, that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) among all living creatures: this instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of "the poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most ab′ject and humiliating attitude.

3. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poĕt. What, then, must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we ĕnter into his feelings and are made to understand them—not a sym-

pathy of pity or approbation). In the murdered person all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic: the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in the murderer —such a murderer as a poet will condescend to—there must be raging some great storm of passion—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will creäte a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

4. In Macbeth, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creätion, Shakspeare has introduced two murderers; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated: but, though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife—the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her,—yĕt, as bŏth were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, "the gracious Duncan," and adequately to expound "the deep damnation of his taking ŏff," this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, *i. e.*, the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man, was gŏne, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvelously accomplished in the *dialogues* and *soliloquies* themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention.

5. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great năational idol was carried in funeral pŏmp to his grave, and chancing to walk near the cōurse through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man,—if all at once he should hear the deathlike stillness bro-

ken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed.

6. All action in any direction is best expounded, măasured, and made apprehensible by reäction. Now apply this to the case in Macbeth. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in, and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is "unsexed;" Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman: bŏth are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable?

7. In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers and the murder must be insulated—cut ŏff by an immĕasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess'; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice: time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncopè and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is, that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pāgeantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly that the reäction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again, and the reëstablishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

8. O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature—like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frŏst and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder,—which are to be studied with entire submission of our

own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert; but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident. DE QUINCEY.

197. LIFE.

"MAN," says sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal! splendid in ashes, glōrious in the grave; solemnizing nativities and funerals with equal lustre, and not forgĕtting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature!" Thus spake one who mŏcked while he wept at man's estate, and gracefully tempered the high scŏffings of philosophy with the profound compassion of religion. As the sun's proudest moment is his latest, and as the fŏrest puts on its brightest robe to die in, so does man summon ostentation to invest the hour of his weakness, and pride survives when power has departed: and what, we may ask, does this instinctive contempt for the honors of the dead proclaim, except the utter vanity of the glories of the living?—for mean indeed must be the reăl state of man, and false the vast assumptions of his life, when the poorest păgeantry of a decent burial strikes upon the heart as a mŏckery of helplessness.

2. Certain it is that pŏmp chiefly waits upon the beginning and the end of life: what lies between, may ēither raise a sigh or wake a laugh, for it mostly partakes of the littleness of one and the sadness of the other. The monuments of man's blessedness and of man's wretchedness lie side by side: we can not look for the one without discovering the other. The echo of joy is the moan of despair, and the cry of anguish is stifled in rejoicing. To make a monarch, there must be slaves; and that one may triumph, many must be weak.

3. To one limiting his belief within the bounds of his observation, and "reasoning" but from what he "knows," the condition of man presents mysteries which thought can not explain. The dignity and the destiny of man seem utterly at variance. He turns from contem'plating a monument of genius to inquire for the genius which produced it, and finds that while the work has survived, the workman has perished for ages. The meanest

work of man outlives the noblest work of Gŏd. The sculptures of Phidias endure, where the dust of the artist has vanished from the earth. Man can immortalize all things but himself.

4. But, for my own part, I can not help thinking that our high estimation of ourselves is the grand error in our account. Surely, it is argued, a creature so ingeniously fashioned and so bountifully furnished, has not been creäted but for lŏfty ends. But cast your eye on the humblest rose of the garden, and it may teach a wiser lesson. There you behold contrivance and ornament—in every leaf the finest veins, the most delicate odor, and a per'fume ex'quisite beyŏnd imitation; yĕt all this is but a toy—a plaything of nature; and surely she whose resŏurces are so boundless that upon the gaud of a summer day she can throw away such lavish wealth, steps not beyond her commonest toil when she forms of the dust a living man. When will man earn the lesson of his own insignificance?

5. Immortal man! thy blood flows freely and fully, and thou standest a Napoleon; thou reclinest a Shakspeare!—it quickens its movement, and thou liest a parched and fretful thing, with thy mind furied by the phantoms of fever!—it retards its action but a little, and thou crawlest a crouching, soulless mass, the bright world a blank, dead vision to thine eye. Verily, O man, thou art a glŏrious and gŏdlike being!

6. Tell life's proudest tale: what is it? A few attempts successless; a few crushed or moldered hopes; much paltry fretting; a little sleep, and the stŏry is concluded; the curtain falls—the farce is over. The world is not a place to live in, but to die in. It is a house that has but two chămbers; a lāzar and a charnel—room only for the dying and the dead. There is not a spot on the broad earth on which man can plant his foot and affirm with confidence, "No mortal sleeps beneath!"

7. Seeing then that these things are, what shall we say? Shall we exclaim with the gay-hearted Grecian, "Drink to-day, for to-mŏrrŏw we are not?" Shall we calmly float down the cŭrrent, smiling if we can, silent when we must, lulling cares to sleep by the music of gentle enjoyment, and passing dream-like through a land of dreams? No! dream-like as is our life, there is in it one reälity—our DUTY. Let us cling to that, and distress may overwhelm, but can not disturb us—may destroy, but can not

hurt us: the bitterness of earthly things and the shortness of earthly life will cease to be evils, and begin to be blessings.

H. B. WALLACE.

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198. ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

1. THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lōwing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

3. Save that from yŏnder ivy-mantlĕd tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ăncient solitary reign.

4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his nărrōw cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their fŭrrōw ŏft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jŏcund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8. Let not Ambition mŏck their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9. The bōast of hĕraldry, the pōmp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glōry lead but to the grave.

10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trōphĭes raise,
Where through the lŏng-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11. Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

13. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the geniäl cŭrrent of the soul.

14. Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15. Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,—
Some mute, inglōrious Milton,—here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

16. The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17. Their lot forbăde: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

18. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19. Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Alŏng the cool, sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20 Yĕt even these bōnes from insult to protect.
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implōres the passing tribute of a sigh.

21. Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic mŏralist to die.

22. For who, to dumb forgĕtfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one lŏnging, lingering look behind?

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24. For thee, who, mindful of the unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

25. Haply some hōary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26. "There, at the foot of yŏnder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pōre upon the brook that babbles by.

27. "Hard by yŏn wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, would he rove
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crŏss'd in hopeless love.

28. "One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill,
Alŏng the heath, and near his favorite tree:
Another came,—nor yĕt beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

29 The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stōne beneath yŏn agèd thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE RESTS HIS HEAD UPON THE LAP OF EARTH,
A YOUTH TO FORTUNE AND TO FAME UNKNOWN:
FAIR SCIENCE FROWN'D NOT ON HIS HUMBLE BIRTH,
AND MELANCHOLY MARK'D HIM FOR HER OWN.

LARGE WAS HIS BOUNTY, AND HIS SOUL SINCERE,
HEAVEN DID A RECOMPENSE AS LARGELY SEND:
HE GAVE TO MISERY—ALL HE HAD—A TEAR,
HE GAIN'D FROM HEAVEN ('TWAS ALL HE WISH'D) A FRIEND.

NO FURTHER SEEK HIS MERITS TO DISCLOSE,
OR DRAW HIS FRAILTIES FROM THEIR DREAD ABODE,
(THERE THEY ALIKE IN TREMBLING HOPE REPOSE,)
THE BOSOM OF HIS FATHER AND HIS GOD. GRAY

THE END.

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